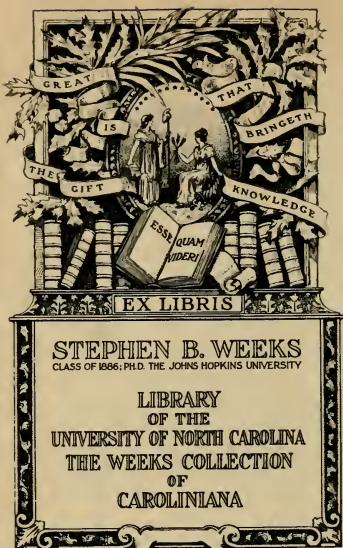


THE **LADY** OF  
**NEW ORLEANS**  
MARCELLUS E. THORNTON



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UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



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THE  
**LADY OF NEW ORLEANS**

A NOVEL OF THE PRESENT

BY  
MARCELLUS EUGENE THORNTON



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Copyright, 1901,  
by  
THE  
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FEW TO WHOM I WOULD  
AND LESS TO WHOM I WILL, I

**Dedicate**

THIS BOOK TO  
HYWEL DAVIES ;  
A COAL OPERATOR OF COOL, CALCULATING ASPIRATIONS,  
BUT WITHAL A LOVER OF  
LITERATURE AND MUSIC,  
EVEN THOUGH THE LATTER BE AN EISTEDDFOD,  
MARCELLUS.

1483-1



## PREFACE.

I READ, since this work has been in the hands of the Publishers, about a gentleman of professional avocation in a certain northern State of the United States, who is well-to-do in the world, of polished manners and high social distinction, in whom there is apparently not a trace of taint or admixture in his blood, who, to his credit, informed a lady of high-born lineage and distinguished in society in her city of residence for her beauty and attainments, to whom he was engaged to be married, that his blood was tainted; that one of his ancestors, though remote, was a negro.

Their mutual happiness in each other was blighted forever. Two yearning hearts were sundered. The lady canceled their betrothal.

The anguish entailed, though silent, for there were no reproaches, must have been intense. I should like to have fathomed

This work is a sample of the other side, recounting the heart-urnings of a woman under like dire misfortune. It may be said that Rittea de Ampbert should have been portrayed as being courted and feted and as repulsing all the men. But I differ. She was made as she is because she was just that way.

THE LADY OF NEW ORLEANS is presented as a first offering. In this business, as in all others, one must needs have a beginning. Had I followed the injunction of the timid old lady to her daughter to hang her clothes on a hickory limb when she wanted to learn to swim, I would not have been in this water floundering and never so weakly swimming.

MARCELLUS E. THORNTON.



## INTRODUCTION.

As a foreword to "THE LADY OF NEW ORLEANS," the author thereof submits the following:

Americans are in the midst of that period in their national existence wherein individuals, led by the government, are seeking fortunes in wealth and are blind to all other matters save dollars and cents. In fact, in the period of acquisition of wealth, the period wherein fabulous wealth suddenly drops into the laps of the poor as well as into the coffers of the rich, like copious rains on their gardens, there is no over-wrought imagination that has pictured the sudden, the unlooked-for, yea unsought, acquisition of fabulous and untold millions of riches by people in America. They are facts. This theme is cleverly and practically dealt with in "The Lady of New Orleans." The laboring man gains riches and he in turn becomes a boss.

But, are the people of to-day at the fruition of happiness? Are the women as happy as those whose siestas were lulled by music on the hanging gardens of Babylon? A joy of the past is not a joy for the present, only as an incentive, a lever to ambition.

When America arrives at the period when high ideas and ideals will prevail and predominate, which they will do as surely and inevitably as they did in the Assyrian empire, Carthage, Greece or Rome, but only to that limited degree to which their enlightenment and intelligence admitted, it is to be hoped that such elysium will not be engulfed by the weight of their own folly as were those peoples'.

Imagine, or, see for a fact, my lady of culture and refinement, with wealth at her command, being called upon to appease the hunger of a neighbor. Would such a condition be in consonance with a life that was blissful? But, even a stronger case in point is discerned when my lady's daughter elopes with the African assistant to the florist gardener, or, when her son and only heir

weds with the maid, be she black or foreign, what does society say?

When this, natural, some one may say, but still repugnant, order of affairs in society shall have passed away in America and be a legend of the past, when literature, music, art, science, yea, learning, even common sense, shall be the ruling order of the times among the people of America, then the foremost nation of the world; that were the period when the present immigrant-mixed, typeless and untypifiable American, and it were well to admit that at present there is no type, having passed through the ordeal and by intermarriage among the purest-blooded of its own people will be developed into a type of enlightened, civilized people far above and beyond any people who ever lived on earth. Such a race of people will be distinctly American. They are coming; the present American is forceful, individually and collectively. He will force the coming. American energy and money is being expended to that end.

But the acme will be reached when every one's lawn is a *fête champêtre*, where every one who will may enter, and be a party and listen to the rapturous strains of the voice of Nature given forth in wave sounds from samosins and mandolins supported in symphony by grand brass bands in the background.

Every person should, and no doubt does, wish himself in a condition to dispense such hospitality to such a people. The return of such calls would be such a joy to a man's mind and soul that he would wish the world to have no end, till he were done. If such a time is not coming why are so many people piling up millions upon millions? What good will it do to their children's great-grand children?

American civilization has been incongruous from the very nature of the circumstances surrounding it, and of which it has been a vital part. Immigration and the consequent mixing of blood, to which must be added the commingling of habits, customs and manners of poor people in a virgin world, has absolutely hindered and prevented the crystallization of a solid, substantial and distinct civilization within a length of time so short. But these same forces working to a common end, a period when the people will have the wealth to gratify their intelligent tastes and desires, a wealth descended from their strenuously over-wrought forefathers, will ultimately transcend any civilization that has ever existed. In fact, America, though now in chaotic embryo, a swad-

dling of one hundred and fifty years, is farther advanced in everything pertaining to human happiness and peaceful lives than any other nation of a life of over four thousand years.

Therefore to the lovers of the beautiful, those who contemplate life in an optimistic way "THE LADY OF NEW ORLEANS" will perhaps give pleasure and convey food for thought.

THE AUTHOR.



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# THE LADY OF NEW ORLEANS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE SHADOW IN THE PATH.

"COME with me, young man, you're wanted," said the officer.

A detective of the police department of New Orleans had taken a young man by the name of Alpha Millyard by the arm and was conducting him to the central police station. It was late one afternoon at a period not many years subsequent to the termination of the civil war.

Alpha Millyard was a young lawyer, having been admitted to the bar as a lawyer in October, 1867, when he was only nineteen years, one month and fifteen days old.

He had practised some at his profession in two or three other states before locating in New Orleans. He was reared in Atlanta, where his mother and his sister, who was younger, still resided.

He had been in New Orleans about fifteen months and, as may well be inferred by his having been admitted to the bar to plead and practise as an attorney and counselor-at-law when only nineteen years of age, where the statutes provided that before being admitted applicants shall be twenty-one years of age, he possessed the acumen necessary to acquire a fair portion of clients in the fifteen months he was there.

However, it must be conceded that he was not extensively acquainted; nor did he possess the faculty of becoming acquainted, only with those who sought his acquaintanceship.

By those who knew him he was regarded as a brilliant lawyer.

The detective lodged Millyard in a special cell; one that contained a bunk. He asked to know the charge against him, but the officer was ignorant, or refused to give the information.

Millyard began then to think of the matter seriously. He could bring to mind no circumstance whatever that would justify his arrest, especially without a warrant.

Soon after dark, when the gas-lights were burning, a detective presented himself at the cell door and asked in a quick, imperious manner :

"What have you done with that young lady?"

"What young lady?" demanded Millyard.

"The one you took from Poydras market this morning."

"I never took a young lady from Poydras market this morning," vehemently shouted Millyard, as he jumped from the bunk and rushed to the cell door.

"Stiff, are you? That's all right." So saying the officer walked away.

Millyard was never so impulsive before; but never before had he so much cause to be incensed. The opening to him of the cause of his arrest and summary incarceration was so foreign to his high-bred culture and disposition that it forced an undue exhibition of the primitive spirit of man on his part. Under these circumstances Alpha resumed his bunk and was moaning loudly and quite unnecessarily.

"Great Cæsar! Grant! or iny ither mon! hevn't ye not a pint er sinse? How'm I ter kape up wid yer? You broke ther rig'ler drill an' now yer indeaverin' ter brake me slape."

"Who is that individual thus addressing me?" inquired Millyard of a passing sentry.

"A red-headed gentleman of Jewish and Irish extraction on the other side of the avenue," replied one of the few Irishmen on the police force of New Orleans as he passed the cell door.

"Make him acquainted with me," said Millyard.

"I don't know yer names, but this is Mister and this is Mister," said the policeman, as the two men viewed each other across the "avenue."

"What is the nature of your complaint?" asked Millyard.

"Yer git over 'em quicker'n any mon I iver saw," said the so-called Hebrew. "I thot yer had the jam jims and willie wams. You moaned and gnashed yer teeth like yer had ther Portia money."

"I do not understand your lingo, sir," responded Millyard.

"What's yer ailment? The charge agin yer?" returned the Irishman.

"I have not seen the warrant for my arrest; nor am I advised of the nature of the charge against me," replied Millyard. "There was an officer here a minute or two ago who asked me what I had done with a young lady in Poydras market this morning. As I know nothing about it I suspect she must be your sister."

"Now you're talkin'. I have no sister, but I know a good feller who's got one. She's a pardner wid a druggist and knows more 'bout the business'n he does. What line?"

"I do not understand you," retorted Millyard.

"What'er you in this prison fur?"

"If I know, nothing."

"That's like me. I'm in here fur nothin' too."

"But you know the charge against you?"

"They say I made free'n azy at the club'n smashed a glass."

"I hope, my friend-in-trouble, you will come out of it all right. If I was out of here, as I am a lawyer I would defend you for the fun of the thing."

"Now that's clever. Suppose you do it anyhow?"

"Before you are called out in the morning tell me about your case."

To this the Jew-Irishman assented.

Alpha Millyard awoke just as the performances at the Bidwell's and St. Charles street theaters, which were near, were closing.

When the chief of the detectives returned from the theater he sent an officer for Mr. Millyard.

"What have you done with that young lady?" asked the chief of detectives in his office downstairs, looking Millyard full in the eyes.

"Done with a young lady? Sir, your language is insulting," replied Millyard, calmly, but deliberately and defiantly. "I do not know what you are talking about, nor do I know anything about any young lady to whom you can refer. This is an outrage upon my personal liberty, sir, and you know it."

"You were in Poydras street market this morning before sunrise?" queried the officer.

Mr. Millyard admitted that he was, but denied the accusation following; that he met a young lady in the market and walked outside with her.

"Didn't you hold a hurried whispered conversation with a lady about half-way in the market, the large, handsome, brown-eyed girl with a red shawl on her arm and a red rose on her bosom?"

"I don't remember seeing any such lady as you describe."

Then the chief questioned him at considerable length, asking among other things the names of the ladies whom he saw in the Poydras market that morning. To this Millyard replied that he saw Miss Fisher, Miss Welker, Miss Caloe, Miss Dalmar and Miss Benjamin.

"You have not yet mentioned the name of the right one," said the chief. "Probably you are withholding her name purposely?"

Mr. Millyard responded that those were the only ones he saw in the market with whom he was acquainted, but if there was another one he had failed to remember and if her name was mentioned, he would tell.

"How about Miss Saloshin?"

"I do not know a lady of that name."

"Did you see Miss Marquand?"

"Marquand? No; I do not recall the name."

"Letetia Marquand?" the chief persisted.

"Letetia? I have heard that name. I think a woman who is called Letetia was in the market."

"Sergeant, take this young gentleman back to the cell," commanded the chief, sternly. "I think he knows enough to be able to tell us something by morning." Mr. Millyard was conducted back from whence he came.

The sensations permeating his brain were not pleasant. It was indeed a strange experience for a young gentleman of good character and integrity. He paced the prison cell and reflected, while the noise from the feet of passing people grew less and less in frequency as the night advanced. The whole past in all his life rolled up before him as it were in one grand panoramic picture.

Finding nothing in his conduct that warranted arrest, much less incarceration, and supposing from what had been said by the detectives that he was suspected of kidnapping a female, or, of inducing one to leave her home, either one of which was an offense repugnant to Alpha Millyard's manly instincts, anger began supplanting the plaintive wail of innocence.

"Young man, you better own up and tell where that girl is," spoke a sentry passing Millyard's cell door. "The father of the girl is in the chief's office. He wants to know if you will tell where his daughter can be found."

"Who is he, and who is his daughter? Does he lodge a formal charge against me?" asked Millyard.

"No; not yet. He says he will take a warrant if you do not agree to tell the chief where he can find the lady."

"Give him my compliments and tell him I do not know him, nor do I know his daughter; and if I knew such a woman I would renounce her acquaintance." The officer departed.

Mr. Millyard was left alone with his thoughts during fifteen minutes or more when a sergeant of police appeared at the iron bars and opening the door commanded him to come with him to the office.

"This is the gentleman whose daughter you spirited away from Poydras market this morning," said the chief, pointing to a little dapper, weazened Polak, or Polish Hebrew seated near the chief. "He says if you will tell where his daughter can be found he is willing for you to be released."

"Who is this person that makes such a slanderous charge against me? I know him not." Alpha Millyard had straightened himself to his full five feet ten inches, and his fierce glance awed the cringing Polak.

"You said you knew Mr. Millyard," remarked the chief to the Polak.

"He no know me," replied the Polak, timidly. "Dosh vos all right. But me dosh know him. I know him ven I sees 'im. I see 'im many dimes. He vos near mine 'ouse. He haf 'is vatch shain vixed. He vos der very mon vot dey say took away mine Bertah. He took her away frum der Boydras streedt markit dis very mornins. Dose people vot saw 'im say so. Dey vos know vot dey vos dalkin' 'bout."

"What is your name?" demanded Mr. Millyard.

"Dot vos my pisniss, undt it vos none uf yours."

"Mr. Chief," said Millyard, "I appeal to you. On what charge am I held here in prison?"

"Mr. Rosenstin," said the chief, puffing a curling circle of cigar smoke from his lips, "do you make a charge against this man?"

"You all dos know how it vos petter'n I dos. I know vot you all dells me," replied the Polak.

"I want to warn you, chief," said Millyard, "I am entirely innocent in this affair and shall hold each and every man engaged against me to a strict accounting. I demand to see the warrant, or to know the charge, and if there is none, that I be given my freedom."

"What do you say?" said the chief, addressing the Polak.

"I wants mine daughter, Mister Chief," he answered.

"Certainly!" exclaimed the chief. "Do you make a charge against Mr. Millyard of taking her away and keeping her away from you?"

"Ef dot vos der vay ter get 'er I dos, yes, sir."

"All right," said the chief. "Sergeant, take Mr. Millyard back to the cell."

"Mr. Meelyard, vont you dells me, bleese, vere vos mine daughter, Bertah?" beseechingly implored the Polak with outstretched hands as Mr. Millyard walked to the door.

"Sir, I am not your daughter's keeper," answered Millyard throwing his head back. "I don't know her. If your daughter has left your home, the fault is yours, or hers, not mine. Sergeant, please conduct me to my cell."

## CHAPTER II.

## GETS THE JEW OUT OF TROUBLE.

MR. MILLYARD'S thoughts were now directed to a recollection of the names of the female persons whom he saw in the Poydras street market that morning.

He remembered all about rising early at his boarding-house uptown and starting out to visit the French market for a cup of French coffee, and the early morning walk. Instead of going there, however, he halted when passing and turned into the Poydras street market.

He finally reflected that he did pass a handsome young woman in the market whom he met for the first time at Sam Waxelbaum's the night before. He did not know her name, only Bertha. It may be possible that she was this Polak's daughter, and her name Bertha instead of Bertah, or Berter.

Arguing the case with himself he recognized that it would be difficult to procure bail, because on such a charge the presumption would be strong against him. At least he decided not to attempt it. Nor would he write or telegraph to his mother or sister. They were too gentle and tender. It would unstring their nerves.

There was another one, a lovely woman at Hickory, in North Carolina, got there through two or three migrations, whom he desired not to know of his being charged with such an offense. She was his affianced.

Sleep having failed him he sat on the edge of the bunk thinking thus of the ills that beset him while gazing through the iron bars high up at the white cornice and coping of the large building across the street, and at the stars.

Finally, just before daylight there was a noise at his cell door. Soon the door was unlocked.

"Young man, you can go," said the turnkey.

"Why so abruptly this early?" inquired Millyard.

"I have orders to turn you out. That's all I know."

Millyard was so much elated he never thought of inquiring about the young lady. He emerged on the street a new man, a different man because of the new trend of thought, and walked up St. Charles street toward his boarding-house, which was with a private family, a Mr. Frank, his collaborator on a work of some note, which was in blank verse. Streaks of light glinted from the east as he neared his domicile. The sun would soon show its face. He waited for it before entering.

"See here, Millyard," said his long-headed, long-bearded, shaggy-haired German friend at the breakfast table, "there is something serious in your case. You are not at the end of it."

"I am afraid your diagnosis is correct," replied Millyard. "Being arrested on such a charge, though I must admit I do not know the charge, only as I tell you that I was requested to inform where the young woman is to be found whom I am charged with taking clandestinely from Poydras market yesterday morning, but of whom I know absolutely nothing, is humiliating. As I never abducted a young woman, I could not disclose her whereabouts. It is awful! I do not know what to do, or what I can do. The more I stir it and fuss about it the worse it will be for me."

Remembering about the Hebrew-Irishman, Mr. Millyard repaired to the Recorder's court to defend him. The young man explained that his name was Miles Jerushi. That his father was a Hebrew, and that his mother was an Irish lady.

"You see," said he. "they're incompatible; they don't same to agree together. When they agrae they same to git along the worst. The old mon, he drinks, an' I drink, an' you see my mither, she kapes ferninst the percession. On these occasions they both axe me ter lave the domicile for a period so as not to disturb the equilabraum. On this occasion I jagged off to the club. It's on the back uv the levva."

"When Jack Binster got into a hittin' argumint wid Lum Lester, the boss of the shebang, I took 'is part. I told the spook ef 'e didn't let up on Jack I'd smash 'is mirror. He thought I meant 'is face. But bless your soul and mine, too, I wasn't thinkin' uv smashin' 'is face; Jack could do that. I meant the glass, the lookin'-glass mirror, the one that restid on the sideboard at the end of the counter. Then he fetched such a suddint jerk wid 'is left that it

precipitad me tile. I grabbed meself togeder an' exclamationarily said, 'You ole snoozer!' Before I could say 'What de'r mane?' he plunked the other agin me shoulder as I braced it off wid me lift. I grabbed de mirror wid me right. As he come at me the tribble time I smashed de mirror over 'is cranaum an' rung de frame roun' 'is neck, sorter 'Lizabeth style. Den I jist give it a few nimble twists wid me dexter fer 'is funder edification. Now I guess whut 'e's got me up fur is ter make me pay fur de mirrer. See?"

"A case like that could not be brought in this court," said Millyard when his client had concluded. "I guess you are charged with fighting or disturbing the peace; I will see. Who are your witnesses?"

"Jack Binster; he'll be out there 'n the audience."

The case was called: "Miles Jerushi; disorderly and fighting."

The evidence showed the case to be about as Miles Jerushi had so glibly but unintelligibly explained to Mr. Millyard. Mr. Miles Jerushi was, however, discharged.

"You are the top uv a lawyer!" exclaimed Miles when he got outside of the court-room with Mr. Millyard. "I knew frum the cut er yer jib you was a good 'un. This is the first time I iver got clear when they've had me up. Ef you hadn't helped me out they'd sint me up fer tin days. What kin I do fer ye? I've no mon. But I'll do anything you want."

"I can't say just now," replied Millyard. "Come to my office on Carondelet street and see."

About two or three days later Millyard met on Camp, near Canal street, the detective who arrested him. They were about to pass each other without salutation, but simultaneous glances induced a mutual halt.

"Have you heard anything from that young lady?" asked the detective.

"I have not," replied Millyard. "What is her name?"

"Rosenstin, Bertha Rosenstin," replied the officer.

"What about her?" inquired Millyard.

"I understand she went to St. Louis. Her father is a jeweler on Poydras street."

"Is he worth anything?" asked Millyard.

"He owns the jewelry store and the building. He lives over the store, and he owns a fine house and lot up in Carrollton. The

girl has come from St. Louis. I understand she is on Magazine street, somewhere beyond the Magazine market."

"Can you tell me how it came that I was arrested and imprisoned?"

"Rosenstin and Sam Waxelbaum said you induced the girl to go with you. There's another feller got a hand in it."

"Tell me about it, can't you?" asked Millyard.

"I have told you all that I am privileged to tell you," he replied, striding off down the street.

Alpha Millyard did not suspect that the wily detective was lurking him to see if he would seek the woman.

Although reared in a *qui si* city Mr. Millyard was comparatively inexperienced in the ways of the people of the world. The civil war had prevented him from securing a collegiate education, but his mind sought books and quiet study.

His father, a captain in artillery, was slain in the thickest of the fight on the blood-drenched field of Gettysburg.

Then, too, on top of this great loss to the family, the soldiers of Sherman's army occupying Atlanta, razed the large frame dwelling house occupied by Mr. Millyard's mother and his little sister, Cecelia, as soon as the house was vacated by them. Mother and daughter were required to exile themselves from the city, to go either north or south. They chose south, and were not out of sight of their lovely home when the soldiers began tearing it down to get the lumber to be used in building their breastworks, the line of which passed close by the house.

The other houses in the city belonging to them were burned at the same time the city was burned as Sherman's army departed to march through Georgia.

These misfortunes, with the freeing of the negroes, left the Milliards with no property save the bare ground.

When the war ended young Millyard built a home for his mother and sister as best he could. The houses that Sherman burned, the rents of which had been a source of income, were later also replaced by others; if not so good, they commanded rent in Atlanta at that time.

It was at this period that Mr. Millyard, without collegiate education and only eighteen years of age, began studying law instead of theology. His father had expressed a desire and his mother still more fondly wished for him to be a preacher.

The family lived in an atmosphere of refinement that was en-

chanting. Both mother and daughter possessed gentle, sweet, lovely dispositions and exquisitely charming manners.

Alpha Millyard's going to New Orleans was to better himself in a broader field for his expanding mind in the practise of his profession, after having wandered for a time in Kentucky and North Carolina.

## CHAPTER III.

## MEETS THE CHARMER AND MISSES BEING SHOT.

AFTER dinner—nearly all New Orleans dines from four and a half to seven o'clock—Alpha Millyard, through a tortuous, devious leading of intuition, or inclination, wended his way up Magazine street to Magazine market. He no doubt thought possibly he could in some way glean some sort of information at the market concerning the whereabouts of the mysterious female who was the cause of the threatened blighting of his life. His idea was to see her and get matters rectified.

He explored the market in vain, and was wandering in that section of the city when a heavy rain set in. He sought shelter and found it accidentally at the residence of his casual acquaintance, ex-Judge Cotton, a brother lawyer.

During the time it continued to rain Mr. Millyard by chance drifted into a relation of the circumstances of his arrest and imprisonment.

Not until nine o'clock did it cease to rain. Then it was that Alpha ventured forth and boarded a Magazine street car expecting to return to his boarding-house. About midway in the next square the car came to a place where the street swagged. The mules had proceeded quite as far as they could without resorting to swimming when the car came to a halt because the mules refused to swim. The water was nearly up to the seats in the car, although it was on higher ground than the mules were.

The passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, got up and were standing on the seats on both sides of the car, and were screaming and shouting at the driver and the conductor. Those two worthies were taking their revenge by confounding the city and its management for permitting such an event to be possible.

While the disconcerted driver and conductor were endeavoring to unhook the mules from the front end of the car with the intention of taking them to the rear and pulling the car back out of the

water, several passengers, finding themselves already drenched from the knees down, set their legs in the water at the platform and waded to the sidewalk. Among those so doing was Millyard.

Proceeding back up the street Millyard had not gone more than twenty steps before he was arrested. The officer, who seized him by the arm, searched him, as he said for deadly weapons.

"What am I arrested for?" inquired Millyard, calmly.

The detective explained that the information would have to be furnished at police headquarters.

Millyard was marched down cross streets, crossing Camp street to St. Charles street, thence to the central police station.

Not far behind them was another officer, with a young lady under his escort as a prisoner. The two parties entered the police station almost simultaneously. As Alpha Millyard was being hurried to a cell he caught a glimpse of the lady, but failed to recognize her.

"I demand to see the warrant, or to know the charge on which I am arrested," said Millyard as he was ushered into the cell.

"You will learn in time enough for you," replied the turnkey as he closed the door and locked it.

Half an hour later the turnkey reappeared at the door of Millyard's cell.

"Come out here, young man," he said.

Mr. Millyard was marched down stairs and into the office of the chief of detectives and confronted with a lady. The chief coarsely and uncouthly asked:

"Do you know this woman, sir?"

"I have not the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance, nor do I know her name," courteously responded Millyard, his usual way.

"Are you acquainted with this man?" inquired the officer, addressing the lady.

"I never saw him before," she replied, "until in the street car on Magazine street to-night."

Then came another turn to the affair.

"What have you here my daughter for?" abruptly demanded a lean wiry, black-whiskered, trim-dressed individual, who rushed into the police office at that juncture. "Kate, why did you not come home? Because they have arrested you? What have they arrested you for?"

Rushing toward the man with outstretched arms the lady fell prostrate on the floor. Two of the officers rushed to the rescue

and assisted the lady to her feet. Meantime the enraged man turning toward Millyard, furiously exclaimed:

"You are the villain who has caused my daughter to be arrested. I will kill you!" The frenzied man on the instant produced a little revolver wherewith to do the killing, and leaped round a table which was in the center of the room.

One of the officers quickly intercepting, grabbed the pistol, while another officer grasped the man.

Millyard was quickly hustled out of the office and back to his cell. Soon after midnight the turnkey opened the door of his cell, saying:

"Young man, you are discharged; you may go."

Mr. Millyard uttered some imprecations as he was passing out through the office about a gentleman being arrested in the night; imprisoning him, then turning him adrift at such an unreasonable hour without any explanation, nor even an apology.

It was rather late in the night for Millyard to go to the home of his friend where he boarded. Yet he had no other place to go.

Next morning Mr. Millyard recounted to Judge Cotton the incidents he experienced, and asked his advice as to what he should do in the premises.

"There is a villainous scheme," said the wise old lawyer; "a diabolical scheme against the liberty of your person, Mr. Millyard. Have you any enemies here?"

"None, that I know of," replied Millyard.

"Then some friend of that young woman is endeavoring to get you entangled in order to extricate himself."

"I wish you would help me out of my trouble, Judge," said Millyard.

"All right, sir," replied the Judge. "I will do all I can for you. Be quiet about it a few days until I can see the officials and ascertain what it means."

"Very well, sir," said Millyard. "Then if they arrest me again I will send at once for you."

Walking down the wide but well crowded sidewalk of Canal street about an hour after seeing Judge Cotton, Mr. Millyard was suddenly confronted by Miss Bertha Rosenstin, the lady whom he was accused of abducting.

"I am sorry, Mr. Millyard, that you were arrested and put in the police station on my account," she said. "I cried about it." She

looked at him straight in the eyes. They were walking down Canal street. She continued: "Mr. Millyard, I love you. I loved you before we met that night at Mr. Sam Waxelbaum's. Father had heard me say so. He did not like it. He treats me badly and causes my stepmother to treat me worse. So when I went home that night and father found out that I had met you he abused me and beat me, actually beat me. I decided to leave home. They say I went to St. Louis, but I did not. I went down in the French quarter to a lady friend of mine. A banker here in town, where my father does his banking, has been obnoxious by his persistent attentions to me ever since last Autumn. He found out where I was and came to see me. He told me about your being arrested on my account. I told him that although I loved you, of course you had nothing to do with my leaving home. He said they intended to send you to the parish prison and then to Baton Rouge. He is jealous of you."

"You surprise me so greatly," exclaimed Millyard, "I know not what to say. Who is this banker?"

"I cannot feel myself at liberty to tell you that," she replied, "especially at the present time. Though I can say his bank is on Camp street. He says he knows you; that he met you on Carondelet street."

Carondelet street is the Wall street or Lombard street of New Orleans.

"Did he say how, or why they intended to send me to the parish prison and to the penitentiary?"

"No," she replied; "that was all he said about it. Only, that they have detectives watching you."

"There," cried Millyard, excitedly, "comes a man who tried to shoot me last night." Millyard had no time to escape.

The man who endeavored to shoot him at the police station the night before pressed himself forward through the crowd of people on the sidewalk, mostly women and children, and, presenting a small revolver at Mr. Millyard, pulled the trigger.

Miss Bertha Rosenstin uttered a piercing, terrifying scream, and fell fainting to the sidewalk.

Those people who were near enough to witness the scene were fearfully frightened, and fell back in horror.

A detective, who had been following Millyard, rushed forward in time to snatch the little mischief-making pistol from the wild man's grasp before he could pull the trigger the second time, it

having snapped and missed fire before. A policeman appeared and the two officers conducted both the would-be murderer and Mr. Millyard to the police station.

"You here again so soon?" said the fat-faced, blur-eyed station-house keeper to Mr. Millyard, as he was conducted in the office.

"Sir. And as unrighteously as ever before," haughtily replied Mr. Millyard, who was then marched to a cell without benefit of bail, which the would-be shooting man was promptly allowed to give.

About noon Millyard was taken before the chief, in his office.

"Young man, this is growing very serious with you," remarked that pompous individual.

"I perceive it is, sir," replied Millyard. "And I desire to warn you now that you and your henchmen must and shall cease this unwarranted persecution of me, and at once.

"I accidentally met that female about whom you and your men are hounding me. That banker on Camp street as well as yourself and your men are running yourselves as if in a race to become the heaviest in debt in indemnity for your vile work. I demand the charge against me and a hearing immediately. I will not submit to any more quiet dismissals from arrest and imprisonment. I demand that you send for Judge Cotton to come and see me immediately." The chief discovered that he had run against a snag.

"Judge Cotton has not been in the police court in over two years," replied the chief. "He does not take cases like this."

"Sir, I never asked you for information or your opinion. Do as I have demanded and send me back to the cell."

Twenty minutes later Alpha Millyard was conducted back to the chief's office and there confronted Judge Cotton. Mr. Millyard informed the chief that he would excuse his absence from the room a few minutes. When the chief was gone Millyard related his case to Judge Cotton.

The latter called the chief back in the office.

"This gentleman belongs to one of the best families in the south," explained Judge Cotton to the chief. "He was with ex-President Jefferson Davis and General William F. Browne at the City Hotel yesterday afternoon and again this morning, and I know that they both hold him in high esteem. He is a lawyer in good standing at our bar. You and your detectives, and that banker on Camp street, are making a very grave mistake in perse-

cuting him. I am prepared to defend him on any charges that may be preferred against him. If he is not released immediately on his own recognizance I will walk up the street to the City Hall and see the Administrator of Police about it."

"Certainly, Judge, if you say so," meekly replied the chief of detectives. "We will want him to appear at the Recorder's Court in the morning at ten o'clock as a witness against Mr. Henrique for attempting to shoot him." The chief did not relish the probability of the renowned and influential ex-judge consulting with the Administrator of Police in regard to Alpha Millyard's case.

"Of course he will do that," the Judge replied.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MEETS DELARUE.—IS KIDNAPPED.

FEELING much relieved after being released, Mr. Millyard ventured to visit the scene of the attempt on his life. His main object in doing so was to ascertain what had become of Bertha Rosenstin and whether she had recovered.

Observing a messenger boy, or clerk, standing at the door of the store in front of which the disturbance of the peace took place, Millyard quietly inquired if he could tell him what had become of the young woman who fainted there that morning.

"They sent her to the Charity Hospital," said the boy.

Mr. Millyard was glad they had not sent her to her father's house, for in such event he could not go and see her. He thanked the boy and made his way down Canal street to the Charity Hospital.

In answer to his inquiry Millyard was informed by an official in the hospital that the lady had been sent home to her father, at his request, two hours or more before.

Walking back up Canal street towards town Mr. Millyard was musing over the affair, when, chancing to look across the wide boulevard, he espied the detective who arrested him the first time. But onward he walked, appearing not to have seen the officer.

Presently he met a scantily, or rather, shabbily, clad man, who halted him by asking:

"Mister, please give me ten cents to get something to eat."

"Good gracious, man," replied Millyard; "I need every cent I have and more besides. I am in trouble."

"What kind of trouble? Can I help you?" The unkempt fellow exhibited a kind heart the second sentence he spoke.

"Help me? Eh? How can you help me?" replied Millyard, eyeing the man closely.

"I used to be able to help people a great deal," said the tramp-looking beggar. "What is the nature of your trouble?" The

poor man, though shabby in dress, had a noble looking face and a pleasing expression of countenance. He was of good stature, but had stubby black whiskers mixed with grey, small black eyes, and was rather thin in body, showing plainly that he was actually lacking in the necessities of life. He had turned and was walking back with Millyard.

"My trouble is more serious than would concern you," returned Millyard.

"If there is any trouble that can be righted, I have nothing to do and need employment for my mind as well as to obtain food. I can fathom any trouble that requires the services of a detective. I used to be a detective."

"What; are you a detective?"

"No, sir; no indeed; not now," the man replied quickly, fearing no doubt from Millyard's hotly asked question that he had blighted a chance for employment. "I got put out of that position some time ago!"

"I see a detective across the street," remarked Millyard, indicating with a nod of his head. "He is shadowing me, but why I do not know. I was arrested by him not long ago, but it was entirely unwarranted and a false imprisonment. But I understand they have me marked for trouble still in store. What kind and why is beyond my ken."

"Why, certainly," replied the tramp; "that is Bill Volney. He is the worst and meanest man on the whole force. There is nothing too mean for him to do."

"That to me is very cold comfort," said Millyard. He then went on and related to the man all the circumstances connected with his case.

"I am just the man to help you out of any trouble like that," said the new found friend. "Being an old detective in the department with those fellows I can circumvent any game or job they can put up on you. I worked myself out of office on account of politics and drinking. But my brains have returned to my relief. If you will permit, and furnish me something to eat, I can and will find out and block any and every scheme against you they concoct. I think I know the banker who is referred to. I can easily ascertain. If he be the one I think I can make him play my tune. Nothing easier; the same as with all rascals."

"You are the very man I want," Millyard returned in reply, discovering a ray of hope that he could be saved from the evil that

seemed to be impending. "Come right along with me; I will provide for you as you request to the full extent of my means.

"I am a lawyer practising here, but have not been in New Orleans very long; still, I have considerable money due me as fees. If I had a good man with me to secure me clients I could soon make money sufficient for us both. Recently, not having as many clients as I wished, I have been dabbling in literature with a friend, who is also a lawyer. I am collaborating with him on a deep and very important work, which is in blank verse. I can, however, relinquish that pastime and turn my attention wholly to the practise of law. If you will get me cases I will share my fees with you. This method of securing clients and fees was heretofore outside the ethics of the profession; but recently it is becoming quite the vogue, and now it is the shiftiest man who gets the business and the fees."

"I am glad to hear you talk in that way," said the ex-detective. "It shows to me you have a latent backing of your own which counts for something substantial. It thrills me also with renewed energy to know that I can be favored to work for such a man. I feel sure you can in only a few years make your fortune here in New Orleans. If I can get new and decent clothes again, as I was wont to wear, I know I can secure you the clients. Being a detective here so long enables me to know the people well."

By this time the two men arrived at Johnnie's *café*, which was on the corner of Carondelet and Gravier streets, where they took drinks and had lunch.

"There is that Bill Volney still watching you," remarked the beggar ex-detective as they came out of Johnnie's, turning his head in the direction, continuing: "Don't you see him in the doorway down there near Barronne just this side of the corner? By the way, can you meet me at some place down town to-night?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Millyard.

"If you will I may be able to impart some valuable information. I will proceed at once to glean it from some of my old chums on the force."

The two men met at the St. Charles Hotel early after dark, then repaired to Johnnie's, where they took seats at a table in the rear of the *café*.

"That Bertha Rosenstin feels aggrieved at you because you received her declaration of love at Sam Waxelbaum's so coldly," said Millyard's friend.

"Made love to me at Sam Waxelbaum's?" ejaculated Millyard in surprise. "I am not aware of her making a declaration of love to me at his house. She said something about loving me when she met me on Canal street."

"That is what she tells. She told her father so, and that is why he thought you had induced her to leave him and her home and go in hiding for you. She told him she made love to you at Sam Waxelbaum's."

"Since I am reminded of it I believe the girl did hint at something of the kind. But I paid no attention to it. I thought she was jesting, or merely saying something to be pleasant, complimentary, or flirting to pass away the time. I had no idea of the woman being in earnest, as it was the first time I had ever seen her, to know her.

"She is a handsome woman," continued Millyard after a pause. "She told me, as I say to-day on Canal street that she loved me. However, I am engaged to a lady in another state."

"Sam Waxelbaum put it into her head to make love to you," said Millyard's companion. Meantime their glasses were being continually refilled with 'alf an' 'alf—a poor man's drink, but said to be an awfully good one. "He told her it was the proper thing to do. But when you received her advances so coldly she perceived at once that she had made a great mistake. She says it troubled her in mind. When she got home that night, which is over her father's jewelry store on the opposite side of Poydras street from Sam's, she told her father about it. He then scolded her and beat her with a walking cane. Next morning when she was in Poydras market making purchases of food for the family for the day she passed you and you refused to recognize her. That was rather galling, so she decided to carry out her intention and leave her father and stepmother's house. She went to a lady friend's house in French-town, where she remained quite a week, then returned home.

"The banker on Camp street went to see her several times and wanted her to go with him. He is supplying the money to the police to hound you down. She says his idea is that, if he can get you out of the way, inasmuch as she loves you, then she will go with him.

"The police, or someone has succeeded in persuading Gonzaze Henrique to believe that you were trying to entice his daughter away from her home also, as she was out from home that night

without notice to the family. That is the reason he tried to shoot you, and says he will do it yet."

"Who is this Gonzaze Henrique?" inquired Millyard.

"He is a broker on Carondelet street. One of the force told me he is nearly crazy about the matter. It will be best for you to keep out of his way."

"But I must go to court in the morning and appear as a witness against him. Can you see him and explain the affair?"

"I will try; though I am in a sad plight now for such business, or any other."

"You must have a new outfit of clothing. I will give you some bills to collect for me in the morning, and when that is done you can get a new suit. Who is this banker on Camp street?"

"Villeguini, Honore Villeguini. He is a schemer and is a dangerous man. He will scruple at nothing, especially to secure Bertha. I know him well. I caught him in a bad job once and have the dead wood on him."

Millyard reflected a few moments, then asked:

"What would you suggest for me to do?"

"Get a good lawyer and fight it out in court. I will do the outside work for you."

"I have, I guess, the best in town, Judge Cotton."

"The very man. I know him well."

"Here is some money," said Millyard, suiting the action to the word. "Take it and get yourself lodging and breakfast. Then see me at court in the morning." It was midnight when they separated.

At the Recorder's Court the lawyer for Henrique plead guilty for his client to the charge of disturbing the peace, for which a nominal fine was imposed; then waived examination on the charge of attempting to shoot another, and gave bond for his appearance at the district criminal court.

Upon motion of Judge Cotton, Mr. Henrique was required to give a bond in the sum of one thousand dollars to keep the peace as to Alpha Millyard.

Emerging from the dingy court room Millyard was joined by his new found friend, who had something special and very important to tell. They repaired to Johnnie's.

"You have not asked me my name, but I must volunteer and tell you: My name is Mike Delarue. I have a straight tip that plans have been formed and are ready for execution to kidnap

you and send you to some foreign port, any port. It is the intention to ship you to-night or in the morning. One of the boys told me he heard of it on the sly. If you are forcibly taken by anyone be sure and get me word to Johnnie's here by some means, any means, so I will know the messenger is from you. I can inveigle him to disclose your whereabouts, or, I can follow him."

"I wonder if anyone will be so bold and dastardly as to attempt to kidnap me or any other man right here in New Orleans!" exclaimed Millyard.

"It is the best place in the world for kidnapping," said Delarue. "There are always many tramp vessels here besides the regular liners; a man can be kidnapped in broad daylight and shipped almost any hour of the day with perfect ease. There are men on the levee who would do the job neatly and with surety for twenty-five dollars. All that is necessary is for some man with the money and influence to secure the passage in order to kidnap and ship almost any man in town. Villeguini could do it, and he is the kind of man who would do it."

"Here is a ten-dollar bill additional, Mr. Delarue; it is all I have on hand, but it will pay your expenses a few days, probably until this thing is over. Should they not kidnap me before morning come to my office on Carondelet and get some bills to collect for me."

Judge Cotton's office was on the south side of Canal street just east of St. Charles street. Mr. Millyard went and saw Judge Cotton. After which he walked up Canal and turned into Camp street, intending to board a Camp street car and go for a lunch at his boarding-house, it being then near one o'clock. He was walking leisurely, expecting a car every moment.

Millyard got to the corner of Gravier street when a heavy-built, brawny man, who had every appearance of being a longshoreman, or a tramp sailor, accosted him abruptly as he grasped Millyard's right wrist with his left hand and exhibiting a hideous-looking dirk knife in his right hand, hid from public view beneath the ample sleeve of his sailor-like blue flannel shirt, commanded:

"See this? Don't yer 'cheep' young mon, er you're a goner. You'll have to come with me; you're wanted. Come up this 'er way.

The ungainly giant forced poor Millyard along as though he were a mere boy.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DAGO TAKES A TUMBLE.

MR. MILLYARD was hustled up Gravier street to the river front, thence down the river across the foot of Canal street on and on to the ship sailors' quarter at the great bend in the river.

He was conducted through a narrow archway or hole through the wall, which was no wider than a door, or much higher to the arch above than was the ruffian's head.

They emerged into a courtyard in the rear of the buildings; thence went up a narrow stairway, with a baluster on the outer side and a brick wall on the other side, and landed on a little four by six feet platform supported by four scanty four-inch square scantlings as posts.

From the platform Millyard was ushered into a room, devoid of light, and midway in the dark corridor, where he was left after being admonished to rest easy until he was called for.

As the door to the room was being closed, which would shut him in the dark, Millyard spoke his first word to the man. He said:

"Can you go for me to Johnnie's saloon on the corner of Carondelet and Gravier streets and inquire of one of the clerks or bartenders for a Mr. Mike Delarue, and when you find him tell him to send me my watch and that hundred dollars? Tell him I am going away and that I need them; I can't come to see him to-night."

"Hadn't yer better kinder writ 'im er note, young mon? Yer see, 'e wouldn't know me, an' wouldn't sen' it jes' on my say so," drawlingly retorted the villainous old kidnapper.

"All right," replied Millyard; "give me some paper and I will write him a note."

"Humph! There ain't a bit er writin' paper in ther craft."

"Get me an old piece of wrapping paper, then."

"I k'n git yer some whut I got ther herrin's wropped up in."

The man stood outside holding the door with one hand while Millyard was inside in the dark.

"That will do. Any kind of paper."

The note written was as follows:

"Mr. Mike Delarue, at Johnnie's.—Dear Sir: Please send me by bearer of this my hundred dollars and my watch. I am going away and will need them. This shall be your receipt for same. Yours faithfully, Alpha Millyard."

When the great, blowzy longshoreman, for he was a longshoreman and worked on the levee, took the note and glanced at it he handed it back to Millyard and asked him to read it. When the note had been read to him he took it and departed in high glee. He no doubt expected that he would easily make the hundred dollars and the watch.

Mr. Millyard rested comparatively contented on the old thing which for want of a name was called a bed. He knew he was in imminent peril of his personal liberty, although the ruffian had not mentioned anything of that nature to him. He had heard enough from Delarue to put him on due guard.

Several hours elapsed and Mr. Millyard had not heard the sound of a human voice or seen a ray of light.

Finally about seven o'clock, a quaint, fat old woman with a cracked voice, spoke in a loud tone at his door, screeching:

"Mistor, will yer have a bit 'er dinner?"

"Yes, if you please, dear madam; also some water to quench my dreadful thirst. Has the man come back?" replied Millyard.

"He takes 'is time. He'll come," soothingly the old soul answered, Millyard's endearing expression no doubt having had effect. Fat old women are as susceptible to compliments as any other person.

Recumbent on the little cot in the room Millyard had been wondering all the afternoon what was to be the outcome of the outrageous proceedings.

The old lady served him a lunch, which she called dinner.

An hour subsequent the dowdy, big longshoreman returned blustering and fierce.

"The dom'd mon wuz too 'oly drunk ter know w'at 'e wuz doin'," said the fellow uncouthly, as he held the door open. "He sed fer yer ter go ter 'ell on a wheelbarrer, an' wait 'till 'e come. He treated ter sevril blowsin' big swigs er mighty good lickin'."

The longshoreman showed evidence of his having taken "sevril blowsin' big swigs." He went on: "See here bud, they got me ter git yer so they k'n ship yer off'n a skipper fur Liverpool. She lays 'longside ther wharf out thar. I hopt ter load 'er. Ther's a mon comin' ter see yer ter-night. Meb-be 'e kin tell yer more 'bout it'n I kin. They sez yer ruin er way an' stole er gal, an' they're goin' ter sen' yer back."

"Did they tell you where I am from?" inquired Millyard complacently. He had a sinister motive in asking this question. The reply might indicate to what place he was to be transported.

"Nuck. They just sed yer wuz run er way, an' p'intid yer out'n tole me how ter ketch yer, an' I kotch yer; yer know how that wuz?"

"Who was it pointed me out to you? What is his name?" asked Millyard in a friendly manner. "Come now, you be friendly with me and I will be friendly with you. I may be able to do you a good turn. I am a lawyer. If we can get that hundred dollars and my watch I will give you half of the money."

"Yo' see, it wer' jest this er way: Mister Mullinax asked me ef I had er spar' bed'n my 'ouse. I tole 'im I did'n, 'e sez, could yer 'rest er mon? I told 'im I could, as I'd done it afore. Then I 'restid yer. 'Fore this ere time I hearn um say they wuz goin' ter ship yer back ter Liverpool on ther Magenter."

"Magenter? What ship is that?" inquired Millyard.

"Don't cher know ther Magenter?" the man replied, as if disgusted. "Well, yer ain't bin in Nor-leens long, nor'n Liverpool much, not ter know 'bout ther Magenter. She's a buster, a reg'ler sea-cleaver. She carries more stuff'n any ship whut goes out'n this 'ere port; an' she brings back more."

"Why did they not carry me to the police station, and not trespass on a good man like you, who has to work for his living?"

"O, bless yer, bud; they paid me. I tole um I wouldn't do it fer less'n twenty-five samoleons, an' 'e jerked er out'n give um ter me quicker'n a fish can flirt. So I'm paid, an' hafter keep my faith. I treated yer mon whut's got yer watch'n mun' as much ez 'e treated me. 'E foller'd me nearly ter the 'ole 'n ther wall, jest ferninst ther Magenter over ther."

"Why didn't you bring him on here, man, and let me get my watch and money? He flipped you?" Millyard never heard the phrase before, but he wanted to say something that would appeal to the fellow's pride.

"No 'e didn't! 'E wuz too 'oly drunk. 'E sed 'e wuz goin' back ter Johnnie's." The Dago, he was a Dago, was puffing and tugging at a half-burned thing resembling a cigar stump, one, which with another one he received in return for five cents of his nefariously earned money.

"My good man," said Millyard, calmly, "you are doing me wrong. But if you will get me my watch and half of my hundred dollars I will be satisfied. Can't you go again and bring him, or the money and watch, here? If I go with you I am sure you can find him. Can't you take me with you? A great big man like you is surely not afraid of my running away from you?"

"Not a bit uv vit, me lad. You may come wid me az quick as I've a bit er dinner. Come out'n sit on ther porch till I eat." It was then about ten o'clock.

Millyard was escorted out on the diminutive porch at the head of the stairway, where a rickety old chair was placed as a seat for him while the Dago ate his dinner in the house.

Becoming restless Millyard made a slight noise. Immediately he heard a subdued trilling whistle, like that of a mocking-bird softly singing in subdued tones in the night-time in a sick person's room. He recognized, perhaps intuitively, that it was a signal from his friend, Delarue. He answered it in the same strain as near as he could. There was an answer the same. Millyard's heart fluttered with joy. He recognized that Delarue was true to him.

"I will always help a tramp after this," he muttered to himself. Yet he was unable to decide what was best for him to do. He leaned over the low railing that was round the "porch," as the Dago longshoreman called it, and spoke in as low voice as he could:

"Is that you, Delarue?" There was no other reply only the same trilling tones as before.

"We are going out to hunt for you directly," whispered Millyard.

"Hold the fort, I'll be with you. If you leave I may miss you," half hissed Delarue, for it was he. Millyard saw his pale shadow in the courtyard, as he stealthily but rapidly made his way through the hole in the wall toward the street.

This was weirdly interesting to Alpha Millyard. His plans were changing rapidly in his mind. If he went out with the Dago it would be contrary to Delarue's command. If the Dago fellow

required him to go he did not understand how he could avoid it. His hopes were that, when he was out in town at night with the kidnapping longshoreman he would have his best chance to elude him, or see some one he knew, or some way make his escape. Besides, he did not wish to see the man whom the Dago said was coming.

"Ugh, young mon, you're here yit," exclaimed the bluff ruffian as he waddled out on the porch. "But yer didn't know there wuz er mon down ther watchin' yer ter see as whether yer tried ter skape."

"No, I did not," replied Millyard dolefully, and rubbing his fingers through his hair reflectively. He wondered if the man referred to was Delarue, or if he himself had mistaken another man for Delarue.

Doubts are savage ghosts to warp men's judgment. And, doubts at times arise in all men's minds.

"All right, laddie, we'll jist go up town'n see ef we k'n fine yer 'onery mon an' git that watch'n spon." He meant spondulix, money.

Millyard and the longshoreman had just passed into Royal street when they met a nicely dressed man in the full glare of a street lamp, who accosted the kidnapper and spoke to him.

Later it developed to Millyard that the man they thus met was none other than the banker, Villeguini. Millyard did not know him.

A few moments later a gentleman they were meeting greeted Millyard by name and was in the act of offering to shake hands when the Dago grasped Millyard's arm and jerked him away. He then turned and led Millyard back the way they came.

"Yer mon's drunk'n gone ter roost," ejaculated the illiterate 'Dago, somewhat apologetically for his action. Millyard discerned that the Dago had perceived that he was taking considerable risk in allowing his prisoner to be on the streets at night.

"I am sorry I do not know where he roosts," retorted Millyard as they were retracing their steps.

Millyard had been looking and hoping all the while, more for a chance to make a break and escape than he was for finding Delarue. He was apprehensive about accosting a policeman. They were he knew, or thought he knew, in the scheme against him.

"Yoh th-ar, laddie; 'e makes 'is boonk'n ther parks. That's ef

'e ain't saltid yer 'undred. We're stuffin sedge'n er hole'n ther biler tryin' ter fine 'im. We'll go back ter ther 'ole in ther wall'n anker."

When they came to a little French wine shop, at the instance of the Dago, they entered. After repeating drinks three of four times, the Dago taking liquor, they resumed their journey hole-in-the-wallward.

Alpha Millyard was amused and interested even if an outrage was being perpetrated upon him. Perhaps it was fortunate and better for him to be shipped to any place rather than remain in New Orleans under the espionage of police and the detectives, and subject to be sent to the parish prison or the penitentiary, or to be assassinated at any moment. These were the thoughts that reconciled him to his fate.

As they entered the hole in the wall Millyard heard the same kind of trilling whistle he had heard earlier in the night.

"Thar's that ar feller watchin' fer yer ter see't choo don't scape," remarked the longshoreman, gleefully.

Millyard was placed in the same dark room he occupied previously. Resigned to his fate he laid himself on the cot without removing his clothing. His thoughts were desultory and unsatisfactory. Presently he heard the peculiar whistle again louder than before. He was sure it was meant for him and for his welfare. He got up and quietly went out on the little porch.

"Come down here quick," shouted a voice which he knew to be that of Delarue.

Millyard started down the stairway in a hurry. As he nearly reached the landing a man leaped from a large box under the stairway, and, rushing round in front of the steps, said in a low but firm voice:

"No you don't, young man. You just march right back upstairs and go to bed till you're called."

Mr. Millyard recognized him as the detective who arrested him the first time. Millyard had no weapon, and he feared to rush unarmed on the man. In this dilemma and on the instant another man sprang suddenly forward through the entrance of the wall and struck the detective a fearful heavy blow on the head with a large revolver which he held in his hand, exclaiming:

"Throw your pistol down and hold up your hands, quick, or I'll make a hole through you, Volney." It was Mike Delarue.

Volney, the detective, hesitated.

"Quick, or I'll shoot," shouted Delarue.

Volney cast his revolver a few paces aside.

"Now march out there in the yard," said Delarue.

Volney backed a few paces, saying:

"I am an officer, sir; I arrest you, both of you."

"Not much, Volney. You're in the wrong game. Mr. Millyard, get out of here. I'll attend to Volney. He can't criminally kidnap gentlemen so easy as he thinks. Volney, we will have you sent up to Baton Rouge if you ever interfere in the least with Mr. Millyard again. Do you hear? We may do it anyhow. Keep out of our way, you hear? And let Mr. Millyard alone. We have the dead wood on you now, you villain."

At that moment the Dago appeared at the top of the stairway and started down the steps in a great rush. But the liquors the man had drank had taken effect. His foot stumbled. He pitched head-foremost, and tumbling over and over, his limp body landed on the ground at the feet of Delarue.

Millyard rushed to the unfortunate man's assistance regardless of the entreaties of Delarue to "come on!" Delarue receded through the hole in the wall to the street. Volney also came to the aid of the injured man.

Millyard and Volney raised the groaning man and placed him in a sitting posture against the post supporting the railing of the steps.

The kidnapper's right arm was broken. He was bleeding profusely at the nostrils, and there was a fearful gash on his forehead. He was unconscious.

"We should take him up-stairs and send for a doctor," said Millyard.

As they attempted to do so Delarue yelled again for Millyard to come on. But Mr. Millyard persisted until he and Volney got the man in his room and on the bed.

"Git the arnica, quick," shouted the fat wife of the injured man to one of her children who was standing near.

"Get the doctor, quick," exclaimed Millyard.

Besides the other injuries, the man's nose was smashed almost flat. His left hip was out of joint, and it seemed as if his skull was fractured.

"There's no doctor 't this time er night," said the good-natured woman.

"Yes, there is," retorted the humanitarian, Millyard. "Any

doctor will come, if you send for him. Where is the nearest doctor? I will go myself."

"There's one up'n Royal street, but he's too fur," answered the woman, briskly. "Git the doctor up here't the sailors' boarding-house."

In haste down the stairs Millyard went; then through the hole in the wall, on out to the street, where he met Delaure, who was waiting in a tremor of suspense.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Delarue. "You are the most audaciously unconcerned, reckless man I ever saw. Don't you know that fellow, Volney, is liable to put up a job on you and swear that you killed that Dago? Did he get killed?"

"I hope not," replied Millyard, calmly. "But he came awfully near it. I am after a doctor. Where can I find one? The old woman said there is one at the sailors' boarding-house."

"Yes; and let the doctor be able to swear to your identity," snapped Delarue. "Now that you are free from the villains come with me. Let Volney get the doctor. They have no right to expect you to get one."

"I would not do so only for the sake of humanity," replied Millyard. "It will not be much trouble for me to step in the sailors' boarding-house as we are passing and send word by the servant to the doctor."

Delarue showed Mr. Millyard the boarding house when they came to it, and Millyard left instructions for the doctor.

"We must go across this street and keep on the by-streets. Volney will be sure to follow as soon as he finds you do not return with the doctor," remarked Delarue, now more calm, as the two men hurried on their way up town.

"I told you I will help you, and I will do it."

"Mike, I am now well aware of that," returned Millyard. "You impress me much. I must confess I am alarmed by your new theory. I had not thought of the affair in that light."

## CHAPTER VI.

## KIDNAPPED THIS TIME.

"FROM this time forth you must never beg again as long as you remain with me," remarked Mr. Millyard after a long pause between him and Delarue as they were nearing the Colonnade, a French hotel on Royal street.

"No; I shall spruce up and be a man and obtain law cases for you. I can meantime study law in your office. Shall we take something in the Colonnade after our, or rather your, bitter experience of the day and night?" They entered the hotel.

A drowsy porter agreed to serve them at the bar, although he did not understand the business, and it was then after three o'clock.

Being refreshed they wended their way up Royal street to Canal street and crossing the same were about to enter St. Charles street when two policemen confronting them announced that they were under arrest.

"Dan, what do you want with me, a poor devil?" said Delarue to the policeman nearest him.

"Come with me to the central, Mike, and see," returned the fellow.

The other policeman jerked Mr. Millyard by the collar of his coat and marched him off up Canal street toward the river. It is up hill and toward the east to the river on Canal street.

"What am I arrested for?" demanded Millyard, who was being used very roughly. "You people are going too far with me."

"What cher doin' out this time'n the mornin'? Eh? Where've you been? You're a sucker. Been with Mike Delarue. Where's yer shootin' alley? Bloke hub, we've got you this time. We're goin' to ship you to where you can't git back soon."

"If you have me under arrest take me to the station-house and not in a direction from it, you villain," exclaimed Millyard, as he

jerked himself free from the grasp of the fellow and backed himself against the brick wall of a store, at the same time drawing a very small tortoise-shell-handled penknife from his vest pocket. He then added:

"First tell me, sir, the nature of the charge on which I am arrested by you, or I will not budge a step unless in self-defense."

The policeman drew his club from his belt and, advancing quickly, whacked Mr. Millyard a blow on the head with the billet, which, had it not been parried to some extent by Millyard's left arm, would have cracked his skull.

The blow dazed him for several moments. But all his vitality being centered in the cause, he quickly recovered. Millyard sprang at his assailant and made a sweeping strike with the little penknife, the short blade obtruding between his thumb and index finger. Quick as a flash of lightning the little knife blade slashed across the man's jaw from the upper part of the left ear ranging downward near to the point of the chin. In another instant Millyard had seized the policeman's revolver, just in time to prevent the man from shooting him full in the face.

"I am cut," proclaimed the policeman.

In wrestling the revolver from his grasp, Millyard had shoved the policeman backward to the sidewalk, landing him in a sitting posture, when he clasped both hands on his cheek and chin.

"Good heavens, have I killed the man?" were the first thoughts that flashed in Millyard's mind. "I did not mean to kill him. Now they will have a cause for putting me in prison. If I flee he knows me and I will be captured. Whether they do or not I have the manhood to face all my acts. I will assist the man and meet the consequences."

Millyard asked the man for his handkerchief, and was preparing to place it over his jaw when the other policeman who had started off with Delarue walked briskly up to where they were and asked abruptly:

"What is the matter, Lum?"

"This fellow's cut my throat," he whispered in reply, as the other blew his whistle.

Mr. Millyard had already seen that the injury was not serious; only a gash across his cheek on the lower part and not on the throat.

"I did it in self-defense," interposed Millyard. "And you, both of you, shall hear further from this. He was taking me away

from the station-house, not toward it; was attempting to kidnap me as I was to-day, and you were aiding and abetting. I will have you both indicted and discharged from the police force. You must learn that you cannot kidnap gentlemen, or any other person."

Another policeman, who had ran to the scene, grabbed Millyard and hustled him most indecently to the central police station. Without being permitted even to wash the blood from his face and hair he was locked in a dungeon-like cell on the first floor.

Next morning in the Recorder's Court, Mr. Millyard was remanded to the parish prison to await the outcome of the policeman's wound.

No case was made against Delarue. He was discharged from the prison in the night soon after the policeman who arrested him sent him there.

Mr. Millyard remained in the parish prison the balance of the week.

Monday morning he was taken before the Recorder and discharged. Judge Cotton was on hand. He had seen the policeman who was cut and the latter acknowledged himself to be in the fault. Delarue, who was also in court, had told the policeman if he prosecuted in the matter that Mr. Millyard would prosecute him criminally for false arrest, as well as sue the city for damages on that account.

Delarue joined Millyard as the latter was about to part from Judge Cotton at the entrance of the filthy court-room, and imparted the information, which he had obtained confidentially, that other plans were already matured whereby Millyard was to be kidnapped immediately, or as soon as possible, and shipped to France.

"If there is anything more of that nature going on, young gentleman," said the sedate old ex-Judge, "you must inform me at once. Remember, Mr. Millyard, I will aid you all I can; only let me know."

"There is that Volney following us," exclaimed Delarue to Millyard after they parted from the Judge.

"Goodness, Mike," said Alpha, "don't mention detectives or policemen. My nerves are unstrung and cease their action at the thought of one of those swinehounds."

"Dennis Rooney told me they propose to prove that you abducted Bertha Rosenstin, or, in any event, that you ruined her

and now refuse to marry her. She is expected to side with them in her testimony against you, because she is so desperately in love, or infatuated with you that she will say or do anything to gain you for her own. She will hope for you to compromise and marry her. The banker, Villeguini, is encouraging her to this, and Sam Waxelbaum is aiding in behalf of Villeguini, who wants you sent to the penitentiary so you cannot compromise or marry her. Villeguini will scruple at nothing to accomplish his aims. He told Bertha so, though in other terms. Sam Wax, has been to see your boarding-house man and said something to incur his displeasure with you. He says he is disgusted with you."

"I must go and see Mr. Frank right away. My trunk and all my clothes are there," said Millyard in return as they were entering Johnnie's. "I have not helped him any on our collaboration in nearly two weeks. But thanks, it was nearly finished; Mr. Frank may have it. Look, Mike, there is that longshoreman Dago. His arm is in a sling. But I do not understand how he can be walking on that broken leg this soon."

"Made of metal; they can stand anything," returned Mike, laconically. "He's looking for you. There, he saw us. We must slip out the back way."

Out on the banquet, as the people of New Orleans call the sidewalk, they debated and decided to go and see Judge Cotton at once.

When they had related the circumstances to Judge Cotton the good old man counseled that they go with him and inform the Administrator of Police about the whole matter.

"I will look into it," said the functionary of that city called the "Administrator of Police," to Judge Cotton when Delarue had concluded the narration, as he slammed his hand on a little silver bell that was on the desk.

A messenger appeared immediately, to whom the head of the Police department of New Orleans said:

"Inform the chief of police and the chief of detectives that I want to see them immediately after lunch. Judge, I will let you know about this in the morning, if you will take the trouble to call as you are on your way to your office."

Millyard and Delarue passed the afternoon in quiet together. The calm was just before the storm.

Millyard was particularly careful not to venture out from home that evening after dinner. He remained and worked with Mr.

Frank until a late hour before retiring to sleep. He slept in a room fronting on a narrow passageway on the side of the house. A stairway led down beside the house at the end of the front yard. The passageway, or upper balcony, was covered. There were other lodgers in other rooms all fronting on the passageway, among them a police officer.

New Orleans has more balconies and verandas extending full width of the wide sidewalks than any other city in the world. Their grand Mardi Gras festivities brought this about.

The night was hot, and Millyard had left his front window raised.

About four o'clock in the morning Millyard was awakened by three men in his room. One of them was the disabled Dago longshoreman. Mr. Millyard was overpowered and something was inserted in his mouth before he could make an outcry. He was ordered to dress himself quickly and make no noise about it. When ready they opened the door and marched him out, thence to a hack in waiting diagonally across the street. He was rapidly driven to the wharf almost opposite the hole in the wall. He was at once conducted on board of a large steamship which was ready to depart.

Streaks of daylight were just glistening in the east when the great steamer glided from the wharf and placidly started down the mighty Mississippi River. One of Millyard's captors, who had stood watch over him closely until the last moment, rushed ashore just as the gangway was being hoisted.

Alpha Millyard was abducted, kidnapped; and for what?

## CHAPTER VII.

## STOP DER SHIP.

MR. MILLYARD resigned himself to his fate. His discouragement was almost complete. It is a hundred miles from New Orleans to the bar or passes of that father of waters, so he had time for his thoughts.

The sun was high above the eastern horizon before breakfast was announced. Mr. Millyard felt little like eating. Still he quietly approached a place at the long table and took a seat. He ate slowly and but little, sipping at the coffee. Just before finishing he glanced down the table. Far down on the other side of the table his eyes met the stare of those of Miss Bertha Rosenstin.

Dropping his knife and fork Millyard quietly rose from his seat and repaired to the deck. He was leaning over the rail sadly reflecting on what her presence on board could portend, when Bertha came by his side.

"You seem to wish to avoid me, Mr. Millyard; is such the case? But I suppose by your being on this steamer we are to take a voyage across the ocean together," remarked the young woman.

"Miss Bertha," replied Millyard, turning toward her, "I have had so much trouble on your account, that is, rather, on account of you, that I do not know what to do or what to say in reply. Please tell me why you are on board this steamer, and whither you are going?"

"I am being sent to Havre, then eventually to go from there out near Dresden among some of my relatives. I have been forced to make the trip. I may add it is on account of you. My father so decided late last night."

"Then is it prearranged that you should meet me on this steamer?" earnestly asked Millyard.

"Not so far as I am aware," replied Bertha slowly, as if thinking.

"I may as well tell you at once; three men entered my room

about four o'clock this morning and by force brought me hither to this steamer at her wharf. About daylight I was conducted on board and here I am. It seems that some one wishes me away from New Orleans in order that I shall be away from you, unless perchance it is arranged that we shall be thrown together. Of that I am not now in a position to fathom. But this I know full well; it is a hallucination with some one, most probably, as far as I can learn a banker on Camp street, that I am seeking to appropriate you to myself by stealth. No one knows any better than yourself that this is far from being the truth. I have not sought you, nor do I now seek you."

He hesitated a moment or two, then added: "But it is a very singular coincidence that we are, against our wishes, on the same steamer crossing the ocean."

"Fate hath strange fancies, Mr. Millyard," retorted Bertha, as she moved nearer him in a confiding manner. "That it deals kindly with me in casting us together instead of separating us I am free to admit. But I had no knowledge of or hand in its doing. Fate has never condescended to consult with me. I am a stranger to it and take it as it comes. I hope you will not regret it."

"I shall be glad to not regret it, but I am in no mood for anything to ensue which will allay regret or cause me to forget the outrageous manner in which I have been treated. I was not allowed to get my baggage or see a friend, or even provide myself with money. I do not know where I am to go or what I am to do. I know no person over there. I will be thrown on the world in a strange land without a change of clothing or a penny. My only chance will be to see the American consul and have him make this steamship company return me here."

"As for money, Mr. Millyard, you shall share all I have and more besides," exultingly exclaimed Miss Bertha. "I have money and I have rich relatives over there. I am going to my own mother's brother. He is very wealthy."

It was evident that Bertha Rosenstein was desperately infatuated with Alpha Millyard. She was a very handsome Jewish woman. She was, she said, some few months over nineteen years of age. A fascinating, voluptuous creature in personal appearance, and fair to look upon.

She doubtless inherited her beauty from her mother. Her father was anything but prepossessing in personal appearance. He came to America because he could not sustain pleasant relations with

his wife's relatives. They were above his station in society and wealth.

His wife did not survive long after their arrival in New Orleans. It was no secret among certain of their set that her death was hastened by his cruel treatment. Morritz Rosenstein's second wife, the stepmother of Bertha, was tyrant over him, as well as over Bertha, and kept Morritz under subjection so far as she was concerned, while poor Bertha was tyrannized over by both of them. Their cruel treatment embittered the girl against her father and his wife and their home.

Mr. Millyard was evidently doomed to the young lady. It seemed as if he could not well escape it. He was without money and without a change of clothing on a steamship bound for Havre, France, where he had not a friend or acquaintance, save her, when they got there. But if he accepted her voluntary proffer of assistance it would throw him on her tender mercies and inevitably establish him as her husband.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mike Delarue paced up and down the levee near the wharfs during two hours before daylight watching for Alpha Millyard. The steamer Hilda seemed to be the only vessel making preparations to depart at an early hour. The Hilda lay nearly opposite the hole in the wall. Delarue was not aware that Millyard had been kidnapped, but he was watching as a precautionary measure. Intuition, that has something to do with many acts of many men, led him to it.

At length Mike was rewarded for his vigilance. Rapidly gliding through a multitude of all kinds of people congregated on the levee, a number of whom were longshoremen who had just finished loading the last of the steamer's cargo, and along the devious route left open by a miscellaneous assortment of merchandise, including bales of cotton intended for other vessels, Delarue recognized the form of Alpha Millyard ushered by three persons, one of whom he could well see was the Dago longshoreman hobbling with a crutch and his arm in a sling. There was no mistaking these two men. The third man he could not recognize.

Delarue whistled as he did on the night at the hole in the wall. Millyard evinced no sign of having heard or recognized the peculiar noise. There was, as it were, a wall of merchandise separating him from them. Delarue rushed out toward the street a hundred

feet or more distant, intending to follow in the same path the kidnappers had taken Millyard.

"Hello, Mike," a policeman saluted.

"Hello, Dan, 's that you in my path again?" Delarue had rushed on the same policeman who lured him from Millyard the night Mr. Millyard almost cut the throat of the other policeman.

"Where you bound, Mike? Goin' off to Havre on the Hilda? You got plenty time. Take it easy. What you got there?" Delarue had not himself observed or thought of his having his revolver in his hand, so intent was he on his mission.

"I am after those villa'ins who are kidnapping Mr. Alpha Millyard," shouted Delarue angrily, as he started onward.

"Not so fast, Mike. Hold a minute, I have a word for you. There's money in it," said the policeman, who seemed to think that because Delarue was formerly a detective that he should now, if he had not previously, accept fees for favors not in line of duty but controlled by it. "That fellow will be sent to the pen if he remains here; so you will be doing him an act of charity to let him go while his passage is being paid for him. Those fellows won't let you see him. Put that gun away."

"And then you grab me for carrying concealed weapons? O, no, not much," said Delarue.

"I can do it anyway; you did have it concealed."

"You do not know any such thing, and it cannot be proven," hotly retorted Delarue.

Thus the two men bandied words during five minutes or more, until the huge steamer Hilda began to move from the wharf, backing out on the placid bosom of the mighty Mississippi.

"You can go now, Mike," said Dan, the policeman, as a parting salutation.

Delarue was disconcerted. He saw his best endeavors thwarted. His new-found friend in whom his hopes had centered was snatched from him on the threshold of what he had good reason to believe would be to him and to his friend a pleasant and prosperous future. He turned and sadly went his way.

Strolling into the jewelry store of the Polak, Morritz Rosenstein, on Poydras street, about ten o'clock that morning, Delarue finally, after other preliminary remarks between them, casually said:

"They shipped that fellow Millyard on the steamer Hilda this morning." It is superfluous to add that this announcement produced a human combustion.

"Ghott'n himmel! Mine Bertah vos on dot ship! Dey must sthop der ship. Dey must sthop der ship right er vay." Exclaiming thus the ill-favored Polak sank on a chair in a paroxysm of moaning and lamenting.

Delarue quietly walked out of the store. Accidentally he had learned something of importance. He saw Judge Cotton at once.

"This is interesting," said he to the Judge. "Can it be possible that Villeguini is trying to force Millyard to marry Bertha instead of his trying to prevent it?"

As a result of their interview Judge Cotton caused Delarue to accompany him to see the Administrator of Police. With much warmth of feeling and some curt words the Judge informed that functionary of what had taken place and the part taken in it by some of the police.

The Administrator of Police was amazed. He called in his office another functionary under him with whom he held a private conference. At the end of which he said to the Judge that he would immediately telegraph to Quarantine and also to Pilot Town and have Mr. Millyard taken from the steamer and returned on another to New Orleans. If the Hilda had passed Quarantine the police officer at Pilot Town would be sure to have him disembarked there.

This arrangement satisfied Judge Cotton and Delarue. The latter then bestirred himself to do every needful thing in order that there could be no excuse for a mishap in securing Millyard's return. That Millyard was to be returned was so interesting to him that he thought it would be equally so to the Polak. He therefore went to Rosenstein's store intending to tell him. As he entered the Polak exclaimed:

"Ah, ha! I haf mine Bertah sent pack frum dot Guarantine mit der next ship vot dos comes. I gets der schief mit der berleace, he dos delegraph der berleace officer unt Bilot Down to arrest mine Bertah ant dake 'er frum der Hilda ant sent 'er back ter me. I show dem dot dey don't runs er vay tergeder."

"Phew!" exclaimed Delarue; but he said nothing else.

All he had intended to say to the Polak was supplanted by another and more interesting thought. He walked out of the store and went his way.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A CHEAP TRACT OF LAND.

"THE legislature of North Carolina in chartering this place dubbed it the 'City of Hickory,' but it has no more just claim to be a city than a barber has to be a machinist."

These were the well weighed remarks of Galen Dalgat, Esquire, a celebrated attorney and counselor-at-law of that town, which is in Western North Carolina, to Mr. Emeil Dhumazeil, a well-known lawyer of New Orleans, Louisiana, who, with his family, were stopping over a few days in Hickory after having spent the summer at Blowing Rock and Sparkling Catawba Springs, two noted summer resorts in that section. These two gentlemen were engaged in a leisurely afternoon conversation at the untidy office of the former. Mr. Dalgat had an office full of books and he was regarded as a lawyer of very considerable ability, but his office floor was always unswept, being littered with whittlings from sticks, dirt from men's shoes, and highly stained, if not polished with tobacco juice. Law books galore, missing from the shelves and alcoves, lay piled on his desk and the tables in the two rooms constituting his office. He was a type of a distinctive character in his peculiarities. He had acquired the appellations of the dreamer, the village dreamer, and more particularly that of the lonely, if not lovely, "dreamomaniac."

It came about in this way, to follow the trend or thread of what could be made an interesting story by a pen guided by a more facile brain. For instance:

Going down town one morning from his unpretentious boarding-house, where he had been taking his meals during several years, Mr. Dalgat met the mayor of the town and demanded that he be allowed to repay the five dollars he had borrowed the day before.

Being informed by the mayor that he had not had the pleasure

of loaning him five dollars or any other sum the day before, nor had he seen him the day before, the mayor added:

"You must have dreamed it, Galie."

"Always accusing me of dreaming," shouted Mr. Dagal, as he went on his way.

But on the very next day Galen Dagal purchased a horse from a man who was passing through the town with a drove of horses and mules and was short five dollars in making payment for the same. The mayor was standing by Mr. Dagal's side and loaned him the necessary money.

This incident exemplifies one of his traits. His "dream" had not been very far wrong. When he dreamed of some event or an incident if it had not already taken place it was sure in the future to transpire, at least in all essential respects, as he had dreamed it would occur, or had occurred.

"Since it is designated as a city by the proper naming party," returned Mr. Dhumazeil, smiling, no doubt, at Mr. Dagal's unique simile, while leisurely smoking a cigar and furiously fanning himself with a big palmetto fan and gently swaying in a rocking-chair, as was also Mr. Dagal, "the highest in the State, a city it should be."

"Granted," retorted Dagal, "as a legal, technical proposition, but as a practicality and actuality, when a sufficient number of inhabitants makes it so."

"And so you say you know Alpha Millyard? And that he is acquiring a good practise in New Orleans?" added Dagal, reverting to part of their preceding remarks. "I am glad to hear it. When he practised here he and I became warm personal friends. He is a wonderful man. A brilliant fellow. But he lacks confidence in himself, though he may overcome that defect, which, however, is better than being arrogant and self-assumed in superiority."

"It occurred to me," remarked Mr. Dhumazeil, "that he appeared diffident. But, as you say, he may overcome it. I did not think him very much given to diffidence when we were arrayed against each other in a very important case."

"Common report says he is to be married to one of the fairest ladies of our town, city," said Mr. Dagal.

At that juncture ex-Judge William Buckingham Selia, one of the leading legal spirits in that whole section of the country, entered the portal of the law offices of Galen Dagal with a Chester-

fieldian bow and a salutation that would have been pleasant to a reigning prince who wished a favor.

Mr. Dalgat of course presented Judge Selia to Mr. Dhumazeil, after which the three gentlemen entered into a desultory conversation on various topics, including a parenthetical allusion to Alpha Millyard.

The latter had practised law in Hickory for a while.

"Judge," said Mr. Dalgat, becoming somewhat facetious of a sudden, perhaps to enliven the lagging conversation, "were you in earnest about offering me that tract of land out here in the country for my horse and buggy and sixty-five dollars?"

"The land sakes! Which tract of land, and when?" replied the erudite, battle-scarred old lawyer, whose love for wit and humor was even more keenly developed than was that of the old bachelor, Mr. Dalgat.

"O, that tract of unprofitable mountain land in the woods over in Alexander county," replied Dalgat more earnestly. "That tract you got for your fee in the Hallowell case at the last term of court. You told me the other day you wanted to sell it to me for my old horse and buggy and sixty-five dollars, provided I would also marry Miss Lucilla Helms. Speaking of Alpha Millyard reminds me of it."

"I do not remember the conversation or call to mind the proposal," answered Judge Buckingham Selia, with a slight twitch of his right leg as he balanced it over the other knee and twirled his ample deer-horn-handled walking cane, adding: "This world is all a fleeting shore and many sands upon it, although not to man's illusion given to man 'tis still alluring. Galie, old dreaming chum, if you dreamed I said I would do it I'll stick to the dream-bargain. The terms of your dream: Cash down and fork it over? If so, make out the papers. I'll sign the deed. Send your old circuit riding horse and circus buggy down to my stable and hand over the sixty-five dollars. It is a trade. You can't be any too quick about it. But, Galie, does Miss Helms agree?"

"See here, Judge," said Dalgat, "I have spat on the bare floor but three times this week, but I hit the crack every time. And——"

"Which floor, Galie?" interrupted Judge Selia, looking askance at the floor.

"O, I have been here so long I can tell where the cracks are," quickly retorted Dalgat. "Nor, as I was going on to say, have

I placed either one of my feet directly across a line in six months, but have invariably stepped over the line or crack; besides, I have put on my socks wrongside out twice during the last two weeks without knowing it at the time. If that does not augur good luck, what does? Besides, I saw Miss Helms last night and she consented."

"You were at the city council meeting last night early and remained until council adjourned at eleven o'clock," announced Judge Selia solemnly. "What time other than that did you see her last night, Galie?"

"It must have been the night before when I saw her then," replied Mr. Dalgal, abstractedly.

"You were at the mayor's residence discussing with him about your old puritanical ordinances," said the Judge.

"Well, she consented, and that's enough for me to know," retorted Dalgal somewhat hotly.

"You and her for that; it was you who suggested the trade," replied Judge Selia. "Come by my office and get the papers and draw up the deed for me. I'll do anything you say."

"To encourage you in your bargain, Mr. Dalgal," interposed Mr. Dhumazeil, "I can say, but with no intent to prejudice or alarm you about your friend, I have heard that Mr. Millyard is in some kind of trouble in New Orleans, but I do not know its exact nature or to what extent."

Next day the deed to the land was signed by Judge Selia and his wife and the transfers of property and money made according to agreement. Mr. Galen Dalgal, who was a man exceedingly well learned in the law but impractical as an advocate before a court, became the owner in fee simple of three hundred and eighty-four acres of mountain land in Alexander county, the county adjoining on the north of that county in which Hickory was situated. All that remained of the trade, as made, to be done was the performance of the unwritten part, which was for Mr. Galen Dalgal to be united in marriage to Miss Lucilla Helms. This might require weeks or months or no time. Mr. Dalgal was a fast man, however. He acknowledged himself the owner of land that was mountainous, it was true, but he had conceived or dreamed that it contained mineral ores galore. Better still, there was for him the prospective bride, even if he was somewhat bald on the head and past the forty-mile post on the race-track of life.

Next day Mr. Dalgai was seated in his office engaged in contemplating his future when Judge Selia suddenly entered.

"Hello, Judge, what's up? Anything wrong?" quickly queried Dalgai, pointing to a rocker.

"Nothing serious, Galie; only a social call. I was afraid you might take the blues and want to rue your bargain."

"I guess the old land is worth as much as I paid you for it. I will not regret the trade if I can get the fair lady."

"By the way, I wonder what can be the trouble with Alpha Millyard? That gentleman from New Orleans has excited my curiosity. He himself did not seem to know. It has been preying on my mind. I was thinking of it all day and last night. I guess Miss Lucilla may know."

"Suppose you ask her, Galie?" suggested the Judge, jestingly.

"All things work out a man's own way, if he be only persistent," said Mr. Dalgai, dryly. "But that reminds me of an old story and therefore good by being old."

"What is it? Let it out," said the Judge.

"There was a big fat man standing on an old wooden bridge spanning a large creek which the people called a river because it was wide during high water and had a wide marshy swamp on both sides. Arching limbs of trees swung over the water from both banks. The man was leaning over the wooden railing gazing intently at the lazily rolling waters, apparently in deep meditation. Perhaps he was experiencing some trouble from his breakfast. Stealthily there approached him a tall, cadaverous man, thin in form and visage, long peaked nose, large, round wild-looking blue eyes, long frock coat, big white cravat, wearing a broad-brimmed sombrero, a decidedly clerical looking person. He halted near the fat man and in solemn somber tones asked the question: 'My friend, what thinkest thou?' Slowly raising his elbows from the railing and turning, facing the inquiring stranger, the fat man replied: 'I was just thinking about them darned eggs. How will you have your eggs?' Evidently the clerical-looking man did not relish the attempt, though weak, at profanity. He gently waved his open hand, elevated his head and eyes and marched slowly on across the bridge without deigning to reply."

"Twenty years afterwards to a day the fat man happened to be at the same place in the same position again. The same sad-eyed, pallid-faced, clerical-looking nightmare approached again in the same stealthy way as before. Halting, as the fat man

raised his head, he half hissed: 'Scrambled,' then quietly marched on across the bridge.

"Judge, I am going to tell Miss Lucilla I will take my eggs scrambled. I have wanted her ever since I've known her."

"Now, Galie; don't make a bad break and shift your wind."

"Goo—goo—good even', squire," said a florid-faced, auburn-haired, tatter-clothed, coatless, stammering man as he entered and interrupted Mr. Dalgat and Judge Selia.

"Hello, George; you are the very man I want to see," said Dalgat.

George Peavy was the loiterer and chore-server of the town. He made himself useful in doing all sorts of odd jobs and some that were not so odd. He had a habit, yes, habit, of overdoing the matter and himself whenever he could obtain the wherewithal, the whisky. He drank it as a mere pastime. Sometimes his treasury enabled him to get more than he could "tote," as he expressed it.

"All r-r-right, Squire," replied George. "What's up?"

"I bought a tract of land from Judge Selia over in Alexander," said Dalgat. "I want you to go over there and examine it for me. See what it is good for and what you think it is worth."

"Er-er-er-you know I think Lum Lester's the best po-po-police-man in town. When I get d-d-d-drunk all the others lock me up, b-b-but Lum hauls me home in a whe-wheelbarrow."

"You have not told me whether you will go."

"Ye-ye-yes, I'll go; but ca-ca-can't Lum go with me?"

"Lum?" sarcastically and yet flatteringly demanded Mr. Dalgat. "What does he know about geology and mineral lands? Why don't you take Mooney?"

"Moo-Moo-oo-ny? He'll do; he knows. He's a reg'ler g-g-g-g'olergist an' knows all 'bout minerls. Sh-sh-shall I take 'im?" replied George in speech as rapid as he could, his hat in hand.

"Yes. I want you to start in the morning," replied Dalgat, rubbing the lone red tuft on his otherwise bald head with a red bandanna. "You can go in my carriage; John will drive you. You see Mooney and both of you be on hand early in the morning."

Mooney was regarded as a supernatural or sort of psychological geologist, or any other kind of diviner of what was hidden in the earth. He told the people where to dig wells to find good water, and where asbestos, mica and graphite were to be found.

His reputation was great in this respect. It was well that Mr. Dalgat chanced to think of him.

Mooney was called "Mooney" for a singular reason. He was a singular man, a most extraordinary man. He had no father from whom to inherit a name, so in his youth when it was ascertained that he could not see, had no vision only in the dark and not in daylight, he was given that name by common usage. He was a freak of nature, or rather nature made a freak of him. His eyes were large and round and had two little hazel rings on each black pupil surrounding the cornea.

His family history said that his mother was fearfully frightened during the period of his gestation in a most remarkable manner and which was the cause of his exceptional phenomena.

His mother told it that she was sleeping on her back porch, which "porch" consisted of a few plank boards with a shed over them attached to a one-room shack situated in the woods next to a swamp, when she was awakened by some one yelling to her in a loud voice, saying: "Who, who, who, who are you?"

Opening her eyes quickly on awakening she beheld two enormous lights on the baluster railing within four feet of her head. The great terrible-looking monster stretched forth tremendous long arms, made a great noise and dashed at her. She screamed, then swooned. That was the last thing she knew for two days. When found by a person passing she was nearly dead.

The apparition was not a fallacy; it was a huge owl, not one of those hooting owls either, but was larger—one of those tremendous "who, who, who, who are you" kind. But the bird meant no harm, was harmless. In fact, the owl was afraid of the woman and flew when she opened her eyes.

It was this episode that was said to be responsible for the physical appearance and mental depth and bent of Mooney. He could perambulate but little in the daytime on account of inability to see, but in the night or dark he could see as well as other persons do in the daylight.

The strangest phenomena of all with regard to this monstrous human being was his ability to see in the ground at night. This, however, had to be under certain conditions.

Mooney, who had been left to the care of the world by his mother in his infancy, she not being able to take care even of herself, was the man through whom Mr. Dalgat expected to see what was in the ground of the mountains of Alexander which he recently purchased from Judge William Buckingham Selia.

## CHAPTER IX.

## DALGAT, THE DREAMOMANIAC.

MISS LUCILLA HELMS, who was not over twenty-four summers, was a woman of charming personality. Not what the generality of men regard as being beautiful, yet she was very much admired by men. Her chief attractiveness consisted in high-bred, gentle manners.

Her father had skipped about the country with his family in the pursuit of his avocation, and in the course of his career had resided at Atlanta, at Louisville and at other places, and was then residing at Hickory. Mr. Alpha Millyard, as he himself had said, had been "a follower of the lamb."

Mr. Galen Dalgat had been very assiduous in his attentions to Miss Helms during several years and more especially subsequent to the departure of Alpha Millyard from Hickory. But for reasons unknown to the public or even to their nearest friends his courtship had not developed tangibly. Their friends wondered why this was the case. Mr. Dalgat was a fine catch, if he was an old bachelor. He was well-to-do and was a superior lawyer.

After the trade with Judge Selia it became incumbent upon Mr. Dalgat to force his intentions and aspirations with regard to Miss Lucilla to a direct and speedy issue. To this end he formed and expressed an opinion. It was that she should marry him at once.

Immediately after Judge Selia left, Mr. Dalgat wrote a note to Miss Helms requesting the pleasure to call and see her that evening. He despatched the note through the medium and courtesy of his office-boy. In reply he was respectfully and regretfully informed in a note through the same channel that Miss Helms had a previous engagement for the evening, but she naïvely incorporated the suggestion that she would "be pleased to see Squire Dalgat at any other time, say, to-morrow evening."

Next morning immediately after opening his law offices Mr.

Dalgal rushed in great hurry to the law office of ex-Judge Wm. Buckingham Selia. Grasping the Judge by the hand, Dalgal exclaimed:

"The last of the terms of our contract are to be complied with before the waning of the moon. It's a sure pop, Judge."

"When d'd you arrange it, Galie? Plant yourself in that chair and tell me all about it."

"Last night," replied Dalgal, gleefully, as he sank to a seat in a rocking-chair.

"Great snakes, Galie! My son told me he saw you at the opera-house last night and that you were alone. He also said Miss Helms was there with Tom Critchton."

"Let me see," said Dalgal, pulling his stubby, short-cropped, sandy-colored mustache, "where was it? I forget. I had a long talk with her somewhere. She told me Alpha Millyard had been arrested in New Orleans on a charge of abducting a woman or girl, and was having a lot of trouble. In fact, that he had been arrested two or three times and was himself abducted and then apprehended in the company of the young woman he had abducted. This, you will observe, is in conformity with what Mr. Dhumazeil told us. It will, of course, break up any matrimonial arrangements that may have existed between Miss Lucilla Helms and Mr. Alpha Millyard. Not, however, that I wish Mr. Millyard any harm. But it comes in very apropos in furtherance of my aspirations."

"All right, you unterrified dreamer," responded the ex-Judge, "just dream on. I wish you well. You have my deed in fee simple to the old mountain rocks and lands, and I have your circus team and money. If you fail to get the wife it will be no fault of mine."

"I am sure it is all right, but if I do not get her, what then?"

"You will lose a refined and highly cultured woman for a wife, that's all," replied Judge Selia.

"But will you make claim for a rescinding of the title to the lands?" earnestly inquired Mr. Dalgal, that being the point he seemed interested in most deeply.

"I will not try to enforce it in the courts of law, Galie. I will leave it to your honor," said the Judge.

"Some one told me it is the richest gold mine lands in the world," carelessly remarked Dalgal, demonstrating no more regard for Judge Selia's carpet matting than for his own bare office

floor. "Besides," he continued, "there is a green diamond in the rocks down in the ground that is worth more than diamonds, and enough of them to cover two feet deep a ten-acre pasture."

"Great Kaiser! You prolific dreamer!" shouted Judge Selia.

"No; I take that back. I guess Mooney saw them. No; that's not tenable. Mooney hasn't got there. I stick to the dream." He hesitated, then added:

"If that is the case I shall have to hold you strictly to the bargain—a pound of flesh. The contract, Galie, the contract. The woman's in the bargain. Do you know that what everybody says is so, is true? You are a dreamomaniac. You go to sleep, or half asleep, and then dream just exactly what you want; that is, about events which you already have in your mind even in detail just as you would have them be, in the manner as if they had actually happened or transpired, and then when you wake up you caress the delusion and make yourself believe that what you have dreamed is actually true. Galie, it will ruin your mind. Quit the habit; it is nearly as bad as being a kleptomaniac."

"How is it possible for a man to dream in any such manner as you say?" sharply retorted Dalgai. "That would be equal to the task of manufacturing dreams to order. I deny the allegation. I never heard of such a thing before."

"Have you never heard before that you were a dreamomaniac?" asked Judge Selia.

"I never heard before of any such dreamomaniacal nonsense," replied Galen Dalgai, rising abruptly to depart.

"All right, Galie, keep it up, keep it up. You are the boss. I do not wish to discourage you. Dream some for me."

"This is a serious matter," said Dalgai in a high-toned voice as he advanced to the Judge's office door. "If it is an infirmity of my brain I must make the best of it. Meantime I fail to see that there is in it any room for levity. If they are somnolent visions, sign-boards to guide me in the proper path, I trust I am prepared to be clearly guided and to fully appreciate the guidance."

"I want to say this: If these things do come true, I wish to engage your services as my attorney at an annual salary. Good morning." He was cutting, in his parting thrust.

Red-headed Galen Dalgai, Esquire, could not have wished himself any greater success in fortune than this conversation portended.

## CHAPTER X.

## ALPHA AND BERTHA AT PILOT TOWN.

WHEN the steamer Hilda reached Pilot Town, having passed Quarantine, both Miss Bertha Rosenstin and Mr. Alpha Millyard were demanded and received by the officer of the law stationed at that place. The goodly dispositioned officer took them from the steamer in midstream and carried them in a yawl to his house.

Pilot Town is built on stilts. It is on a delta or strip of made land just above the bar on the east side of the *Pass il 'Ostre* channel of the many "passes" of the mighty Mississippi river. The houses are high above the ground so as to be above high water. In low, or normal, condition of the river and the tide, canals take the place of streets. They are laid off as streets and in squares. In front of the houses are plank platform walks from the houses on an even line with the doors out to the wooden steps leading down to the water. The houses set back from the streets or canals and generally are on a line with each other. Convenient to the steps on one side of the walk or the other are high posts to which, at the top, are attached long iron chains, the use of which are to fasten the boats and yawls so they may not under influence of the waters wander never to return. The pilots, those who pilot the hundreds and hundreds of ocean-going vessels bound to or from New Orleans and every other port in the world, inhabit, with their families, these houses on stilts.

"Here, you k'n go inter this 'ere room," said the polite and accommodating police officer of Pilot Town, who had intercepted, officially, Miss Bertha and Mr. Millyard. It was seldom he had any official duties to perform, and, therefore, for that reason probably he was polite and courteous in the discharge of his duty. It was this or the lady in the case made him polite and courteous, at least on this occasion. As he made this invitation the officer

opened the door to a neatly furnished room on the second floor. As they walked in he added:

"I'll fetch yer some water'n a few minits. It'll be three hours or more 'fore dinner'll be ready." The officer went out, closing the door behind him.

Mr. Millyard, standing in the center of the room, was holding his hands and arms akimbo. His slender form seemed to lengthen out a few fractions of an inch, if not an inch, as his hands fell flap and limp by his sides and in a surprised look and disgusted manner he sharply said:

"Good gracious, Miss Bertha; what does this mean?"

"I have it not in me to retort in kind," replied Bertha, somewhat gently in tone and manner, and advancing toward him in a pleading attitude. "If you are ignorant in this affair you are not any more so than am I. Therefore, I will not ask you the same question for an answer."

"The man evidently thinks we are married," said Alpha. "His supply of imagination is warranted no doubt by the chain of circumstances, if not by the fact. I have a ween that it has become known to my friends in town and to your irascible father that we are on the same boat bound for a foreign port and the police authorities have ordered our arrest and return to the city. This officer has jumped at the conclusion that we are running away, an eloping married couple, and hence placed us in the same room as such."

"Goodness! If it was with any other man I would be afraid. But with you——" Bertha had just placed her hands on Mr. Millyard's shoulders as she said this when the door was opened by the Pilot Town officer without rapping a signal, having in his hand a pitcher of water.

"Yer needn't be grievin'," he said; "there shan't no harm come ter yer. I know all 'bout how 'tis. Mag and me had ter run er-way. Yes, bless yer; we symperthise wid yer."

"I suppose you had orders by telegraph to arrest us?" asked Millyard, loosening himself from Bertha.

"One telegram told me ter 'rest the man, Mister—er—ah—Millyard, an' send 'im back; and t'other one said git the woman an' send 'er back on ther first vess'l. An' that's what I've done, an' that's what I'm goin' ter do. But that's all I got ter do wid it. Because t'otherwise I'm wid yer." He walked to the room door, and, looking back at the forlorn couple before leaving, added:

"Dinner'll be ready at one er clock. Hit'll be six er clock 'fore ther's any vess'l goin' up you k'n go on."

Millyard advanced to the window on the south from which he could look out over the broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico as far as vision would admit.

The canal or street fronting the house he was in ran east and west. Across the street or canal were other pilot men's houses, and on the few more squares further on were houses between him and the waters of the Gulf.

The balize, the great balize, the wide, the unbounded mouth, or enormous mouths of the mighty Mississippi river, called "passes," stretching out almost in continuous succession, being one mouth only and, save when a high river and tide are simultaneous, or when the great river is unusually high. It is then the deltas are submerged and the river becomes one hundred and sixty miles in width. It is when the river is unusually high that it amazes and astounds by the sublimity and grandeur of its vastness. A moving, rushing ocean. No wonder the houses are built high on stilts.

Viewing this grand scene Alpha Millyard was thinking:

"Has this young woman been wantonly placed in my path to tempt me to ruin? Whatever the world may say, Dick Yay or Mister Nay, I will not. I will not. So help me God, I will not."

Turning and facing Bertha, who had walked up and clasped her hands over one of his shoulders, he said:

"Miss Bertha, I would not deny it and endeavor to prove it. I am being sorely tried. But I cannot under any circumstances permit you the belief or idea that I will marry you, for such can never be the case. It is utterly outside the pale of my consideration."

"Mr. Millyard," said Bertha, sternly, facing him with flashing gleams from her large, brown, penetrating eyes, "I have told you that I love you. That is as much as I or any woman can acknowledge to any man. It is the dearest secret of a woman's heart. I am impelled to love you, whether you love me in return or not. I trust you—a gentleman—can have consideration for me sufficient that you will not be so cruel as to break my heart."

"Break your heart? No, my dear girl. But you must understand, I am already engaged. Do you wish to break mine?"

"Not for the world," she exclaimed, casting her plump, well-rounded arms around his neck.

"Then do not build hopes on my marrying you," quickly replied Millyard, removing her arms and turning aside. Then quickly turning and glancing at her as she stood in an attitude of despair, he added, as if addressing her :

"Bertha——"

On the instant she threw herself upon him in full force, body, yea, soul, exclaiming :

"Alpha, my God, let me love you."

"By the eternals, upon my honor as a gentleman, I give you my consent. But," and Mr. Millyard suddenly became stern, "you must not presume too far. As I told you, I am engaged to another whom I have, by my feelings, been led to believe I do love. She is the dearest, sweetest woman whom I know. I have loved her from my youngest boyhood, when, as children lovers she playfully pushed me off a foot-bridge into a branch, then endeared herself to me by thrusting a shingle, or perhaps it was a lath, to my rescue as the highly swollen waters of the stream were bearing me onward across the street below the bridge. She rushed off the bridge when she had shoved me off above it and I went under with the torrent, and hurrying in the street she fortunately found the lath in her path which she stretched forth to me as I was rolling on the topmost waves and pulled me out just before I reached the fence, where the branch fell into a big ditch extending through a field to the woods. Had I gone in there I would have drowned. Thus she saved my life. I had already given her a finger ring which was the heirloom and symbol of our family.

Bertha Rosenstin had shrank backward during these remarks until she sat composedly on the side of the lone bed in the chamber. When he had come to his period she placidly assayed to remark, with much wisdom :

"If we try to explain to this man our true predicament it will only result in exposing us to his and other people's obloquy, each alike, and neither the better ; and, the result will be the same, we still explaining. So I think we may just as well take things easy as they are until fate, and the law, shall deal so gently that we may part, as we should desire, in peace if not in love."

"Bertha, you almost break the bonds between desire, the fructified hope of man, and self-domineered resolution to withstand, yea, stolidly, solidly resist and successfully repel temptation to commit what God and man calls evil. But whether or not

there be for me a mission in life I am determined no act of mine shall bar-sinister me from heaven or entail upon my progeny the scriptural curse to the third or fourth generation. In other words, I desire no descendants by whom I may be cursed."

"Mr. Millyard," she said, cupping her two little hands extended toward him, "Do you doubt me?"

"Great Scott! Doubt you! How? In what way? Me doubt you? I have no reason, or room to doubt you. I am——"

"A lover without having the soul of a lover," Bertha quickly said, taking up by interruption the thread of his remarks, but which was not his thread.

"Yes; I guess I am a lover. I love," he said, then turning toward the window and gazing out over the gulf again, he slowly continued: "But the one I love has a white oak in place of a hickory for a fact instead of a name, in front of her home; and I hope that some day I shall be happy with her in a home of my own."

"Dreamer, the sweetest ideal of dreamers. How can I un-rhapsodize my words and meaning in consonance to meet the sure and strident feeling that I also am a lover without a lover, and feel more intensely the keenness of the tilt that takes from me my lover, the ideal of my love, he whom I love, to make it surely understood that he has no greater lover? O bourne! sweet solace of bliss! whence art thou and why am I not one of thine? Mr. Millyard—but listen, there comes the man."

Bertha Rosenstin should have been an actress, she was an actress off the stage.

The noise Bertha said she heard was a false alarm, so far as having reference to them.

"Mr. Millyard, do you fail to comprehend that the more we try to explain this matter to that simple but kind-natured man the worse we will make it?" inquired Bertha in tones of voice ranging from sharp flat in soprano to deep contralto. Then, although he attempted to reply, she added:

"It is but natural, under the circumstances, that this officer of the law should place us in the same room together. Don't you think so? If I can afford to remain in this room with you should you, a gentleman, blast us by a demastus and deny us the fruits of the rôle?"

"Bertha, dear woman, I am in trouble. I am—there's some one at the door."

## CHAPTER XI.

## ROOMED TOGETHER.

"DINNER'S ready," said a sweet voice, as a little girl opened the door, and then disappeared.

"Bertha," said Millyard, advancing toward the door, "I am in trouble enough, let's go to dinner. I do not see my way out. It is all on your account. Here I am kidnapped, placed on board a vessel bound for a foreign port; have not even a change of clothing and not a cent of money——"

"I have money, I told you," she interrupted, advancing toward him at the door, "and you shall have it all and more besides."

"But you, as well as myself," he retorted, going outside into the hallway, she following, "are to be returned from whence we came, perhaps I to prison. I am not prepared to endure any just punishment."

"Dear, charming man; you have my heart and soul. I love you now more than ever." Walking up by his side as they advanced to the head of the stairway she put one arm upon his shoulder, continuing: "You do not dislike me, are not displeased with me because I love you?"

"Good gracious! sweet girl, no. That is one thing that stirs a man's soul as well as his blood—for a handsome young woman to love him. I would love you if I could. As I told you, I love another."

"You shall not have another love, a greater love than you can have for me." Saying this she shoved him from her, exhibiting the deepest human passion, jealousy, and a spirit of revenge. Still they continued together toward the dining-room.

"I will come and cook for you, do anything for you so I can be near where you are and can see you," appealingly and pathetically said Bertha as he was nearing the dining-room door and she close behind.

He did not reply. They entered the dining-room and took seats beside each other.

Mr. Millyard chanced to engage in conversation with a gentleman who sat opposite to him at the table. He was Captain Collins, the U. S. officer and engineer in charge of the survey and soundings at the mouth of the Mississippi river. Soundings had to be made daily in the passes and over the bars because the current was so treacherous and shifting that the channel must needs be pointed out, or indicated to the pilots at every change. A small steam launch was kept there for the purpose. This little affair had been dubbed "Collins' Ram."

Captain Collins invited Mr. Millyard to become his guest on a sounding expedition during the afternoon. It was such an opportunity as thousands of men would have craved, and was not to be put aside by Mr. Millyard, and he readily accepted.

"You are not going to leave me are you, Mr. Millyard?" inquired Miss Bertha as they were returning to their room. "I shall be dreadfully lonely without you; besides, I am afraid this is some scheme for you to be rid of me."

"If it is I know nothing of it, Bertha. We are going out there on the gulf just across the bar," said Millyard, pointing out at the south window in their room, "so Captain Collins said. Of course this officer will require him to bring me back in time for him to put me on board the first passenger steamer going up. He said that would be nearly night."

"I am going too," she asserted. "I can't stay here by myself."

"But you were going to Havre without me."

"I wanted to get away from my unnatural father and that foul stepmother. I was forced to go."

"Can you not be as considerate about matters under other circumstances?"

"This is different. I had not been with you then as I am with you now. Since I have confided my heart and all my love to you the fright is gone and I want you near me all the time."

"We can talk to-night on board the steamer. It is a hundred miles up to New Orleans, and we will be on board until six or seven o'clock in the morning."

Mr. Millyard had the opportunity of one man in fifty million in a double lifetime and he was determined to take advantage of it. Besides, the reasoning of his philosophy at the time was an-

tagonistic to his remaining in that room with the young woman during that afternoon.

"I will be so lone——" She was interrupted by a gentle knock at their chamber door.

"Come in," cried Millyard.

"Capt'n Collins with 'is ram's ready'n waitin' fer yer ter take ther cruise," said the polite, if rough officer as he half-opened the door and stood therein.

"All right, Mr. Officer, I am coming."

"Please don't go," beseeched Bertha, following Millyard. She began sobbing and, halting, buried her face in her handkerchief. Suddenly she drew herself up at full stature as if in great passion, shouting:

"Where's my trunk?"

The sympathetic officer, holding the door with one hand and placing the other akimbo, said:

"That's so, madam. Did you have a trunk?"

"Of course I did," exclaimed Bertha, rather snappishly.

"I might er knowd yer did," he replied placatingly. "No woman leaves home without 'er trunk, even ef she is'n a hurry. But why didn't yer have it took off'n ther Hilda?"

"I never thought of it until now," retorted Bertha. Then she sank down on the floor in a fit of hysterics, exclaiming:

"I want my trunk. I must have my trunk. All my precious things are in my trunk. Get my trunk."

Her voice died away. She had swooned.

Millyard, assisted by the officer, lifted Bertha from the floor and placed her on the bed.

"Hold up, young man, till I run git the camphire an' fetch the ole 'oman." Saying this the officer rushed out of the room.

Millyard was leaning over Bertha gently rubbing her forehead with the palm of his hand when the officer returned with the camphor accompanied by his ole 'oman.

Millyard filled the palm of one hand with camphor and sousing it on the girl's forehead laved it down over her face.

"Goodness sakes! man; that ain't the way," exclaimed the ole 'oman. "Put it to 'er nose."

Millyard had adopted, unwittingly, however, the speedier method of restoration. As soon as the camphor got into Bertha's eyes she opened them and jumped with a whoop. Millyard stood back. The ole 'oman wiped the girl's eyes at the intervals

when Bertha was not endeavoring to gouge them out with her fists.

"Where am I?" asked Bertha in a strange voice. Then glancing in a wild stare at Mr. Millyard she exclaimed: "You here, Mr. Millyard? I thought they had you in prison."

"Gracious," yelled Millyard. "I wonder if she has lost her mind? Give her some more camphor."

The good old woman commenced administering the camphor in more moderate and business like doses and in a more rational way.

Captain Collins sent word by one of the children that he could not wait any longer. Millyard said he would come immediately. Bertha overheard him. She cried out:

"Please don't leave me." Then she fainted again.

The little steam launch "Collins' Ram," as they called the craft, went about three miles due south of *pass l'outré* bar where Captain Collins, aided by two assistants, commenced taking soundings and recording them in a book for the purpose. From thence they proceeded on a due course back toward the bar.

After a while the craft was suddenly struck sideways by a high sea. The huge waves rolled over the little sea-going screw steamer, completely enveloping it for several seconds at a time on four or five occasions in rather quick succession. But the little thing, like a cork, shot from under very quickly. Captain Collins and his crew took it calmly and quite coolly. But it was a new and fresh, if not also refreshing, experience for Millyard.

The waves could be seen as they were coming one after another, through the thick glass windows at the sides of the lone cabin room. When the waves became so low that the little ram could ride them, from their crest Millyard could look down on Pilot Town two miles or more away and he consoled himself with the brilliant reflection that God is good and Man is a genius.

Captain Collins, observing three or four tugs putting out to sea from the east side of Pilot Town three miles or more from them, remarked:

"The boys in the tower have sighted a craft. She'll be here in about three hours, or less. We must hurry back and put you to your berth on shore."

After cruising tortuously about the bar Captain Collins finally landed Millyard at the home of the officer of the law.

Bertha had recovered from her attack of tantrums and was as

vivacious as if she were not passing through an ordeal. The only disturber of her equanimity being shown in her lamentations for her trunk.

The Pilot Town officer of the law came into the room where were Miss Bertha and Millyard, with a long spy-glass in hand and said:

"Now le's see which one er the boys 'll git 'er." He placed the glass to his eyes and looking out through the window, which had been raised all day; he scanned the gulf during a few moments, then said:

"Ah, there she is. Now you k'n look right where I'm holdin' it."

Bertha, who had been addressed, took the glass and looking a moment or two observed:

"O, yes, I see it. Those tugs are making right for it."

"Uv course they ar'. An' the fust one whut gits there, or speaks to 'er, as the sayin' is 'll be the one whut'll take 'er ter ther wharf up-town."

His explanation being clear enough it now came Millyard's turn to look. He proceeded with great complacency to make the observation. He had been out to sea, if it was in Collins' Ram. He remarked:

"The tugs are approaching very near to her now."

Taking the glasses and looking, the bluff old gulf-stager said:

"O, they're two miles apart yit. But yer see they're meetin'; so 'twon't be so long. Bill Temple's ahead, way head. He'll git 'er; he's skimmin' the foam." The old fellow continued to hold the glasses and was in a glow of excitement. Presently he said: "Now she's slowin'. Be gosh! Bill's got 'er." He lowered the glass with a sigh and turning to Bertha continued: "Now I reckon he k'n pay me that are five'er 'e borrid Saturday night. You see, Bill's bin kinder lazy here lately'n got berhind."

About half an hour later, or after sunset the big steamer had crossed the bar and halted, or come as near halting as it could, opposite the Pilot Town officer's house. Bertha and Millyard had been rowed out near midstream and were put on board.

The officer made whatever arrangements that were necessary, with the Captain of the steamer for him to take the couple up to the city.

The embarkation and the making of the arrangements all had to be done very quickly, as the steamer did not entirely cease to move.

## CHAPTER XII.

## IN THE SAME CABIN-ROOM.

BEAUTIFUL visions, fairy-like images floated in Bertha Rosenstin's fancy. She was as cheerful as a chirping cricket, or critic. She loved Mr. Millyard and if he would not marry her, nor take her to him willingly, she had the object in view of forcing such a condition.

"By all the saints and martyrs too, Miss Bertha, Fate, or some other untoward influence is bent on forcing us together," exclaimed Millyard, having returned from the Purser's desk to where Bertha was seated on a wicker lounge in the ladies' saloon. "In many contests have I engaged but never one against my will before. Were I on the other tack I believe upon my soul I would with opposition be beset. This looks to me like a put-up job; we are assigned to the same cabin-room."

"Ah, indeed, is that so strange?" said Bertha, indifferently, tossing her superb head to one side and carefully resting her folded hands in her ample lap. "Did you not consider that the kind-hearted officer would inform the Captain that we are an intercepted runaway married couple being returned to New Orleans? For what good was the officer, if not to give such information? I see no other course but to make the best of our bargain. If you object now, you only subject your own self to the obloquy of deserting a helpless woman at the last moment in extremity."

"I will remain right here all night," exclaimed Millyard, seating himself heavily on the wicker sofa and thrusting his hands deeply in his trousers' pockets.

"Will you be permitted to do so?" inquired Bertha with some show of asperity.

"If not, as a last resort I will tell the clerk we are not man and wife and demand a separate room."

"If you have no money how will you pay for it? Besides, that

is the very thing, as I said, which will be more your undoing than mine.

"I do not intend to remain at my father's home with him and that awful stepmother of mine; I will leave at the very first opportunity. If you do not let me go with you I do not care what becomes of me."

"If your irascible, ill-bred father meets us before we land, or learns afterward that we occupied the same cabin-room during this night he will have me sent to the Parish prison in spite of all creation. I cannot face that ordeal. I have enough trouble. In fact it is quite probable that both of us will be arrested any way as soon as this steamer arrives at her landing."

"Yes, that would be just like father, he is so mean to me and allows that stepmother to treat me so cruelly. If some one does not meet me at the wharf I will not go home. I'll go with you."

"Bertha, can you not perceive the futility of hoping for such a procedure as that? Go to Parish prison immediately? Not I. That is what it would mean. That would be the upshot even, were I to be apprehended in your company. You surely do not desire me imprisoned?"

"No, never!" she exclaimed passionately. "I had rather be imprisoned myself."

"Then you should be sufficiently discreet so that I may not be imperiled," replied Millyard.

"I will not go to father's home," she cried.

"What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" said Millyard nonchalantly, gazing across the saloon.

The great steamer landed at Quarantine; then, after considerable delay, sped on again.

The saloon had been crowded with passengers during the forepart of the evening, but was then almost deserted. It was nearing midnight.

After awhile a woman approached Millyard, but addressing herself more directly to Bertha, said:

"I will show you to your cabin-room."

"We are not sleepy," said Millyard.

"Passengers are expected to retire by twelve o'clock," said the maid.

"But you have only one berth for us," persisted Millyard, showing no sign of complying with the rules of the boat.

"There happens to be two berths in your room," retorted the

maid, as she took the shawl from Bertha, who arose and started with her.

When they had moved a few paces Bertha turned and looking back at Millyard peremptorily commanded:

"Come along." Demurely or not, he slowly followed.

The door of the cabin-room was opened by the maid, who said:

"There, you can see you have two berths."

Bertha walked inside. Millyard halted at the door.

"Come in," said Bertha, testily.

Alternatives were not for discussion by Millyard at that juncture. In he went. The maid, who was outside, closed the door. Bertha, on the inside, bolted it.

There were two chairs in the room. Millyard seated himself in one of them. Finally Bertha occupied the other. At length Millyard, who had his chin resting in one hand and his elbow in the other hand, glanced at Bertha and blurted out:

"What a howling bust! Miss Bertha, this is awful!"

"Yes; but it might be worse," she calmly replied.

"Well; if we are compelled to remain in here together I will climb up-stairs; you can remain down here," said Millyard with much earnestness. "But I must take off my shoes."

"Any way you say," petulantly she retorted. "I must take off my shoes and my corset also."

Millyard jerked off his shoes as if in a bad humor and, flinging his coat on the chair, climbed to the upper berth.

"That is very cool," said Bertha, who meantime had divested herself of her waist and was unfastening her corset. "Aren't you going to kiss me good night?"

"Certainly," replied Millyard. "I am such a novice at this sort of business I never thought of that."

He leaned over the side of the berth and reached his head down as far as he could. Bertha, who by that time had got her corset off and flung it on the floor, was tiptoeing while reaching her red, pouting lips up toward those of Mr. Millyard. Both were straining every nerve reaching as far as they could, but their lips could scarcely meet in contact.

"Rea——" muttered Bertha laughing, without concluding her speech, being interrupted by Millyard, who said:

"Bertha, you look glori——"

His remark was also never finished. Millyard was suddenly pre-

capitated forward; he plunged head-foremost to the floor, except that his hands struck first. Had he not hit partially against Bertha in his descent and thus impeded his fall his neck might have been broken. The steamer had made a fearful lurch at the inopportune moment. Probably it had struck a huge tree floating in the river.

Bertha, who was knocked sprawling against one of the chairs, screamed.

"Hist! You will alarm the people," softly hissed Millyard, rising to a sitting posture on the floor.

"Are you hurt?" asked Bertha.

"Only my thumb," he replied, shaking his hand up and down and squirming. "It seems to be broken."

"Poor thumb; let me see it!" she said, taking the injured thumb in her tender fingers and rubbing it soothingly.

"I am afraid I will need a doctor for it," said Millyard, getting up and taking a seat in the chair.

"I will go get the doctor. I wish I had some of that camphor you put on my face and in my eyes."

"It pains me dreadfully," said Millyard, smiling and half groaning. "However, I guess I will have to tough it through. I see it is only dislocated and not broken."

"No, no. I will go get the doctor at once." So saying Bertha hurriedly donned her waist and shoes and, pulling her shawl around her shoulders, dashed out in quest of the doctor.

Millyard was suffering excruciating agonies. A dislocated thumb pains even worse than does the toothache. In a short time Bertha returned. She said she saw the night clerk or night watch, and he would send the doctor immediately.

"Bertha, you are too short," smilingly said Millyard between soft moans while squeezing on his left wrist with his right hand, endeavoring to allay the pain.

"You shall not be disappointed," proclaimed Bertha, placing her palms against his cheeks and kissing him.

"Come in," cried Bertha in response to a thumping rap on the cabin door. And the doctor of the steamer entered.

"What's the matter?" gruffly he inquired.

"The steamer must have struck against something," said Millyard. "It suddenly lurched and threw me from the upper berth to the floor and I think my thumb is dislocated."

The doctor took the thumb in his hand without saying a word

and pulled it hard. The thumb popped: it was in place again. The doctor got poultice and, bandaging the thumb, left them to themselves. It was then three o'clock and the steamer was forty miles from New Orleans.

"You see how easy it is to do a thing when you know how?" remarked Millyard. "Now I guess I will climb up to roost again."

"I kissed you, now you kiss me before you climb up to roost, as you say," said Bertha, having doffed her shawl and waist.

"I suppose so, since you have been so kind," replied Millyard, suiting the action to the words.

"Now I will get up-stairs, as you call it," said Bertha, "and you remain down here."

"O, no; I would not have you do that. I must get up there."

"I intend to get up there, too," she retorted, making the attempt but failing. "Lift me up, then I can make it."

Mr. Millyard caught hold of her round the waist with his right arm and hoisted her until she could reach over to the back side of the berth with her hands. She was grappling with her fingers for a hold on the covering or anything else while her waist was resting on the edge of the bunk and her feet and legs were dangling and gesticulating eloquently below.

"Catch hold of my feet and push me up," yelled Bertha, laughing hysterically, making the proper suggestion.

Methodically, or mechanically, Millyard complied, taking hold of one foot with his undisaabled hand and giving her a lift which landed her "safe and sound."

Assuming a sitting posture on the berth above she began unpacking her luxurious growth of hair.

"In my hurry to get up here I failed to take off my stockings," said Bertha, mournfully.

"I thought you wanted to keep them on," said Millyard. "You will be in a hurry when we get to New Orleans."

Concluding to keep them on, Bertha finally cuddled down and made a noise as if she was sobbing. Mr. Millyard thought she was weeping.

He crawled in the lower berth and soon was fast asleep.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO MILLYARD.

THE steamer landed at her wharf in New Orleans soon after daylight.

The first person to rush across the gangway was the excited Mr. Morritz Rosenstin.

"Var'sh mine Bertah? Var'sh mine daughtar Bertah?" shouted the Polak in broken sentences and broken but not exhausted wind, his whiskers and his hair sticking out.

"Who's your daughter?" demanded the purser of the steamer.

"She vas ter got on at Bilot Down," replied the Polak, jiggering about in his steps like a monkey dancing a jig to hornpipe music made on a bagpipe.

"The lady who boarded us at Pilot Town is in sixteen."

Old man Rosenstin rushed for room No. 16. Bang, bang, bang, he rapped on the door.

"Bertah, Bertah! Vos you in dare?"

Bertha was awakened. She answered and climbed down from the upper berth. She opened the door slightly and cried out to her father:

"Wait! Can't you wait till I put on my shoes and things?"

She closed the door and proceeded to put on her shoes, corset and frock waist. Mr. Millyard had not awakened. Loss of sleep two succeeding nights had rendered him a happy sleeper.

Bertha was slower than the old man desired, or he was more impatient than was proper. Anyway he slammed the door open, yelling:

"Vasn't you com——" His eyes fell upon Millyard in the lower birth.

"Mine Ghott! Bertah! Vot man vos dot? O, Bertah, Bertah! you done broke mine heart! Vot shall I do?"

"You have no heart," screamed Bertha in a rage. "Why did you force yourself in here?"

"Bertah, vot mon vos dot?" he asked pleadingly and holding out his hand in the direction of Millyard.

Just then Mr. Millyard awoke and turned over in the berth facing the old man.

"Mine Ghott'n himmel! Bertah, you got dot mon in here mit you? Sleepin' mit you? O, mine Ghott, mine Ghott! You done broke mine heart! Git out frum dare, you villuns! You got ter marry mine Bertah right er vay. You vos von gran' scoundrel! O, mine Ghott, mine Ghott! Vot shall I do?"

Exhausting his vocabulary of expletives, which were many in addition to these recounted, a reaction of the nerves took place and the outraged old man sank down in a chair wailing in moans of subdued tones.

Bertha was putting the finishing touches on her hair as best the poor girl could without brush or comb.

Mr. Millyard raised himself as if he were going to get off the bunk; his feet were dangling over the deck rail, as it were, of the berth. He spoke calmly:

"Look here, old man, haven't we met before? Aren't you hog-shearing, making much ado about nothing? I admit things and circumstances do look distressingly against us to our disadvantage, but I can assure you that young lady is as pure as she was when she came in here. You had me kidnapped and placed on board the Hilda, where your daughter had been placed by you——"

"Me?" interrupted the old man. "Had you kidnapped? Nine——"

"Well, you got the police to do it," quickly snapped Millyard, interrupting the Polak in return. "You telegraphed and had us arrested and taken from aboard the Hilda at Pilot Town——"

"I do not delegraph fer you ter be 'restid," again interposed Mr. Rosenstin. "I told dem ter delegraph fur mine Bertah. She dos not go mit you on dot steamer. Ven I hear you vos on dare I got me crazy. Unt den I got der sheif mit der berleace ter delegraph unt haf'er sent back right ervay."

"The officer showed us the telegram, which stated that the girl's father ordered us arrested and sent back to New Orleans, and you are to blame for it. That is what caused the officer to think we were married and probably running away. That is the reason the officer insisted, or persisted, in keeping us in the same room at Pilot Town, and his arranging with the captain of this steamer whereby we were compelled to occupy the same cabin-

room. But you can see there are two berths. Miss Bertha slept up there and I slept down here. She insisted on sleeping up there and would not allow me to get up there, because when I did get up there I fell out and dislocated this thumb.

"I was abducted before daylight yesterday morning from my boarding-house by three men and put on board the Hilda without my having any change of clothing or a cent of money. So I could not arrange for any other accommodations than those which were furnished me, as if I were a prisoner. You can ask your daughter if what I state is correct."

"Father, what Mr. Millyard says is every word the truth. I do not want to go to your home; you are too mean to me. So is that old hussy you got there for a wife. And yet you want me, your own daughter! Never!" She had reached the impassioned climax of her indignation and repulsion to her father and to his home. Her last words were uttered clear and loud. Her father was not surprised—he seemed stupefied. She then continued more calmly:

"I loved Mr. Millyard, now I love him more than ever. He is a glorious gentleman. I think he will love me, some, after awhile. You may go to your home, if you like. I can take care of myself."

"Vos yer goin' ter got marrit?" asked the old man, looking piteously at Millyard.

"Probably," replied Bertha, intercepting; "but not now. How much will you give us if we get married?"

"I gif yer dot 'ouse ant lot in Carrollton."

"Is that all?" sneeringly replied Miss Bertha.

"Unt I gif yer one tousand toller," he replied, slashing the air with his open hand. "Dosh vos all vot I gif."

"That is not enough. More or none," said Bertha proudly, tossing her shawl around her shoulders.

"Bertah, you comes mit me," said her father, getting up and placing a hand on the door. "Ve goes home right ervay."

"I'll go with you now, but I won't stay," said Bertha, moving slightly toward him and glancing at Millyard, who was still sitting on the side of the berth. "I will see you again soon, won't I?"

"I presume so," replied Millyard, not knowing what else to say, and adding: "If your father does not send me to prison."

"He shall not do that," asserted Bertha. "There's nothing for which he can send you there."

"Vare vos yer drunk?" asked the old man of Bertha.

"On the Hilda," she complacently replied.

"Mine Ghott, vot foolishness!" exclaimed Rosenstin. "Vos yer done gone got crazy? Come in der room mit der mon ter sleep and leaves yer drunk mit der udder steamer! Ef dot vos not craziness vot vos it?" Bertha did not deign to answer the question, and it was none of Mr. Millyard's business.

"You caused it to be left on the Hilda," said Bertha present'y. "Why didn't you telegraph to the officer to take my trunk off the steamer as well as me?"

"Dot would pin nice pizness," said Rosenstin, sneeringly. Turning toward Millyard he continued: "An officer mit der law vos out on der varf vaitin' ver yer. He dakes yer ter brison. Dot vos too tin vot yer say; you vos in dot lower bert' mit Bertah. She vos not up dare. Bertah vos too smart fer dot."

Bertha and her irate father departed, leaving Millyard still seated on the edge of the berth silently contemplating the last remarks of old Rosenstin.

The sun had risen above Algiers and was shining across the river over the steamer and over New Orleans.

"Well, well, well," mused Millyard. I'm blest if this ain't —. I'll not say it, but it beats me. I can beat anything but beat the consolidated Jews. Caught in the room with his daughter. In fact, in bed! Caught, and by her father, in the berth with her. That is what he thinks. That's what everybody will think and say. All the circumstances support the assertion, prove it. It will be absolute folly for me to deny it. No sane or insane person will believe it possible for me, or any other man, as for that matter, for they all judge by themselves—to sleep all night in the same cabin-room on a steamer with such a magnificently formed and beautiful-faced woman and not occupy the same berth with her. Here I was in the lower berth to prove it. Her father saw me. Blam! bam! splam! ham" cried Millyard in despair as he flung himself on the berth, adding: "Amsterdam and Rotterdam! Yea, yea, sayeth the Scripture in sundry places.

"Confound the woman! Ph-ph-phe-ew! What can I do? What can I say? He has broken mine heart too. Splam! Let everything go as it lays and sweep the board.

"If there is an officer waiting for me to land he will put me in the parish prison as sure as gun's iron. If he does I am just as sure as already convicted. For any benefit to me I might as well plead guilty. But they shall not force me to marry Bertha. I

will not marry her. If Lucilla casts me off on account of this, which I expect she has already done, I will drift and shift with the wind and let Nature take its course.

“Let’s think a moment: to convict me of a crime with Bertha, her testimony to that effect will be absolutely essential. If she will testify and tell the truth I cannot be convicted. That she will allow me to be wrongfully convicted, I cannot gain my consent to believe. She intimated to the contrary.

“Well, I will just wait for the officer to come for me; I’ll not go to him.”

Mr. Millyard was soon fast asleep.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## GALEN DALGAL'S ENGAGEMENT DREAM.

At the appointed time Mr. Galen Dalgai called to see Miss Lucilla Helms.

"So Mr. Alpha Millyard is in prison in New Orleans on a charge of some kind involving moral turpitude concerning a young lady?" sententiously remarked Mr. Dalgai, when they had conversed a while.

"How did you hear that, Mr. Dalgai?" inquired Miss Helms.

"You told me," he replied. "Have you forgotten?"

"I have not held conversation with you recently to be able to have told you. I have talked with no one about Mr. Millyard."

"That's funny," retorted Dalgai, who was very funny without attempting to be or knowing that he was funny.

"Not so funny as you might suppose," rejoined Miss Lucilla.

"Don't you remember telling me yesterday or the day before that Mr. Millyard had been arrested in New Orleans on the charge of abducting a young lady, or secreting her from her parents?"

"Mr. Dalgai, have you been dreaming?"

"That is what Judge Selia and all the people say about me, but I plead ignorance of any such ability."

"I could not have told you thus, for I have not talked with you during the last week, and I never heard about Mr. Millyard's misfortunes until day before yesterday."

"Ah, Mr. Millyard has met with such a misfortune?" gleefully said Dalgai, readjusting himself in his chair. "Then I have been dreaming correctly?"

"So far as Mr. Millyard is concerned I had ceased to regard him as bearing any relation to me," said Miss Helms, her matter-of-fact manner indicating plainly the truth of what she said. "Why should he be in New Orleans? When young men get away from home and old acquaintances they forget the past and take up with the new. They think they can do as they please and distant friends

of old will be none the wiser. But sooner or later dark secrets come to light. I expect no further communication from Mr. Millyard, even if he is one of your great chums."

"Yes, Alpha was a particular friend of mine. I admire him very much. I think he will be one of the greatest men of this country. He has all the elements and attributes to make a great man. The only thing lacking is want of confidence and assurance."

"I would regard the absence of those two traits as being commendable and very much in his or any other man's favor."

"Yes, I agree with you. A domineering, overbearing man is the most detestable of men. Sooner or later all such meet with their Waterloo, or else when dead are undreamt and forgot."

"I am very sorry to hear of any misfortune befalling Alpha Millyard. But I feel serenely positive that he is not in the wrong; he is a different kind of man. Though I confess I know nothing about his case only what you have told me."

"What you have dreamed, you mean," she asserted.

"Since I dream so true to fact let it go as a dream; a dream in verity. I suppose on the same lines you will say it was one of my dreams that you told me last night that you would marry me?"

"Why, Mr. Dalgat!" smiling and looking credulous, she exclaimed. "I never talked with you last night. I was at the opera-house with Mr. Creighton, and you sat on the opposite side."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dalgat. "You saw me then? It is refreshing to be so noticed and remembered. However, a condescension on your part I admit. But by it I am emboldened to ask you the question flatly and bluntly: Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will. There, you have my answer as bluntly as you ask the question." She said this rather emphatically, but in a business-like manner.

"That settles it," he replied. "When?"

"Any time you say."

"By the Hercules!" he squeaked in his piping voice. "That were in me which were I the Pope of Rome I'd jump on America and rule the world!"

"That is just exactly what I asked you before and the very same answer that you made. You agree to be married next week?"

"Goodness, Mr. Dalgat; you are in a hurry!"

"Of course I am," quickly he responded. "When I make up

my mind that settles it. Suppose we get married this week—say Saturday!”

“Mr. Dalgat! Who ever heard of a couple being married on Saturday?”

“Hundreds of them, yes, hundreds, whenever they get ready. But let it go over until Monday. You said any time.”

“O, not Monday. I can’t get ready.”

“Say Thursday then,” he pleaded. “Thursday is a good day. Good Thursday.” She laughed. He added: “Good Friday would do, but it is not Good Friday. Besides, Friday is unlucky. Thursday is the best day; make it Thursday.”

“If you insist,” demurely replied the fair creature.

“I do insist. That settles that, too. We will get married next Thursday.

“By the way,” added Mr. Dalgat; “I dreamed, or some one told me, that the mountain lands over in Alexander county I got from Judge Selia for my horse and circus buggy, as he called it, and some money besides, with the understanding that I was also to marry you, has on it and in it millions of gold and untold millions of dollars’ worth of green diamonds, which are far more valuable than the old style common white diamonds. If this pans out true, as we gold miners say, you will be the richest woman in the State. I have sent George Peavy and Mooney over to examine it for me.”

This gentleman, Galen Dalgat, Esquire, was noted for his peculiarities and eccentricities. He was a contradiction of the assertion that the body and locomotion act in concert with the working of the brain. That is, if a man thinks fast he walks fast and is quick in consonance in his other movements. Mr. Dalgat was as slow of movement and easy-going as a yoke of oxen hauling a big log to mill. But his thoughts, his mind, acted as quickly as a new electric machine threshing old wheat. His reputation as a judge of law placed him second to no man; but, as a pleader or speaker, he made a slip at every turn. He was, therefore, an office lawyer. Several times he refused to be a judge and assigned as the reason, which was true, that he made two or three times the salary of a judge as a practitioner at the bar.

In addition to his dreaming faculty, on account of which he was called a dreamomaniac, Mr. Dalgat was known to be superstitious. Notwithstanding, he was also known by the ladies to be what they designated a good catch, although he had passed the forty-mile post on the race-track of life. He was well to do and owned a

beautiful and elegant residence situated in a grove of magnificent oak trees very near the center of the city, albeit it was rented. It was not a matter of exerting the nerves to overlook or even not notice his eccentricities for, in spite of them, he was a prime favorite, especially with the ladies.

Miss Lucilla Helms knew that she had to accept Mr. Dalgat's offer of marriage at once and when he said or not at all.

## CHAPTER XV.

## VILLEGUINI BRIBING DELARUE.

It was seven and a half o'clock when Alpha Millyard was awakened and informed that he must go ashore. He readily and quickly complied. The cargo was already being discharged.

Mr. Millyard walked out on the wharf stealthily, glancing in every direction, expecting every moment to be seized by an officer of the law. Crossing the levee and being out on the street unmolested, breathing freer and his heart beating easier, he rushed up the first cross street and was gone.

Mike Delarue was wandering up and down the wharf where foreign steamers mostly land long before daylight. He did not know at what time or on what vessel Millyard would return. His anxiety was intense. He feared a detective would be on hand and arrest Millyard as soon as he landed and he would not be present or able to assist him.

Thus Delarue was engaged when he chanced to see the Polak, Rosenstin, perambulating the wharf.

Delarue decided to keep his eye on Rosenstin. Thus it came about that he saw Bertha's father rush across the gangway immediately after it was planted on the wharf. Some twenty minutes later he saw the old man disembark with Bertha in his charge by his side. They two went their way while Delarue waited and waited and watched for Alpha Millyard. No Millyard came. Patiently waiting until after seven o'clock, thinking every minute Millyard would surely come the next, Delarue at length decided that instead of being on the same steamer with Bertha, Millyard had been returned on another, and thus he had missed him. Reluctantly Delarue departed and slowly wended his way up-town.

Feeding on sadness, Delarue sauntered into Rosenstin's jewelry store about nine o'clock. When opportunity presented itself, after the jeweler had finished waiting on a lady customer, Delarue casually asked:

"Did your daughter return?" He knew she did, but that question answered would enable him to ask about Millyard.

"Yah, mine Ghott," shouted Rosenstin, excitedly. "Ant dot villun vos in der bert' mit mine Bertah all night. I goes in der room unt fine's 'im mineself lyin' mit der bert' ant mine Bertah in clare mit 'im. Vot you tinks ov dot? eh?"

The old man looked wild, stepped quickly up and down and puffed like a turtle walking through hot embers.

"I haf him 'rested," he went on. "I prosecutes 'im mit der law, ter der full exdent uf der law, ant don' you forgot it, unt sont ter Baton Roosh, ef 'e don't marry mine Bertah. You dos hear dot?"

"Actually in the berth with Bertha?" inquired Delarue earnestly.

"Mine Ghott! I saw dem mit mine own eyes!" exclaimed the frenzied Rosenstin. "Dey vos in der lower bert'. He vos ersleep mit der lower bert' ven I vent in dare. Den 'e roll himself over unt talk mit me. I dos sometin's mit 'im right ervay."

Wishing to avoid any further scene, the old man was talking so loud, Delarue walked out of the store, leaving Rosenstin hurling maledictions on the "villun."

"Can it be possible that the fellow has been deceiving me?" thought Delarue as he walked up Poydras street into St. Charles street. "That is the very worst thing that could have happened to him. Let the old chap catch him in the cabin-room in the berth with his daughter, where they had been all night; he will be sent up now sure as blazes. I must give up the chase. It's no fun to me.

"No," he said to himself after reflecting a few moments; "that would not be honorable until I hear his side of the affair. It may be a game to force him to marry the girl. He may be willing to marry her. She is deucedly beautiful, about the handsomest woman in New Orleans. I can't blame the cuss for being in the cabin-room with her. But he should not allowed himself to be caught, especially by that fractious codger, her father. There is where he made a howling 'bust,' as he expresses an error. And that is what puzzles me. By Saint George! there is something wrong. I will go find Millyard."

Upon Delarue's going to Judge Cotton's office and making him acquainted with what he had learned concerning Millyard, that gentleman sternly said;

"If that is the kind of game the young man is playing I cannot have anything more to do with him or his case. But probably, as you suggest, there is a scheme between them to force Mr. Millyard to marry the girl. You better find Mr. Millyard and let us learn his side of the case before condemning him."

Delarue next visited Villeguini's bank.

"What do I know about the young man?" asked Mr. Villeguini, diffidently, in answer to a question of Mr. Delarue.

"I thought probably you had heard whether he is back in town," retorted Delarue.

"How should I know? Why should I know? Has he been gone?" testily asked Villeguini.

"He was kidnapped and sent off on the steamer Hilda yesterday morning for Havre. Bertha Rosenstein was on the same steamer, and, I understand, the police ordered them intercepted at Pilot Town and they were to arrive here this morning. Bertha came, but I have not learned whether Millyard came or not."

"Well, well, Mike, he seems to be a wonderfully ingenious rascal," said Villeguini, becoming more interested. Musingly he added: "If he comes back here he will be put in the Parish prison."

"How do you know that, Mr. Villeguini? And for what offense can he be put in the Parish prison?"

"O, I don't know, and don't care," he snapped. "I understand you are his friend and have been helping him."

"No, indeed, not much. I am barely acquainted with him. I was in need and hungry and he assisted me."

"That's it," ejaculated Villeguini. "Probably you are hungry still? Here is five dollars," said Villeguini, producing a national bank note from his vest pocket and handing it to Delarue. "Take that and get you something more to eat. I wish you would find out something for me about that fellow Millyard, Mike, and let me know at once. Not that I care particularly, but I would like to know just through curiosity what he is doing and going to do. I suspect that he is trying to ruin that girl. From what you say, if they were on the steamer together he has already accomplished her ruin. If he has I propose to be in at the funeral or wind up in Baton Rouge."

Villeguini turned to his desk and wrote a note. Calling the bank's messenger boy he said:

"Here, Jimmie, take this to the chief of police."

Emerging from the bank into Camp street with a crisp five-dollar bill so easily and unexpectedly acquired, Delarue dashed off for Johnnie's.

Delarue found Alpha Millyard at Johnnie's. While evening up on 'alf an' 'alf it did not take time for Mr. Millyard to epitomize his latest experiences, those since their separation. Delarue listened with the patience of a judge, but with much more astonished interest.

"Did Bertha seem to want you to go in the cabin-room?" asked Mike, innocently.

"Seem!" shouted Millyard. "She commanded me, I said, and like a boss, to 'come along.' Of course I had to come along. I had no money to hire another room and they would not permit me to remain in the saloon. But, Mike, I pledge you my word, what I have told you is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. We did not occupy at any time, or any portion of the time, the same bed or berth. She slept up-stairs and I slept below. The old codger may rave and anathematize as much as he pleases, but that is the truth, and I believe the girl will swear it as well as I."

"That was too funny about the old Polak saying Bertha was too smart for that," and Delarue laughed a good, hearty guffaw.

"Yes, and his offering to give Bertha a house and lot and a thousand dollars 'ef ve vout got marrit.'"

"Mr. Millyard," said Mike, "you are a thoroughbred. You are a gentleman. I believe every word you have told me."

"Thanks, my noble Creole Duke; they are as true as if spoken by the Prophet Jeremiah."

The two gentlemen repaired to the office of Judge Cotton. When Mr. Millyard had made his revelations Judge Cotton expressed great satisfaction at the turn affairs had taken, but admonished Millyard that he was not at the end of his persecution, and warned him to be very careful in his conduct. He concluded by suggesting to Delarue that he keep close watch on Villeguini's actions and he would find him, for selfish purposes, the moneyed man and the brains behind the persecution of Mr. Millyard.

"Villeguini's giving me the five dollars was equivalent to employing me as a detective to furnish him with information about Mr. Millyard," said Delarue, as they were about leaving Judge Cotton's office. "Detective work is worth more money than that, much more; and now since he has commenced paying me I have

it in my mind to make him pay me quite largely. Besides, it affords me the opportunity of ascertaining his plans about Mr. Millyard."

Leaving Judge Cotton's office, Millyard started to his boarding-house, while Delarue walked from Canal into Camp street.

When Delarue was nearing Villeguini's bank he glanced ahead just in time to see the kidnapping Dago, the longshoreman, enter the door of the bank. Mike followed. The Dago went in the back room where Villeguini was seated at his desk. Mike advanced near to the door between the private office and the banking-room and halted where he could overhear any conversation between Mr. Villeguini and the Dago. None of the bank officials paid any attention to Delarue, as they knew him, and had seen him with Mr. Villeguini that morning.

"I seed 'im come off ther steamer 'bout ha' arter seven. 'E looker round ter see as how ef any one wuz er watchin'. Ther gal's dad wuz there fur 'er 'fore ther steamer landid."

"That's all I want to know," said Delarue to himself, as he turned and started out. "That proves the conspiracy, and Villeguini at the head of it. I don't want that Dago to see me here. He would give me away."

"Don't go off. I want to see you directly," said Villeguini to Delarue, who had chanced to step out where Villeguini saw him.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," replied Mike, without turning back or halting. He went out on the street and watched until the Dago left.

"Did you have a lunch, Mike?" asked Villeguini as Delarue entered his office.

"A full meal, thanks to you, Mr. Villeguini," replied Mike, seating himself in a leather-cushioned chair. "I am beginning to feel right respectable again, when I can have such good friends as you."

"That's right, Mike. There's nothing like being a man. It makes one feel good and other people, too. I am glad to be of service to you. I hope you will be able to secure employment. Until you do come round and see me occasionally. Meantime I trust you will be of service to me in the matter about that fellow Millyard. Have you found out anything about him?"

"Yes, that is what I come to tell you. He is here in town. I saw him not more than an hour ago."

"Where was he going?"

"Uptown; in that direction."

"Mike, that fellow better get out of town and stay out. If not he will be sent to the Parish prison sure, and probably to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge. Can't you confidentially advise him to leave for good—for his good?"

Delarue now saw his opportunity. He said:

"Old man Rosenstin told me awhile ago he found him in Bertha's cabin-room on the steamer this morning, and that he had been there all night."

"Great heavens! You don't say?" exclaimed Villeguini in a tumult of passion. "The miserable, villainous scoundrel! Rosenstin will have to take out a criminal warrant for seduction. That will send him to the penitentiary!" exclaimed Villeguini in high glee. Then pulling at his stubble mustache, he added: "I'll go see Rosenstin."

"Why don't you take out a warrant?" suggested Mike, "and not wait for the old man to do so."

"That would never do," replied Villeguini. "I am not sufficiently interested, you see; only as a friend of Rosenstin because he is a customer of this bank. And I know Miss Bertha very well. She is a very handsome young woman, and it is a great outrage that villain should ruin her. He must be sent up."

"Where is he from?" asked Delarue.

"Blest if I know," answered Villeguini, sharply. "I did hear he is from Kentucky, Louisville. I wish you would find out something about him. I understand Miss Bertha is so desperately in love with him, so completely infatuated, that she would forego heaven to be with him. He has succeeded in making a perfect dupe of her."

"I wonder," exclaimed Delarue, mechanically. "Well, he is a handsome man. Besides, he is cultivated, has elegant manners and is a brilliant lawyer."

"Yes, there is where comes his cunning. I heard a good lawyer say he is about the smartest lawyer at the New Orleans bar. That is how he has duped Bertha and made a plaything of her."

"I don't see how a criminal warrant against him will hold good," said Mike. "As I understand matters he was kidnapped and placed on board the Hilda where Bertha Rosenstin had been placed by her father. Millyard would turn the tables and claim that it was a scheme to force him to marry the girl. But," con-

tinued Delarue, looking Villeguini calmly in the eyes, "suppose he marries her?"

"That would never do," shouted Villeguini. Then controlling himself, he went on more calmly: "Who knows what he is or anything about him? He might carry the girl away off and then desert her. I should advise the old man against that."

"You say the girl loves him and wants to marry him? If he should love her why shouldn't they marry?"

"Because they would be incompatible," retorted Villeguini. "She a Polish Jewess and he an American Anglo-Saxon."

"An American Anglo-Saxon would be more compatible than any other kind of Saxon," asserted Delarue. "Her father said to me he was going to make him marry her."

"He must not; that must not be!" vehemently protested Villeguini. "He must be sent to prison. I have an idea that he is already arrested and is in the central station; if not, then the parish prison."

Delarue then recalled to mind the note Villeguini had sent by the boy to the chief of police. It meant that Villeguini had directed the arrest of Mr. Millyard. So he said:

"If he is arrested Judge Cotton will get him released."

"If Judge Cotton gets him released he will be arrested again on some other charge," quickly asserted Villeguini, showing his animus by the warmth of his speech and manner. "He will continue to be arrested as long as he remains in New Orleans. Mike, this affair is becoming interesting in more ways than one. I want you to help and keep me informed about the fellow; you used to be a good detective. Here is ten dollars more and when it is gone come and get some more. I am willing to pay you for your services in keeping me informed."

Delarue took the ten dollars and very soon departed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## RALPH THE REPORTER GOT THE FACTS.

FROM what Villeguini had said, the note and the interest he manifested, Delarue felt positive that Millyard was already arrested and in prison. Therefore to the prison he went.

He found Millyard in the central police station. The charge against him was eloping with a girl under age. His trial was booked for ten o'clock next morning. Volney, the detective, officiated in the arrest. Millyard was taken just before he arrived at his boarding-house.

"Mike, am I to remain in here until morning?" inquired Millyard through the iron bars as Delarue stood outside in the hallway and a policeman near by.

"Unless I can get bail for you," replied Mike. "Whom must I see to go on your bond?"

"I do not know of a person in all New Orleans whom I would feel justified in asking to go my bail in this case. The circumstances are so strong against me any man will think me guilty and hesitate about signing a bond for my appearance, even to-morrow morning."

A man came up quickly and, addressing Millyard, said:

"If you are turned out of here will you leave New Orleans at once and never return?"

"Sir, are you a suborner of crime for criminals?" contemptuously responded Millyard with a haughty air. "My being incarcerated here is a crime against my person. I am guiltless, and I shall not barter my honor, whether you have interest or influence in the matter or not."

"Humph, incorrigible," hissed the man, turning on his feet and walking down the corridor, motioning his head for Delarue to come to him.

"I will stand as the fellow's bondsman," said the man to Delarue, "if he will agree to leave the city immediately and

never return. Speak to him about it and persuade him to do it. If you will get him to leave I will give you a hundred dollars."

"Couldn't you make it more than that? say five hundred; then I can divide with him."

"See what you can do and let me know," said the man, moving on down the hallway while Delarue returned to the cell-room door.

"Who was that man, Mike?" asked Millyard. "Is he their lawyer?"

"Don't you know him? I thought you did. That is Villeguini."

"Villeguini?" repeated Millyard. "That is the name of the man Bertha told me about."

"He gave me ten dollars more at the bank not half an hour ago, and just now offered me a hundred dollars if I would induce you to leave town and never return, saying he would sign your bond. I asked him why not make it five hundred so I could divide with you. He told me to see what I can do and let him know. Does that look like disinterested friendship either for the father or the daughter? I will go see Judge Cotton and get you out of here right away."

"Whether the Judge gets me out of here or not I will not compromise my honor with that villain Villeguini. I would rather remain in here a year. Go, please, and see what the Judge will do."

On his way out of the station Delarue stopped in the office and, inquiring, ascertained that the amount of bail that would be required of Millyard for his appearance at the Recorder's court next morning was one hundred dollars.

Judge Cotton gave Delarue a note to a Mr. Pollock, a friend of his. Mr. Pollock went with Delarue to the central police station and signed the bond, whereupon Millyard was released.

"Now let us go to Johnnie's and discuss the situation," said Delarue when they were on the street. "Now that I know Villeguini's game I want to lay my plans how I shall pull him for a hundred in the morning and a cool five hundred the next day. He's got to pony and dance now, fiddle or no fiddle."

"By the way, it was a neat little piece of luck how I got him connected with your abduction." Delarue then related about his overhearing the remarks of the Dago, and added:

"Judge Cotton says you must sue Villeguini for damages for your abduction."

"I must get clear of this affair before doing that," answered Millyard, as they entered Johnnie's. "You say my friend Frank has gone back on me?"

"He talked that way. But I guess he was just slightly irritated for the time being."

Leaving Johnnie's, the two men boarded a St. Charles avenue car and went up to Carrollton, where they remained the greater part of the afternoon. This was a surcease from the tension and anxiety of mind on the part of Millyard. He was even loth to venture to his boarding-house for fear of arrest; especially was he dubious about going since Delarue advised him of Mr. Frank's remarks.

Mr. Frank, with whom Millyard was boarding, was also a lawyer, but was not practising regularly, as he was engaged in writing a lengthy poem in which work Millyard was collaborating.

At dinner that evening when Millyard had fully and freely related his experiences, Mr. Frank made free to express his opinions, stating that he was well acquainted with each one of the parties.

His idea was that Sam Waxelbaum, mischievous and practical joker as he was, had instigated Bertha Rosentstien to declare to Mr. Millyard her love for him, as he had heard her express her admiration of him, Mr. Millyard being a frequent visitor at Sam Waxelbaum's house, because Sam insisted to Bertha that it was the way girls in America do when they have a preference for a man.

This theory, to some extent at least, cleared the mystery to Mr. Millyard. It was novel, it was true, but it was natural. Millyard perceived how Bertha had been deceived into making such bold advances to him, goaded as she was by her people at home.

Having promised to meet Delarue at Johnnie's at eight o'clock sharp and to "bunk" with him that night at the St. Charles Hotel to obviate being kidnapped again, Millyard hurried through his dinner and made a change of clothing.

Promising Mr. Frank to return the next afternoon or soon as he possibly could, and assist in their collaboration, he bid the interesting family adieu and was gone.

When Millyard and Delarue repaired to the room assigned them in the St. Charles Hotel it was after twelve o'clock. Soon a bell-boy appeared with a card for Mr. Millyard.

"I know that fellow," said Mike. "He is a newspaper reporter. Send him word to come up here."

"Yes, tell him to come to our room," added Millyard to the boy. "I am preparing to retire."

"So the newspaper reporters have got it," mournfully remarked Millyard. "The publication of this affair will ruin me."

"Get your side of the affair published in the newspapers and show up those people who are persecuting you," said Delarue with warmth. "That is the very thing you want. When your side is made known the bottom will drop out of Villeguini's game. Let me do the talking. I know what to tell and how to tell him."

"Hello, Ralph! Glad to see you!" exclaimed Delarue, shaking the hand of the reporter enthusiastically. "This is Mr. Millyard, Mr. Carson. Have a seat, Ralph. Say boy: tell the bar to send me a quart of Mumm's immediately. What brings you here to see us this time o' night, Ralph?"

"I come to get the unvarnished facts about this affair of Mr. Millyard," replied Mr. Ralph Carson. "Our editor, who knows of Mr. Millyard and his family, says the version we have heard about it does not stand to reason, Mike."

"Uh, hungh," half-grunted Mike.

"It has created a sensation all over the city before we got on to it," said Ralph the reporter, "and our editor instructed me to get the facts from Mr. Millyard. I traced you to Johnnie's and they told me you had come here."

"I can tell you the whole thing," said Mike. "I know it from Dan to Beersheba, New Orleans to Algiers, from Alpha to Omega, or Bertha."

"All right," ejaculated Ralph, smiling. "Give me all about Alpha to Bertha."

The bottle of wine came and while they were refreshing themselves with the wine Delarue went on and told all the circumstances in consecutive detail up to that present time, while Ralph Carson wrote it stenographically. Delarue was particular in specially relating the serious difficulties Millyard labored under in procuring bail under such charges with the circumstances all so very unfavorable to him.

When Delarue had finished Carson exclaimed:

"By thunder! that's a corker! I'm glad it wasn't I. But if it had been I would not be here to-night."

"Why?" dryly inquired Mike.

"Thunderation! Bertha and I would be in Texas!" explained Ralph, folding his manuscript and paper, as he went out of the door.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## KEY TO THE ILLS THAT BESET.

"I AM glad one paper has made something like a decent truthful report of your affair Mr. Millyard," remarked Judge Cotton when Millyard and Delarue entered his office preparatory to their going to court.

"They got it from Mr. Delarue," explained Millyard. "A reporter came to our room at the St. Charles hotel last night and asked for the unvarnished facts. Mike gave them to him."

"Alpha Millyard; eloping with a minor female. What do you say in this case, gentlemen?" demanded the Recorder. It was the last case to be called.

Judge Cotton arose and said:

"I would suggest, your honor, that under this accusation it is not a case for consideration by your honor. But we are willing to waive that in order to save time and expense."

"The court takes cognizance of the learned lawyer's remarks," said the astute Recorder. "A newspaper this morning shows that it was a case of abducting the accused, who is, by the way, a brother lawyer, instead of his abducting or eloping with the female in the case. This court has jurisdiction sufficient to dismiss this case; but it has to direct the entry of an order to hold Mr. Millyard in custody in default of bail in one thousand dollars to appear at District court on a warrant, which is here, charging him with seduction."

"Could your honor not make the bail less than that sum?" asked Judge Cotton. "Mr. Millyard is not so extensively acquainted in the city; besides, sir, he is a brother lawyer, as your honor has correctly stated." Before Judge Cotton had concluded his appeal he was touched on the elbow by a person from behind, who whispered to him.

"Will the court please excuse me just a minute?" said Judge Cotton.

"He then turned and walked down the aisle to the back part of the court-room. A lady, handsomely gowned and thickly veiled, seated near the rear row of benches, beckoned him to her.

The lady and the distinguished-looking Judge held a brief consultation.

"Under the circumstances, upon reflection the court will reduce the bond to five hundred dollars," said the Recorder, as Judge Cotton walked back to the railing.

"There is a lady in the court-room, may it please your honor," remarked Judge Cotton, "who states that she owns property in the city, some on Canal street, who volunteers to go upon the bond for Mr. Millyard."

"Arrange that with the clerk and sheriff," said the Recorder. "Captain, adjourn court until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

The few people remaining in the court-room began dispersing. The vision of loveliness retained her seat until the gallant old lawyer went back and escorted her forward to the clerk's desk. The bond was immediately prepared and Alpha Millyard signed it.

"I know of Miss de Ampbert," said the deputy sheriff in charge. "She is perfectly good."

"Of course she is," asserted the clerk.

In beautiful chirography with her dainty hand incased in a close-fitting kid glove, she signed, "Rittea de Ampbert."

Then facing Mr. Millyard and drawing a card from a gold card-case, slightly bowing and smiling, she handed it to him.

Taking the proffered card and bowing gracefully, the gallant Millyard said:

"I know not why I am thus so overwhelmed in a debt of gratitude, but allow me, fair friend, to assure you I shall seek to know the cause at this address this blessed afternoon. Meantime you have all my thanks."

As the beautiful creature gently glided along the aisle the wholesome, cheerful noise made by her rustling silks and crinoline reverberated through the dirty, dingy old court-room as something out of place, while every man craned his neck and strained his eyes as they gazed after the departing beauty in wonder and amazement.

Mike Delarue was the first to break the silence and the spell. He said:

"I'll tell you what, old boy, you have struck a friend now. She is the richest woman in all Louisiana. She owns a whole

block of business buildings on Canal street, some houses on Royal, Conti, Magazine, Tchoupitoulas, Camp, Chartres, Rampart, Esplanade, Dryades and I don't know where all, besides the fine mansion where she lives on Canal. Another thing, which is a very important point, she owns a majority of the stock in Villeguini's bank."

"There, by Jove!" exclaimed Millyard. "That is Villeguini's funeral knell."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## SAM WAXELBAUM THROTTLED.

"ROMANCE, I love romance for its own sake," said Judge Cotton to Mr. Millyard when he and Delarue called at the Judge's office while on their way to Victor's, on Canal street, a higher priced and more stylish café than Johnnie's. "Romance is the higher essence of life. Romance is indissolubly linked with love, and without love life is not worth the living. You young people have to learn. The sooner the better and the more romance the sweeter the enchantment. Take life for a romance and romance for a reality. I feel sure, sir, that incident in court is thrilling your soul with new and more animated life. A thousand beautiful new sheens are freshly pictured in your mind. A young, beautiful and wealthy woman whom you did not know coming into that dingy, filthy court-room among such people and waiting just to go on your bond for your appearance at the District court in order to prevent your being sent to the parish prison for safekeeping, is remarkable. I tell you, sir, it is remarkable. It is romance of the highest order. There is something behind it, sir. There is something behind it, sure. She has an incentive and a reason. There is a guiding angel in it, if it is herself."

"Well, Judge," said Millyard, as he and Delarue were about departing, not having seated themselves, "when the germ engendered by the romance sprouts forth into a flower of reality I hope my wits will be keen enough to discern the right and I not be led to the wrong. God of Heaven forfend me from that. My inclination lies in the straight and narrow path."

"No one doubts it, Mr. Millyard, who knows you. I do not, and never will again, after your futile temptation."

Mr. Millyard bowed his acknowledgments. He and Delarue then repaired to Victor's for lunch. After which Delarue visited Villeguini.

"What's the news now, Mike?" asked Villeguini.

"The Recorder dismissed the case, as I told you he would," Mike replied. "But he bound him over to the District court in five hundred dollars on a warrant charging him with seduction."

"Was he sent to prison?"

"No, some one went on his bond," Delarue replied.

"After you suggested to me that he could not be convicted on the charge of eloping," said Villeguini, "I inquired about it and found it correct. So I directed my attorney to have a warrant sworn out against him for seduction. He's got to go to prison or else leave town," shouted Villeguini, vehemently. "That girl's gone again, and he's got her in hiding. Mike, can't you possibly get him out of New Orleans?" he said pleadingly.

"I can try," answered Mike, indifferently. "I am making good headway in getting on very friendly terms with him. By my taking a room at the St. Charles hotel last night I got him to stay all night with me. I also paid for a bottle of wine; he is very fond of champagne. I expended all that ten dollars trying to get him in a humor to talk. He is one of those reticent men and has to be tuned to the proper pitch at the right juncture before he will make a note or strike a chord."

"Get him to stay with you again to-night. Do you need some more money?"

"Of course, if I have to keep up with him."

Villeguini handed Delarue a ten-dollar bill taken from his vest pocket.

"Ten will not cut much figure in allowing me to stand any hand in keeping up with Millyard. Hadn't you better make it a hundred?"

"O, yes, I guess so. If you can do any good with it."

"Of course, that is what I want it for," retorted Mike. "I can't do any good without it."

Villeguini went to the teller of the bank and got ninety dollars, which he handed to Delarue in addition to the ten.

"Now, Mike, I want you to do some of the cleverest detective work you ever did in your life. Get that fellow out of New Orleans or get him sent to prison. I am inclined to think the only way we can do is to get him to leave New Orleans, and for that I am willing to pay. Because you see, this seduction charge will not hold good when it comes to trial. Bertha cannot be depended on to swear against him on any charge that will send him to prison. But we can bring more charges against him and keep

him giving bonds until his bondsmen give out. Get him to room with you at the St. Charles again to-night and fill him full; then get him to tell you where Bertha is and make him agree how much money he will take to leave New Orleans."

"I will do my best," said Mike. "What time shall I come here to-morrow?"

"Any time, Mike; any time you think you have something important. Better see me in the morning sometime. I may have something to tell you. Besides, you see, I want to know where Bertha is staying."

An hour later Millyard and Delarue were eating an early dinner at the celebrated Denechaud's, six miles out, by the railroad in a beautiful grove on the margin of Lake Pontchartrain. Broiled pompano (four dollars a plate, at Denechaud's) and soft-shell crabs, each, pompano and crabs, taken from the lake while they waited at the table, were part of the menu they had for their dinner. Delarue was expending part of Villeguini's contribution to the common cause.

That railroad from New Orleans out to Lake Pontchartrain, only six miles in length, is said to have been the second or third railroad built in the world, or in the United States, which is equivalent. This made it interesting to Mr. Millyard. He consoled himself with it as an excuse for leaving his office and his business. However, since his first incarceration, no opportunity had been afforded him for attending to his business or affairs as a lawyer. It was sadly going to wreck. Therefore, Delarue's unexpected acquisitions from Villeguini and his unstinted division was a godsend to them both.

Millyard had money due for his practise, but it was becoming more questionable each succeeding day about his being able to collect it.

Mr. Millyard questioned Mr. Delarue as to how he thought his taking money from Villeguini under such circumstances would be regarded by the public were Villeguini to make the charge before the public that he had bribed him.

Delarue unhesitatingly replied in defense of his action that he had been professionally a detective, which Villeguini knew, and that Villeguini was endeavoring to take advantage of his professional services for base purposes. Therefore, any method to circumvent his dastardly plans were legitimately warranted by the facts. As proof he cited that the good Judge Cotton approved it.

After dinner Millyard and Delarue strolled out on the lake shore near the bath-houses.

To their great astonishment, yet great delight, they discovered Sam Waxelbaum bathing in the lake in the company of a woman.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Delarue. "It will be a distressful day to your friend Waxelbaum when his wife is made acquainted with the fact of his escapade with a woman out here. Perhaps he will find it profitable to unburden you of Bertha Rosenstein."

"Mike, I could not unbend or compromise myself to take advantage of the fellow in any such manner."

As they were passing along the walk near the row of bath-houses Delarue took advantage of the proximity of Sam Waxelbaum and his fair companion and cried out, so that he heard:

"Hello, Sam. Do the crabs bite your feet?"

Sam and his fair comrade looked towards him and then as suddenly ducked in the water.

"I must return to the city, Mike; I am going to call and see my fair bondslady this afternoon."

"That's right; she expects you. I know all about her and her family. But you must go with me to the theater to-night. I promised Villeguini you should room with me at the St. Charles. Meet me at Johnnie's."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## MILLYARD MEETS THE LADY.

INTO a large old-style mansion of unimposing exterior Mr. Alpha Millyard was ushered by a liveried white servant. A suite of spacious and luxuriantly furnished parlors, the gas burning luminously, although the sun had not yet gone down, every surrounding and appointment indicated wealth, culture and refinement. Ere long Miss Rittea de Ampbert made her appearance in the drawing-room and, graciously proffering her hand to Mr. Millyard, said:

"I am glad you have called. Please be seated."

"How could I do otherwise than call to see my benefactress? I am your hostage and must report, otherwise you may not know but that I have broken faith and left my charming bonds lady to pay my indemnity."

"You are a lawyer, as I understand," she remarked.

"I have been admitted to the bar and am practising some. But your *code de Napoleon* gives me some trouble."

"I apprehend you will soon master the intricacies of that. One of the newspapers states that you are from Kentucky?"

"Well, yes and no. As the Confederate soldier in Virginia said, 'I am a Georgian by birth, a Kentuckian by adoption and a Louisianian by a misfortune, or unfortunately.'"

"I trust not so bad. I hope your misfortune in Louisiana will rebound to your happiness."

Observing a spark through the vista, Millyard replied:

"It would be a solace, the panacea of all my woes could I only feel and enjoy happiness once again. Never since eighteen sixty-two have I known what happiness is. It has been one continual longing with anxiety and dread. The vision of happiness has been far off and eluded my realization. I sometimes think I am not destined to ever enjoy happiness. No sooner am I about to be-

come content and happy than something turns up to thwart all my aspirations."

"You could, though, become happy and contented?" Her voice was soft and musical. Attuned from long practise in singing, probably.

"Indeed I could. But strange to say, I have no ideal. That would have to present itself before my eyes in reality."

"You are not an agnostic?" she asked.

"Not at all. I am quite orthodox in my belief. It is because of this belief and a holy feeling that I come to see you. My heart goes out to you on account of your goodness and kindness to me. I felt keenly the want of friends, those who could and would help me in my distress. I think God must have had something to do with it in prompting you to come to my rescue. I thank both you and Him. It shall ever be my aim never to forget you. To know more of you and to see you again and often is my wish."

"That is easy enough. I shall be pleased to have you call and see me whenever you desire. When you are through with this trouble I hope to have you dine with me some afternoon."

"Thanks. That will be a delightful pleasure," responded Millyard.

"I have a box at the French Opera," demurely she suggested.

"Do you attend often?" inquired Millyard.

"Not very; only to special attractions. Then on those occasions I have some one of my servants to accompany me in my landau."

"You prefer not to have a gentleman escort?" asked Millyard.

"No, not that exactly. But the generality of men are not congenial company for me. My father was a Parisian and I was reared in Paris not here. My father was a ship-owner. He owned vessels plying between Havre and this place, and, being here much of his time, he acquired considerable property here. This he deeded to me before he died. That is why I remain here. Though I have property in Paris."

"Your parents are dead then?" he asked.

"My mother lives with me. But she is old and very feeble and never goes out of her apartments."

"By the way: I heard of your trouble before I read of it in the papers this morning, and I had taken great interest in it. You acted nobly. I think you are a gentleman."

Mr. Millyard quickly arose from his seat and, placing his right hand across his breast, bowed low and said:

"I thank you, Mademoiselle. I hope ever to merit such expression of good opinion. However, I merely did as any gentleman should do. The girl says she loves me and wants me to marry her. She said if she did not marry me she would never marry any man. But she will get over that. I told her I could never marry her. She wanted to be my servant and cook for me."

"She was very bold," flatly asserted Miss de Ampbert.

"*Aut amat, aut odit mulier*," quoted Millyard. "She says her father mistreats her and causes her stepmother to do the same. Gently as possible I informed her I could not marry her because I am engaged."

"Ah, indeed; to some fair lady in Kentucky, I suppose?" Miss de Ampbert had taken advantage of the slip he had not intended to make.

"You see, this young lady is a Polish Jewess and would not be a congenial companion for me. I told her I was engaged, yes; and without prevarication. But I fear now that my fiancée will hear of my troubles and, believing me guilty, break our engagement."

"O, well, suppose she does, if she cannot listen to reason. But, may I inquire, where is this charming woman who could gain your affections?"

Perhaps it was unintentional, but there was a slight inflection on "your."

"She is in North Carolina. Though I have not seen her in over a year and a half, nor have I heard from her in two months. I shall write immediately and inform her of my misfortunes."

"She must be beautiful?" inquiringly said Miss de Ampbert. "But a college boy's dream, I fancy."

"I suppose so, rather in that line," returned Millyard, rather hesitatingly. "I would have married her at one time, but she postponed it. Fortunately for me for I was not prepared to marry then; nor am I now."

"That is, unless circumstances should render it so that you could?" said Miss de Ampbert, inquiringly.

"O, circumstances, you know, alter cases," replied Millyard, as he arose to depart, extending his right hand, continuing: "I fear I am staying longer than my time. I called to pay my homage and

to beg that you will please accept my sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude for your unlooked-for kindness and generous, self-sacrificing act in my behalf."

"It is a pleasure to have done you the slight service I have," she responded, adding: "Upon reflection, I have decided that, if agreeable to you, I shall be pleased to have you dine with me to-morrow."

"Nothing would afford me greater pleasure. I shall be most happy to do so. I would decline were I not innocent of the charge against me. I am yours to command as long as you are my bondswoman."

"I may, if you adhere to that statement, urge to have your trial postponed," said she with a merry twinkle in her large hazel eyes that were arched by black lashes, and a flush of her well-rounded, clear white face tinted with orange color on her cheeks. Her smile was enchanting. It thrilled the entire anatomy to rapturous feelings of pleasure. A woman's smile is ever a delight, but some are more beautiful than others. The beauty of a woman's smile lies in the manner and the method. It betokens much, yea, as much or more than the Greeks supposed and taught. Take it all in all, say what you will, a man delights in a woman's smile. The unmoved features strikes him not; not half so pleasantly. The nearer the smile in kin to innocence, working in harmony with a mind that is poised, the greater the delight of the sensible man. The smile of Mademoiselle de Ampbert was enrapturing to Millyard. He replied:

"At what hour shall I come? Your smile entrances me to come on time."

"I dine at five, but you can come about four. We may go to the opera." The excuse for an hour to be gained brought forth by him was a laudable subterfuge by each.

Going direct to Johnnie's, Millyard, who was in ecstasies of joy, met Delarue.

"That girl, Bertha, swears by you," said Delarue as they were seated at a table in the rear. "She says you are the finest gentleman in the world. The old man is as gruff as a 'possum; just a grinning and snarling at everything and everybody. One breath he says you got to marry Bertah and the next he swears you got to leave town or go to the Parish prison. Bertha told him, however, that you acted the perfect gentleman with her. But he growled and shouted, 'Vhat fer den did you let him comes mit

you in der room?' She told him you didn't come in her room; that she was put in your room; that it was his fault that the officer at Pilot Town thought you were married and running away. She whispered to me that she intended to run away from home at the first opportunity. Villeguini thought she was gone to-day and wanted me to search for her. He thinks you have her in hiding."

"How did you come out in your visit?"

"Ah, Mike, magnificent woman," responded Millyard. "She is beautiful and the most charming woman I ever met. A perfect paragon. A vision of loveliness. Deliciously fascinating. A way that wins, an eye that kills, a smile that thrills. By Jove! I believe I've struck my mate. If she is not cut out for me then my mate is not cut out.

"She looks not more than twenty-three."

"You judge well; that is about her age," Delarue answered.

"She invited me to dine with her to-morrow afternoon and I accepted. She intimated that we may go to the French Opera. She has a box."

"She can have anything she wants. There are a thousand men in New Orleans who would like to be just acquainted with her much less to marry her. But you are on the inside now, if you will only maintain it."

"I shall be assiduous, I assure you," asserted Millyard. "Because I do believe I am already in love with the charming creature of heaven. Yet I am loath to yield myself to fall in love with her for fear she might refuse me. To be madly in love with such a paragon under such adverse conditions would but end my usefulness in life."

"Trust to Fate and yourself as an honorable man on that score and pitch in. She is offering you too much encouragement for her to lightly refuse without good cause."

"O, Mike, you don't know the women," retorted Millyard somewhat petulantly. "They will lead a man to the very brink, then jump the precipice and leave him to stumble in without a light."

"Shucks! Grab her by the hand and jump together," sensibly replied Mike. "But there is something in this case that I know all about which warrants me in asserting, with the encouragement you have she will marry you quick. She will if you have proven any way equal to her ideal, they all have that. You

already have her sympathy, that's certain; and that's half the battle, for it's more than half love."

"Yes, I suppose every sensible woman has an ideal and a man must come up to her conception. If he wobbles from it before he secures her love he is gone glimmering, so far as she is concerned. But when he once secures her love the props and pins may all be knocked from under but she will not drop. Opposition is a grindstone that whets the appetite of love."

"We must roost at the St. Charles again to-night," said Delarue as they were about separating.

"Here comes the blabbering, wild young fellow I defended in court and prevented from being sent to prison. I told you about him. The fellow who was in the cell opposite to me."

"The top of the day to you, good lawyer. It's glad I am to see you." Quickly turning towards Delarue the humorously-inclined, red-headed Hebrew-Irishman continued: "And you, Mr. Delarue." Then looking at Millyard he added: "Did you git him out uv a schrape, too?"

"O, no. He's helping to get me out of mine," replied Millyard.

"Yes, he got me out of what is worse than a scrape," interposed Delarue. "He got me out of hunger."

"What kind uv a schrape are you in?" asked the young man of Millyard. "I'll be after helpin' you, too. I can do er mighty sight er helpin', too, I can."

"Same old muss," answered Millyard. "That is it is a resultant. One thing brings on another."

"Yes, like a mill turning," said the Irishman. "I know Mike used to be a great detective. He'll stick to his man through thick and thin. But I'll jest coadjutate wid 'im in the quest, ef you'll just tell me the circumstances uv the case so I'll know what ter do. I'll go the whole length uv me neck fur ye, so help me Moses."

"Mike, you give Mr. Mr.——"

"Miles," interposed the young man.

"Jerushi," added Delarue.

"There you have it," said Millyard. "Miles Jerushi. Mike, you can tell Mr. Jerushi all about the case. Probably he can assist us."

Delarue related the circumstances concerning Bertha and Mr. Millyard as briefly as possible.

"Jehosaphat! in the valley of fat!" exclaimed Miles. "I know the whole kit. I'll see Bertie and find out about this Edna of

Adriadne. I can sthop all that kind of music. Just hold yer horsis right still. The spalpeen of a Polak! I'll be muzzled wid a blubber! I kin wink me eye an' cork de game."

Muzzled with a blubber indicated his interest in the case. But there was no explanation as to how or when it was to be done. Millyard may have conjectured that Jerushi would go wink his eye.

It was agreed that Miles Jerushi should see Bertha and her father, but no other person in the case, and report to Mr. Millyard.

## CHAPTER XX.

## MILLYARD AS A COURTEOUS COURTIER.

TAKING advantage of Miss de Ampbert's suggestion, Millyard returned at four o'clock for a five-o'clock dinner. He was received like a—well, say, prince. He was a prince in the American realm. Obsequious servants galore, male and female, white, and colored, for every possible desire, were in attendance.

"I have decided Mr. Millyard, with your consent, that we will attend the French Opera. My box will be vacant for us. I have ordered my coachman to have the victoria in waiting."

"Your hospitality is so charmingly bestowed, Miss de Ampbert, that I know not how to resist. But really, you see, it did not occur to me that you actually desired that I, poor me, should, under existing circumstances, be seen in such a public place in company with you."

"I am not at present of the society set," she calmly said. "I am society itself. I am a free lance. I do as I please, not to please only those whom it is my pleasure to please. I have counted on your being my guest and my escort." She said this in a manner as if it were business.

In New Orleans when a lady accepts a gentleman's company for the opera it is understood beforehand, as a general rule, that she defrays the admission, together with a chaperon, to whatever part of the house she desires.

"I am your most obedient," Millyard assented, "and at your service. I will have to request that after dinner you please excuse me until I go up-town and secure my full dress habiliments."

"Certainly. But I do not object to your company just as you are."

Miss de Ampbert jingled a silver bell that was on the table. Her maid appearing, Miss de Ampbert commanded:

"Tell the coachman to have the victoria at the front door immediately after dinner." Turning to Mr. Millyard she continued:

"My coachman will take you to your boarding-house and you can return so much sooner."

"I am tempted to think you desire to honor me more than is compatible. Albeit my desire to return the sooner prompts me to thankfully accept your kind offer."

"Probably it is you who depreciate yourself."

"It is very lovely of you in saying thus in such sweet way. I feel so keenly my humiliation that I am embarrassed."

"You must not be, not with me. I know all."

"You remarked yesterday that you had heard of my troubles before you read of them in the paper?" said Millyard, inquiringly.

"Yes. The lady with whom the girl, Miss Bertha—Bertha——"

"Rosenstin," suggested Millyard.

"Bertha Rosenstin was staying down-town during the time you were first imprisoned charged with abducting her, is a sister of my housemaid. She comes here often and has informed me of everything Miss Bertha said about you, which was everything you said and did, as well as herself, when you were together. Miss Bertha was at her house the morning that she and you returned from Pilot Town and told her all about your and her trip down and up the river, and how nobly you acted. She does certain dress work for me. She was here to-day. She occupies one of my houses. Hence you will observe that I do know something of you. Knowing what I do, I am not apprehensive, but to the contrary am proud of your society. Society will approve of it when society knows it as a fact and it knows you as you are. Therefore, I wish that you accompany me to the French Opera to-night. Society will change its mind to suit the case when society is confronted with the facts."

"I am led from what you say to believe you are truly informed concerning Miss Bertha and myself. I have been greatly depressed, but I am philosophical; else I could not have borne myself under the humiliation and the heavy mental strain that has weighed upon me."

"I was greatly amused at what Aunt Jane, that is her name, told me what Miss Bertha told her about wanting you to kiss her good night, and when you reached over to do so you fell headforemost from the top berth and dislocated your thumb."

"Has it got well?"

"It has ceased to pain me only when I use it. I perceive you do know about my involuntary escapade. Can you condone me?"

"Is there anything to condone?"

"My misfortune."

"Have I not already done so?"

"I beg your pardon for asking such a question. You most certainly have. My heart goes out to you for it. I could,—I do——"

Mr. Millyard stopped short. He gasped heavily. There was a painful silence. He turned his head and gazed at the piano.

"You do what, Mr. Millyard?" softly inquired the lovely woman.

"I do love music. Do you sing?" absent-mindedly asked Millyard.

"Sometimes I try to sing," she replied.

"Would I request too much if I ask you to sing something for me?"

"For you, yes; with pleasure. But will you tell me first what that is you do——?"

"You are asking an additional consideration."

"As I remember, you said you were mine to command."

"So I did, so I am. But it is too soon yet to say what I was involuntarily about to declare. When I am a free man again and not under the ban I will deify myself in concluding the sentence."

"You talk lovely. Now is as good time as any, so far as I am concerned," she said naïvely. "Because I know that you are already exonerated not guilty of any of those vile charges against you." At this juncture they were slowly walking toward the piano in the next parlor.

Glancing at his eyes slyly, she smiled; a beautiful, lovely smile; one that struck the quick.

"My curiosity is anxious," she said, smiling bewitchingly still.

"Dear, sweet woman, I—I—I love you," he finally blurted. "You have taught me to love you."

"I am no teacher." He discovered by this reply that she was complacent.

"Innocently to you God has made you one."

"But, what will your affianced say, or think, of this?"

"She is of the past with me. You have convinced me that I do not love her as I should to be her husband. It was, as you have said, a college boy's dream, a fancy."

"Are you sure then that you love me? Is it not also a fancy?"

"Fancy plays not so harshly with the more tender emotions of the heart. Fancy springs from idle thoughts. It is, as you intimated, a germ of dreamland. It has nothing upon which to base itself. It comes not from that sterner stuff, firm conviction evolved through a rigid process of reasoning controlling the action of the heart and working in unison with it to a common end.

"No, my dear Miss de Ampbert, my sweet benefactress, it is not fancy. It is fact. I could not resist. I find myself enthralled, engrossed by you, my dear Miss de Ampbert." Mr. Millyard had halted, facing her.

"Call me Rittea." She lowered her eyes and fumbled her fingers together.

Mr. Millyard cast his left arm about her neck and, taking her right hand in his, said:

"Darling, sweet woman, will you marry me?" The fingers of his left hand were toying with her left cheek.

"I guess I had better wait until after your trial before I answer that question."

Releasing himself, Millyard replied, rather dejectedly: "I might have known that."

"O, no; I did not mean to make you feel sad," she quickly said. "I will sing for you and cheer you."

She sang a ballad, while he stood by her side. It was the acme in his life.

When she had concluded the song Millyard deftly placed his hand on the back of her head over a huge boulder of jet black hair, his right hand under her well-rounded chin, and saluted her with a delicious kiss. Just then the dinner-bell rang.

"That bell summons us to——" Millyard interrupted:

"Why should dinner come so soon?"

She gracefully strided forward with a long, rich train trailing over the soft, velvet carpet. Mr. Millyard, gallant cavalier that he was, equal to the emergency, quickly proffered his arm.

"Who was that gentleman in the court-room yesterday who seemed to take so much interest in you and your case?" inquired Miss de Ampbert.

"His name is Delarue, Mr. Mike Delarue," responded Millyard. "Formerly a detective here, I understand, but he was dismissed for some cause. The poor fellow had been out of employ-

ment so long that he had become almost a tramp when he met me on Canal street the day the man tried to shoot me. He asked me for money to get himself something to eat. I gave it to him, and he has since been of invaluable assistance to me in all my troubles. He it was who saved me the night I was first kidnapped. He was watching on the wharf the morning they put me on the Hilda. He informed Judge Cotton about it and the Judge made the Administrator of Police telegraph to have me taken off the steamer. That is how I came to be on the steamer and to be put off with Miss Bertha Rosenstin at Pilot Town. He was also on the levee watching for me on my return and saw Bertha land in the company of her father; but I overslept myself and he went away before I landed. He is a staunch friend of yours."

"I feel so happy," ejaculated Miss de Ampbert in a soft, musical voice.

"Glorious angel, I hope you will feel so always," quickly responded Millyard, as they entered the dining-room, where the table was laden with all the luxuries and delicacies of the season of that best of markets in all the world. Everything from every clime besides its own rich abundance of all the tropical products.

There was course after course of deliciously prepared edibles, her chef being a Frenchman. Dinner being over, the enamoured pair returned to the parlors. Mr. Millyard disengaged her arm from his and, slipping his arm around her waist, exultantly said:

"Now, I know you love me."

"O, Mr Millyard; I never said so." The peculiar stress she laid on the word "said" left no room to doubt that it was the only negative in the case.

"But you look it," quickly he said. "Sweetie, actions speak louder than words, sometimes."

"Y-e-s; sometimes. I must confess I do like you a little. But I guess it is merely sympathy."

"Sympathy is delicious, from you. Continue forever sympathizing with me as you do now."

"You are a charming courtier. You remind me of the French, only your nice American way of being more sincere. Frenchmen do not love, they are merely charmed; and thus ever try to make themselves charming."

"Man is ever urged by a goad or allured by a goal," asserted Millyard, when they were seated after having loitered about the drawing-rooms.

"The allurements predominate over the goadings, do they not?"

"That is a problem," responded Millyard. "It is different with different classes of men. Some require goading to the performance of any act, while others would be allured to the same goal. That is wherein some succeed where others fail. It would be a pleasure to some, while it would be a drudge to others to do a needful thing. It comes an easy sequence. But I must be going."

"I should like you to return at once. It is now after seven, and we should be at the opera-house by eight fifteen."

"I can return in half an hour."

"That will be delightful." She was not entirely reserved in being tactful.

Mr. Millyard had the coachman drive by Johnnie's. He found Delarue waiting for him there.

"Heigho! In my lady's coach, by thunder," exclaimed Delarue.

"No, victoria, my lord," returned Millyard, as they entered Johnnie's. "Can't you tell the difference between an ambulance and a carriage?"

"You must be getting on famously?" suggested Delarue.

"Famously? That is good! Fame on its eternal camping ground could not be happier than I. The most charmingly beautiful, yea, altogether beautiful and highly cultured woman I ever met!" Millyard was decidedly enthusiastic. "She is in the class and order of the Hogarthian line of beauty; not of the lusciously rounded, voluptuous, so much the vogue of the sensuous. She must be loved for her beauty on the lines of beauty and for her mentality, not for lusciousness of person."

"I saw those people——"

"Hang those people!" cried Millyard. "Tell me about them to-morrow, Mike. I am in an awful hurry now. Besides, I am living in Dreamland. It would be too jagged to mar it with anything about those people."

"All right, my boy. I wish you the greatest joy and most complete success. You must come to the St. Charles hotel and roost with me again to-night. I will take a room, but if you are not too late I will be here," said Delarue as they parted on the banquet.

Millyard was back at the De Ampbert mansion in half an hour. After a brief interval Miss Rittea de Ampbert came into the parlors. She was gorgeously gowned. Upon entering she remarked:

"You are quick to your agreement. On time, 'sharp,' as you business men say."

"I have ever tried to be on time. But in such case as this I could not make myself be late."

"How charming! Do you make yourself so agreeable to other ladies?"

"I cannot say that I do. How could I?" replied the young gallant. "One must feel the inspiration, the *estro*, as Byron calls it; the divine afflatus, in order to say and do as I feel, speak and act with you."

"I never heard a man talk so sweetly. Where were you educated? But it is like you Georgians and Kentuckians. I have heard that you are accomplished flatterers."

"Flattery? Not flattery by me, I hope. But I abjure you by your eyes, your smile, above all by our soul-stirring smile, pleasant speech so nicely fits. I received my diploma at the cross roads, since the war. The uncivil war deprived me of my collegiate and also university course."

"It was not then a college boy fancy which caused you to be engaged?"

"The same thing, probably; a schoolboy's dream. We were at school together. A man must have some one, something to love."

"Those early loves, are they not often the most enduring and steadfast?" earnestly inquired Miss de Ampbert.

"Early loves may endure until maturer judgment dictates differently, when the right mates, the affinities, have been cast together," responded Millyard. "The theoretic Carlyle, the philosophic Bacon and the knowing Shakespeare all diagnose love, but no one hits the nail harder nor more tersely than Robert Burton, who says: 'Love springs from the emotions of the heart as produced by innate sensibilities.' Again he says: 'And such acts and scenes has this comedy of love that is a perfect magazine of monstrosities and absurdities.' He also says: 'Laodice, sister of Mithridates, poisoned her husband for a base fellow. Lucretia pined and died for Euryalus. Alexander, to please Thais, set Persepolis on fire, and for love married Roxane, a poor man's daughter. Cephalus, stricken by the gad-fly of love, rushed headlong from a high summit for the love of Protela. King John left his crown for Matilda, the nun at Dunmow. Leander swam the Hellespont for the love of Hero, until he sank beneath the burthen

of his own weight,' unlike the modern suicide, a model of devotion. There are in our day those who forego fortune, and others who forfeit principalities, yea, a mother's love for love of another."

"Go on," she said, "tell me something more."

"It takes but a spark from which to kindle love," he continued. "The magnetism that draws together may be frail, but like pricking the flesh with a sharp-pointed instrument, it thrills through the entire anatomy and causes every fiber to move."

"But love, like the place, may be healed."

"Ah, but it leaves a scar," retorted Millyard with assurance.

"Not every time. Though it is true there may be reminders and memories of it."

"There can be a memory of it without a scar," he said.

"Hence, you may think of that lady to whom you were engaged and, some time, wish that you had married her."

"Were I to say that such time may not, will not, come, I would be saying something of which I know nothing."

"That is clever. Still guarded at every point."

"I am a man, and am like all men and women, for that matter, in the respect that I have my ideal of the one whom I must love and cherish. And you are that one. I love you. I feel I could melt to nothing under the glare of your approving eyes. I love you, yes, O, so sweetly and tenderly. If I knew that I could live in dreamland and love you always as I do now, and that you would so regard me, and be towards me as you now appear to be, I should wish to never marry, but prefer to sit and gaze on your beautiful face and form and listen to the sweet, cheerful, brilliant words you speak so musically until eternity has its end."

"Delightful! Go on!" exclaimed Miss de Ampbert.

"It is I who wish you to go on," said Millyard.

"You said you were my most obedient."

"I repeat: I am entirely yours," said Millyard, arising from his seat and advancing, concluding: "Can we sit upon the sofa?"

"Why not this vis-à-vis chair?"

"That will be lovely. Why have we not been occupying this chair before?"

"I suppose because you never suggested it. However, we must leave for the opera presently."

"This is opera sufficient for me. Were it not for your pleasure I would prefer to remain here."

"When you are at the opera you will be entertained. Do you not like the opera?"

"Very much. But I am so delightfully entertained here that I am loth to break the spell that binds me so enchantingly."

"Be thou still, Caius, I'll be Cala," laughing merrily she said,

"Lovely! Unsubdued love and frankness go hand in hand and carry the livery of heaven," exclaimed Millyard, as he took her right hand in his. "Can you then be angry with me when I tell you that I love you? Seeing love in your eye may I not hope that the love in your heart is for me?"

"You said that actions sometimes speak louder than words!"

"So I did. So they do. I also am so happy."

"I also am glad," retorted Miss de Ampbert, with a vivacity that was deliciously pleasing. "I first saw you at the Charity ball in the Odd Fellows' Hall. It was my pleasure to notice your easy, poised movement and how gracefully you danced. I desired ever so much to meet you."

"Had you not come to that dingy court-room and become my bondswoman I might never have enjoyed this delightful pleasure and exquisite happiness."

"But I went. Now, I would go again several times," earnestly she said.

"Sweetie!" exclaimed Millyard; gently exerting a pressure on her hand. Miss de Ampbert laughed merrily and, tossing her beautiful head backward, said:

"Say that again, please."

"Now you mock me," retorted Millyard.

"Nay, nay, nay," quickly she replied. "You say it so nicely."

"Well, sweetie, the estro has to be on me when I say those things."

"Keep the estro boiling. Encourage a centrifugal whirl."

"It is only by inspiration from you that it stirs. It comes not of itself. There must be a cause to produce it. That cause in this case is your own blood-stirring smile and quickening brilliancy of speech."

"Why are not all men as you are, so charmingly agreeable? I could easily wish I had been at school with you. I had my schooling at Paris, but I could never learn to admire the Frenchman, although my father was a Frenchman."

"Why are not all ladies so charmingly captivating, refined and

brilliant as yourself? I answer your lovely question by asking one of you in return."

"There are many reasons why there are disparities between people. Environment and training in the youth have much to do with evolving refinement and culture. I fear we will be late at the opera; we must go. Please be patient until I secure my opera cloak."

Miss de Ampbert and Alpha Millyard were just in time to be seated in her private box at the French opera-house when the curtain went up.

Mr. Millyard had been there often before but never with a lady, and his seat had been down in the parquette.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THEY PLIGHTED THEIR TROTH.

"O, MY! See the people looking at us," exclaimed Miss de Ampbert at the end of the first act when she scanned the audience through her gold-mounted pearl opera-glasses. Handing them to Millyard, she added: "Look with the glasses and see if you know any of them."

Mr. Millyard glanced over the animated scene and suddenly said:

"Yes, there is Miss Sophia Cuyler, of Savannah, just opposite. She is in that box where you see the flag."

"Is Miss Cuyler beautiful?"

"I leave that for you to judge," said Millyard, returning the glasses to Miss de Ampbert. "You can look and see what you think."

"O, she is lovely! She is with a friend of mine. That is, an acquaintance. Do you know Miss Cuyler well?"

"I have met her several times. I saw her at Black Creek Falls, a summer resort in North Alabama, nearly every day during several weeks one summer. There! I also see Miss Salena Gordon, of the Blue Grass. I met her in Louisville."

"Look at her with the glasses," said Miss de Ampbert.

Taking the glasses and looking, Millyard observed:

"She is looking direct at us. I wonder if she can recognize me? You just can see her in that box to the left where there is a crowd of people."

"She is handsome, beautiful," exclaimed Miss de Ampbert after she had looked through the glasses. "Why have you not married some of these beautiful ladies?"

"Would you try to have me think I have ever met the right one before meeting you? Fate for me has reserved such happiness until I met you. For which, I thank both my God and you."

"You will say pretty things, no difference what I say."

"You cannot metamorphose yourself, neither can I resist the speaking of my mind. You involuntarily draw me out, mind and soul."

"I never had so many nice things said to me before by any man."

"Ah! You never had the right man to talk to you before," he retorted.

"Continue; it is frivolous, but it is delicious, from you."

"Sure? No one else?" he queried.

"I would not allow any one else the opportunity. There, now you have drawn me out." A beautiful glow suffused the cheeks of Miss de Ampbert and for the first time to him she appeared embarrassed.

"I did not know a woman could so fascinate and enthrall. I am not surprised at John for leaving his crown for Matilda. Suppose we go home?" Millyard said, appealingly.

"O, not until the opera is over," quickly she answered. "There are three more acts. There goes the curtain."

The opera being over they were returning in the victoria to her home when Miss de Ampbert suddenly inquired, in a very serious manner and hesitating tone of voice:

"Would you ever make me jealous?"

"Not for the world! Jealousy is a godlike attribute, but I hope my love for you is too well placed for me to make you jealous. Why do you ask?"

"You gentlemen roam about so much. I ask the question because it would be so easy to make me jealous of you. And you know, as you said: *aut amat, aut odit mulier*. A woman either loves or hates."

"Were you to marry me I should cease to be nomadic, if I am so, and would prefer to remain with you all the time when not attending to business."

"Business would not keep you away. My investments are all very good ones and my income, which will no doubt grow, will more than be a competency for any indulgencies we may desire."

"You consent to marry me then?" eagerly inquired Millyard.

"That question I will answer sometime when we are at home."

They were both silent during several minutes. Finally Millyard inquired:

"Do you know a Mr. Villeguini?"

"The banker?" she asked.

"Yes. I understand he is a banker on Camp street."

"I know him very well. I own considerable stock in his bank."

"What kind of a man is he?" Millyard asked.

"How? In what way?" she demanded.

"Is he a scheming, bad sort of man? Mr. Delarue has discovered that Mr. Villeguini is the prime instigator of all the persecution against me. It seems that he is infatuated with Miss Bertha Rosenstin and asserts with much boldness and confidence that because she loves me I shall leave New Orleans or he will have me convicted and sent to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge. I ween he desires to enmesh me in some way for a selfish purpose. He has been paying money to Mr. Delarue and urging him to persuade me to leave New Orleans and never return."

"He shall do nothing of the kind with you," she exclaimed. "If he persists I will see that Mr. Villeguini at once steps down and out of that bank." She was displaying spirit and a little feeling in the matter. "I wish you would please tell Mr. Delarue to come to my house and see me to-morrow at eleven o'clock. I will put a quietus on Mr. Villeguini's conduct." Then calming, she added: "Aunt Jane intimated something of this to me, but I did not understand. I will send for her in the morning and learn all about it."

"Mr. Villeguini is very bitter against me," said Millyard, reflectively.

"The mean man. I thought there must be some secret enemy at work against you. I know the girl is not doing it, for she is desperately in love with you, so Aunt Jane says."

"No doubt. She told me herself she loved me. But it ought to be readily understood that I cannot marry her. Nor would I, nor did I, take advantage of her love."

"Yes, I am aware of those things. I want to see Mr. Delarue in the morning, sure. I shall present the matter to the board of directors of the bank at noon if Mr. Villeguini does not agree to cease and to rectify what he has done."

By this time they had arrived at her mansion. She directed her coachman to wait and take Mr. Millyard to his boarding-house.

Millyard required no pressing invitation to remain, though she suggested that her chef had warm luncheon and hot coffee waiting, for he remembered her intimation that she would probably tell him at her home whether she would marry him.

After lunch, wine and champagne, they returned to the drawing-room and took seats in the vis-à-vis chair.

"I presume of course," he began at once, "you have not forgotten a statement you made as we were coming from the opera? I do not wish to be unduly bold or too fast, but I feel, and in fact, fully know, that I could and would be happy all the time with you. I would do myself injustice and my conscience greater violence were I ever to do anything or fail to do anything that would cause you one moment's unhappiness. Will you not tell me to-night, please, that you will marry me?"

"Mr. Millyard, I believe I do love you," she said, demurely. "I have been unable to conceal it. You are so charming and have drawn me out so adroitly."

"Sweetie, will you let me marry you then?" He asked the question curiously, but he meant it, from what followed. "You have something of this world's goods while I have nothing but my profession and my brains. Were our souls united in fact as well as in the bonds of love I am sure we both would be happy. Please tell me to-night if you will consent to be my wife."

He held her hand between his two hands and gazed earnestly into her liquid, sparkling, hazel eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Millyard; I will."

Millyard as quickly cast one of his arms round her shapely shoulder and neck and, pressing her heaving bosom to his heart, planted kiss after kiss upon her beautiful crimson lips.

Looking into her glorious eyes, in rapturous demonstrations of exultant delight, he at length found the effort to say:

"Now I can call you Sweetie?"

"All the time," she softly replied, and closed her eyes.

"Kissing her again he asked: "When can I say, my Sweetie?" emphasizing the word "my."

"On that subject I have not seriously reflected. Of course it will have to be after you are acquitted of that miserable charge."

"Certainly. I could not think of having you marry me before that event. But I thought probably you could name the date and make it contingent as soon after that time as possible. I prefer not to have a long engagement. But I fear in my adoration I am overleaping bounds."

"Nay, nay," she said, halting in her speech and then adding: "I am so happy. It is a joy to have the love of a good, noble man."

"She got up and, walking into the other parlor, tapped the silver bell, then resumed her seat. When her maid appeared Miss de Ampbert said:

"Tell the butler to bring us a bottle of frappé wine." Then addressing Mr. Millyard after the maid was gone, she said: "These servants are all very much astonished; have their curiosity aroused. They never knew me to have a gentleman here this way before. They will make sure now that I am to be married. So I guess the sooner the better. We may as well arrange to be married immediately after you are acquitted. Then we can sail at once for Havre on one of our steamers and go to Paris, where I have a splendid home. It is furnished; a family has it in charge."

"You are a glorious woman," exclaimed Millyard. "And you are a business woman. You will have to teach me about my business."

"I thought lawyers knew all about business?"

"Some of them do. But I am young in the cause and know only some law and very little about business."

"Very well then, I will teach you about business."

The wine being brought in Miss de Ampbert told the butler to give the coachman at the door a glass of brandy and take one himself.

"I trust you will drink to her health," added Millyard.

"Are you sure you will love me always as you say you do now?" asked Miss de Ampbert in a serious manner.

"I hope I am not wanting in appreciation, and I should be if I did not," he answered.

Miss de Ampbert slapped her tiny hands, tossed her superb head backward and laughed merrily. They both felt their champagne.

"Speaking of my case and my probable acquittal," said Millyard, "Shakespeare explains the case wherein he says:

'A man may see how this world goes with no eyes;  
Look with ears; see how yon justice rails  
Upon yon simple thief? Hark in thine ear,  
Change places, and handy dandy,  
Which is the Justice, which is the thief?'

"I am being weighed in a tender balance scale. But I think a word from you to Mr. Villeguini, coupled with a gentle hint, will

stop the entire prosecution and persecution of me without a trial in court."

"The word and hint shall be given to-morrow morning, Mr. Millyard."

"Call me Alpha, please," said Millyard, rising. "I must, though reluctantly, depart. I am to stop overnight at the St. Charles hotel. Mr. Delarue will be waiting for me there."

"*Plus je vous voi, plus je vous aime*," said Miss de Ampbert, as Millyard walked out in the hallway.

"I do not comprehend," replied Millyard. "Can I come again to-morrow?"

"In the afternoon, of course, I shall expect you," she replied.

"Repeat that French, please." She repeated it.

"Please translate it for me."

"You must learn French; I am French. Look in the books for it."

Millyard was repeating as near as he could all the while he was being driven to the St. Charles hotel the French she had last spoken. He bethought himself just in time to refrain from asking the coachman the meaning of the words, so intently was he interested.

The register of the St. Charles showed that Alpha Millyard was "with" Mike Delarue, room 184. Delarue was "not in." It was midnight. To find his room-mate, if not his room, Millyard went to Johnnie's. Delarue was there waiting, half asleep.

"By all the powers above us!" exclaimed Delarue. "If you have done your duty you have made love to that fair lady!"

"Mike, I did not only make love, but it is genuine. I have become so desperately in love with the dear creature that it is a mania. Neither does it stop there: I proposed and have been accepted."

"Shake! By all the Saints, two shakes! Here, let's have a quart, not less, on that. Waiter," cried Mike, enthusiastically, "a quart of frappé champ."

"By Jove, Mike! I do not want so much."

"Eh, hey, had some down there, did you? That's all right. I expected as much. She has a thirty-by-forty-foot room full of all kinds. She is the best catch in New Orleans."

"Ah, Mike, and she is the most beautiful, the most refined, the most highly accomplished and the most intellectual. I have to prod my mind; and must needs go to school again or study more at home. Mike, you say you know her?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I told you I have known her since she was old enough to be known. She was not so awfully pretty as a girl, but she is now the most beautiful woman in all New Orleans. Some of the beneficiaries of her bounty, which is large, call her 'the lady of New Orleans!'"

"And such a graceful, easy carriage! She seems to glide. I like the Grecian outline and contour of her features; the sparkling, brilliant eyes, black tresses and such enchanting Hogarthian black arches over those large hazel eyes that they kindle love in the path of their rays. Teeth like pearls and the voice of a sainted angel. Cheeks like Solomon says of the roes that are twins, alabaster, with sufficient of the sunset glow immediately surrounding the dimples to lend a halo of enticing loveliness."

"Bravo, my boy! You describe the charming woman like a Shakespeare," exclaimed Delarue. "Fill your glass again."

"Mike, she is withal a business woman, too. I incidentally asked her about Villeguini and intimated what part he is playing. She was indignant and asked me to tell you to be sure and come to see her at her house to-morrow morning before eleven o'clock. I promised, and am anxious for you to comply."

"I will go, by Jove! even if it rains rocks!" shouted Delarue emphatically. "We used to have a little colored servant girl who would sit out on the front porch and watch for any one of the family to come home. When she saw one coming she would jump, clap her hands in ecstasy and exclaim: 'Dar he! dar he!' Now, not wishing to change the subject, but, 'dar he! dar he!' Look at Volney, as he is reflected in that mirror."

Millyard glanced at the mirror indicated. He saw Volney reflected in the big mirror at the back of the room from the one over the front door. Volney no doubt thought he was standing from their view.

Drinking to Millyard's success and happiness, Delarue added:

"Here is to the five hundred I shall strike Villeguini for to-morrow before he gets put out of the bank."

"Mike, if you do could you loan me a hundred to fit up for the occasion? I am to be married as soon as I am acquitted."

"You have made hay. Yes, two hundred. Half of it, my boy, two hundred and fifty. All, everything but twenty dollars."

"Gracious, Mike; you are too clever."

"Didn't you pick me up in the street? Am I not making the money off you and your misfortunes?"

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MISS DE AMPBERT DESCRIBES MILLYARD.

MIKE, how am I to manage about this dress suit in the morning?" remarked Millyard as they were undressing to retire for sleep. "I should not wear this coat on the streets in the day."

"O, fluke! Yes, you can. Get in the street car and ride up to your boarding-house."

"Say, Mike, what did the Rosenstins have to say?"

"Bertha is enraged with Villeguini. He had been there to see her and her father. He wanted her to be a witness and swear against you. She refused. She says she told him she never wanted to see him again. Rosenstin has calmed down and is taking things quite indifferently. He nor Bertha seems to have known anything about the charge against you for seduction until Villeguini told them. Bertha says the Recorder made the charge; but you know as well as I do it was Villeguini's work."

"I wish you would please tell Miss de Ampbert about that tomorrow."

"I will. I will tell the whole thing right straight through. Bertha had been away all night, gone to some woman's house where she stopped when she ran away the first time."

"I know; Miss de Ampbert told me. With Aunt Jane down on Dheumesneil street. Her sister is Miss de Ampbert's maid. That is the channel through which Miss de Ampbert gained her information about me. Miss Bertha told Aunt Jane and Aunt Jane told Miss de Ampbert."

"That is funny. Aunt Jane down on Dheumesneil street used to belong to my father. Her name is Jane Delarue."

"That is funny, too. So much the better," said Millyard. "See her also and get her to tell you everything she knows about it."

"I will do that very thing. I am glad you told me about this. Now I will get the complete history, as we historians say. Bertha says she will not go to your trial."

"But she must in order to exonerate me. Besides, if she does not attend it will give them grounds to continue the case."

"I will get Aunt Jane to persuade her to attend. That is if the grand jury should find a true bill."

"That is a fact," said Millyard in surprise. "The grand jury will have to indict me before I can be tried. Bertha will have to go before the grand jury before they can make an indictment. In my perplexity I had overlooked that important fact."

"Bertha declares she will not go. She says you never did her the least harm whatsoever and she will not appear against you."

"The grand jury," said Millyard, "cannot, there goes another button, present a true bill without evidence to support it. If she sticks to the truth, and I think she will, her testimony will be to the contrary for the finding of a true bill."

"I must hurry in the morning and get my five hundred dollars before the whole matter is a dead cock in the pit," lightly spoke Delarue.

"I am afraid I will not be able to collect half the money that is due me," said Millyard, making ready to jump on the bed.

"I will get money and you shall have it; and you will be a free man before next Monday night."

"Mike, you savor of a friend. Don't you know I am almost glad all this happened to me? It has brought me two good friends, Judge Cotton and yourself, and——"

"A beautiful and wealthy wife," added Delarue, as he bounded on to the bed.

"That is yet to happen," said Millyard, somewhat sadly.

"But she is your friend, to say the least of it. She has proved it," asserted Mike.

"Ah, indeed she has," responded Millyard, as he turned off the gas and got on the bed, saying: "*Plus je vois, plus je sème.*"

"*Plus je* what?" roared Mike, laughing. "Now you dream of Miss de Ampbert and I will dream of Villeguini."

"And that five hundred dollars?" inquiringly added Millyard.

Next morning after breakfast Millyard boarded a street car in front of the St. Charles hotel to go up-town and change coats. He happened to take a seat behind an acquaintance, who said:

"Good morning, Mr. Millyard. I saw you at the French Opera last night in the box with the charming Miss de Ampbert."

"Yes, thanks; I had that pleasure."

"O, my! but ain't she beautiful? She looked more charming

last night than I ever saw her. All glasses were turned toward her box. No one had ever seen her accompanied by a gentleman in her box before."

"Indeed!" retorted Millyard. "Then I do feel highly honored."

"I have long desired to become acquainted with her. I would be ever so pleased if I could get you to kindly make me acquainted with her. She has but few acquaintances, as I understand."

"I could not presume to present one to her without her permission. The fact is, I have not been acquainted with her long enough to warrant me in so doing. When I am acquainted with her a little while longer then I could make bold to request the pleasure of presenting a friend."

"Can you come and dine with me at the Shakespeare Club this afternoon?" That was one of the leading clubs of the city.

"You are very kind. I thank you. But I am not prepared to tell you just at present whether I can do so or not. Therefore, I will have to forego the pleasure this time."

Mr. Millyard got off the street car at his street and walked a couple of blocks to his boarding-house. He changed coats, wrote during two hours, then went down-town to look after his business affairs and to join Delarue.

These were stirring times in the eventful career of Alpha Millyard.

Aunt Jane being summoned by Miss de Ampbert, was at her mansion at an early hour in the morning.

"He bin here? What sort looking man is this Mr. Millyard?" inquired Aunt Jane of Miss de Ampbert. "Miss Berter says he is the handsomest gentleman she ever saw."

"I do not know your Miss Bertha, but I think she is a good judge in that respect, Aunt Jane," answered Miss de Ampbert. "I will try to describe Mr. Millyard to you; then you can judge for yourself:

"He is about my age, probably a year older, about five feet nine inches in height, weighs about a hundred and fifty-five pounds, stands erect like a Corinthian column, holds his head up like a Roman pro-consul, gray eyes like a lion, with an abundance of white around the glistening pupils; somewhat florid complexion, though soft, clear skin to show the finesse, black hair, lovely black mustache and imperial on his well-rounded chin, a strongly Cervantes contour of face, very marked in affable manners and alto-

gether exquisitely charming. His conversation delicious, inclined to the classic. In walking he uses his ankle joints and does not bob up and down. I think you would admire him, Aunt Jane. I first saw him at the Charity ball and admired him from the moment I laid my eyes on him. I thought he would seek my acquaintance that night, and when he did not I was quite disappointed."

"Well, I tell you, Miss Rittea; from what Miss Berter says about him and the way he acted with her, he is a gentleman, and a mighty good man," said Aunt Jane, earnestly. "Lem-me tell you, such good men as that ain't layin' round loose." Aunt Jane seemed to be a judge of men, too.

The arrival of Mr. Delarue, and Miss de Ampbert's determination to interview Mr. Villeguini interfered with her further conversation with Aunt Jane for the time being.

When Alpha Millyard repaired to Johnnie's about one o'clock he found Delarue waiting.

"Here, bring us a quart of the frappéd widow," shouted Delarue as Millyard entered.

"Did you make it?" eagerly inquired Millyard.

"And I've got 'er in my inside pocket," chuckled Delarue. "Wait till we have a good lunch and drink a couple of bottles of the good widow, then we will go back there privately and I will give it all to you except twenty dollars. You see, it don't take much to do me, only enough to get drinks and an occasional roost at the St. Charles. Besides, I have considerable of the hundred left."

"Yes, Mike; but if I get married to that lady I want you to be present and look your best." Delarue had already discarded his beggar clothing, but he knew Millyard referred to his habiliments.

"O, since I got a start, you give it to me, I can make money right along. I have a new front on me, don't you see I have? I got courage again. I am not cut out for a beggar; haven't got the shape and expression." Mike made a show of exhibiting his personal appearance.

"That is good. I am glad to hear of it," said Millyard. "You look well. You improve by wear. I collected some money this morning, but not enough to——"

"This is yours," interrupted Delarue. "You shall have every cent of it but the twenty. The old rascal tried to throw me off, but

I would not take nonsense. But I had to guarantee to him that you would leave New Orleans by the end of next week and without Bertha if you came clear."

"That is all right," said Millyard. "Your guarantee is safe. Did you see Miss de Ampbert?"

"Of course! Here, give us another quart of the widow. I told her all about the whole business. She was fearfully incensed against Villeguini. He is in a bad row of stumps. I got her to wait and not go see Villeguini until I had a chance to see him and get my five hundred. Every time I spoke about you, especially if it was anything pleasant, her eyes brightened, her cheeks glowed and she was in a quiver to hear more. I am witness, Alpha, that she loves you to her soul's deepest depth. When these French Creole women love, they just love all over."

"Did you see Aunt Jane?"

"By Jacks! I must see Aunt Jane this afternoon. I hurried for the five hundred before Miss de Ampbert got there. Her interview with Villeguini will break up the game. Just as well burn the deck, without the boy being on it, and leave the story incomplete."

"Tell me something what Miss de Ampbert said about me. I am an egotist and interested only in her."

"Great Scott or Jerry Jones! A thousand and one questions," said Delarue. "But all just to hear me talk about you. Among other things, she said she thought you was a charming gentleman. O, there is not a bit of doubt in my mind but that you are her ideal man. By the way, she is looking for you this afternoon."

"Yes, I told her I would come and I am going. When I got in the street car this morning I had an invitation from Mr. Edward Flowers to dine with him at the Shakespeare Club this afternoon. He wants to get acquainted with Miss de Ampbert. He said he saw us at the French Opera last night."

"Yes, all the bloods will be running after you now," returned Delarue.

"They must needs take it out in so doing. I have always been charged with being a thoroughbred, so I claim the benefit. Toadyism will make no impression with me."

"That is right, my boy; sensible to the last," said Delarue as he filled the glasses and emptied the second bottle.

"Here is one more to your happiness," he added.

Finishing their lunch and wine, Delarue invited Millyard into the back room. He produced a package of money from his inside waistcoat pocket and, drawing out a twenty-dollar bill, said:

"Here is the package of five hundred dollars just as Villeguini handed it to me, minus this twenty-dollar bill."

"Mike, I cannot permit myself to take all this from you. Three hundred dollars will be enough for me, with what I have and what I expect to collect."

"I will compromise on four hundred then," said Mike, "and you give me your bills. I will collect them for you or make your debtors give good reasons."

"Now that will do," acquiesced Millyard. "I am going to see Miss de Ampbert about four o'clock. I suppose you will go see Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, if you will put up with me at the St. Charles again to-night."

Repairing to Millyard's office he got his accounts and handed them to Delarue. Then they went to the office of Judge Cotton.

The Judge informed Millyard that his case would be brought before the grand jury the first thing after its organization Monday morning. This was very agreeable news to Millyard, who then said:

"Judge, could you let me off for twenty-five dollars towards your fee for the present? I desire to pay you that amount now."

"Certainly, young man, as you are a brother lawyer and in trouble. If it inconveniences you in any way you need not pay at present."

"The truth is, my business has suffered during my troubles. I collected some to-day, but not near all. Mr. Delarue has kindly loaned me some of what he got from Villeguini to-day. I am to be married as soon as I am free and clear of this charge against me."

"What?" exclaimed the Judge. "Not to that girl, I hope?"

"Not by any means, Judge," replied Millyard. "But to the lady who signed my bond."

"Ah, Mr. Millyard! *Audaces fortuna juvat*," good-humoredly exclaimed the Judge. "I thought there must be something in that transaction. Well, sir, you have my wish for very much joy and unclouded happiness. Keep the twenty-five dollars until a more convenient season."

"You are very kind, Judge," said Millyard. "Fortune favors the brave sometimes, but not all the time."

"But the brave deserve the fair," quickly interposed Delarue.

"When I am cleared," continued Millyard, "exonerated of this charge, which I hope you will see that I am, I shall in all probability get married at once quietly and immediately leave for Paris. Can I ask as a favor that you be present at my marriage?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly. With much pleasure. Just let me know the time and place."

Millyard and Delarue went their way, Millyard to see Mademoiselle de Ampbert and Delarue to consult Aunt Jane.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## MILLYARD'S FIRST PRACTICAL LESSON.

NEARING Miss de Ampbert's mansion Alpha Millyard began thinking of the French phrase she had quoted to him the evening previous. He longed to know its meaning in English.

As Miss de Ampbert entered the parlor to greet him she slapped her little hands together, exclaiming:

*"Plus je vous vois, plus je vous aime!"*

Hurrying to greet her with a gallant salute, Millyard inquired the meaning of the words in English.

"I am tantalized," he said. "Those words rang in my ears and were in my mind all last night. I was trying to think of them while on my way here. You spoke them so sweetly. I know they mean something nice else you would not have said them."

"There, you are sweet of speech as usual. I am glad you have come. We will sit in our chair."

"I have much good news to tell you. I have just parted from Mr. Delarue. He is going to see Aunt Jane. She formerly belonged to his father. We had been to Judge Cotton's office. He said he would get me to be a free man again next Monday immediately after court opens."

"Then——" She halted in her speech.

"Then," interposed Millyard, seeing that she hesitated, "we will be married just as soon as you can—allow me. I am beginning to feel myself again."

"The sooner the better," she said, nodding her head. "Aunt Jane? Her name sure enough is Jane Delarue. I had not thought of that. She was here to see me this morning and again this afternoon. She said Miss Bertha was at her house all night. Aunt Jane told her, which she ought not to have done, that you were to be here for dinner to-day. Bertha was annoyed about it."

Did Mr. Delarue get the five hundred dollars from Mr. Villeguini?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, and gave me the largest part of it. He is a noble man. Villeguini paid it under an agreement that he would have me away from New Orleans by the end of next week and without Miss Bertha. I would not have her, I could not. So he is safe in that part of the bargain."

"Yes, and in the other also," said Miss de Ampbert. "I saw Mr. Villeguini soon after Mr. Delarue was at the bank. I told him plainly that he should lose his position in the bank and be exposed if he did not have you exonerated, and at once. I told him he had to put it in the newspapers and to do it in such way that it would bring no reproach upon you or your friends. He agreed to do it and said he would have it in Sunday's papers. That is day after to-morrow."

"Sweet woman, my Sweetie," pathetically cried Millyard. "I do not know how I shall ever be able to reward you sufficiently for your goodness and great kindness to me."

"Remain and dine with me," she said, laughing merrily.

"That will I gladly do. But I must reward you better than that."

"Love me; love me much, very much, as hard as you can," said she with emphasis, shrugging her shoulders and laughing again.

"I am already enjoying that blissfully exhilarating sensation," retorted Millyard, "and it is happiness to know that it is returned."

"Continue so through life. That will reward me."

"I swear I will. Kiss me."

There were two souls with one thought, two hearts that were beating in unison.

Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth.  
The pride of genius with the pride of birth.

Mr. Millyard, gallant fellow, saluted her again; probably several times. Demurely he asked:

"If I come clear on Monday shall we be married next week?"

"If you say so, love," she replied sweetly.

"It would please me. Say about Wednesday or Thursday."

"There is one of our steamers to leave Wednesday evening. It will go down the river and be ready to cross the bar at daylight

Thursday morning. I have an interest in the company and prefer to go on one of our steamers. If you say so I will speak to our agent here to-morrow to reserve and prepare for me the best suite of staterooms."

"Then we can be married at high noon on Wednesday?" joyfully suggested Millyard. "But at which church?"

"I was partly educated in a Roman Catholic convent. Here in New Orleans, however, I have attended a little Episcopal Mission Church. I go there to help those people. They are poor."

"That suits me exactly. I am an Episcopalian."

"Splendid, as you Georgians sometimes say. Then we can have a five-o'clock dinner at home. I shall have only one lady friend to attend and the servants, who are so good to me."

"I would be pleased to have Judge Cotton and Mr. Delarue present."

"That will be the very thing. They can be witnesses."

"I will see the Rector of the mission," suggested Millyard, "so that he will be sure to be at home and ready for us on Wednesday."

"No, no, no! You let me see him. I will speak with him Sunday after services. You must come and attend church with me."

"I will be happy to do so. I have not accompanied a lady to church in nearly three years. It was quite the vogue with us for a gentleman to accompany a lady to church."

Miss de Ampbert got up and tapped the little bell. Resuming her seat, she said:

"Talking over these business affairs of our marriage you have become *ennui*; we must have some wine. But you do not drink much, do you?"

"Very little," replied Millyard. "I have drank more recently than altogether previously. I shall prefer to do my drinking at home. You can then see how much and how little I do drink."

"That is the best way for a gentleman to do."

Her maid appearing, Miss de Ampbert gave an order for the steward to bring a bottle of wine. When the wine was brought Miss de Ampbert offered a toast, hoping that the article would appear as it should all right in the papers Sunday morning, and that he would be acquitted of the charge against him on Monday morning.

Responding to the toast, Alpha Millyard impulsively said:

"Thank you, my dear Rittea; and that——"

Miss de Ampbert interrupted, saying quickly in return:

"I thought the wine would revive the lurking *estro* of your feelings. That is the first time you have deigned to call me plain Rittea."

"It will be a pleasure to call you Rittea all the time. By the way, is there an 'h' at the end of Rittea?"

"Nix," she quickly spoke in reply, laughing.

"I do not speak German," he said with a twinkle in his eyes. "But I would be pleased to become your pupil to learn French."

"Very well. I give you your first lesson after dinner, Alpha."

"I am so happy," exclaimed Millyard. "You called me plain Alpha. That is the way we young people addressed each other when I was at school. The rapid progress of my wooing has quite dazed me."

"Because you addressed each other by your given names when you were at school is the foundation for your schoolboy dream or fancy of love, I suppose?"

"I presume, to some extent," Millyard replied. "But I have freed that lady from my mind. I wrote her a letter day before yesterday and informed her I am going to Europe. I have no doubt she is engaged to another, married, for aught I know. I trust she is and has a good husband."

"I shall never again twit you about her or any other lady," said Miss de Ampbert, stroking her delicate fingers through Millyard's soft hair above the forehead.

"My dear Rittea, that will be very sweet of you. It pains a man, as it no doubt does a woman also, to have his sincerity doubted, even seemingly, by one whom he really loves. That is, if he is a man who is sincere. Though jealousy were a handy thing to have."

"I shall never do so again. There now," said she with emphasis, as she kissed him, "you see I seal it."

Both of them had made assertions of which they knew but little. It is wise in one to seriously consider before making assertions as to what they will surely do in the future.

The dinner-bell jingled.

"Come, we will walk out to dinner," said Mademoiselle.

Mr. Millyard gallantly took her right arm and placed it under and over his left arm. Thus they marched to the dining-room.

The servants eyed them closely, especially so with regard to Millyard, who had his black mustache curled at the tips. He was looking his best. Miss de Ampbert was handsomely, in fact, gorgeously, gowned.

It was these little things, together with the dining on two successive days and the French Opera in between which caused the servants to begin wondering if something unusual was going to happen.

Finishing their dinner with wine and coffee, the blissful dreaming pair returned to the drawing-room.

She asked him if they should attend the opera again, to which he replied that he was at her service. She then gave the order to her maid:

"Tell the coachman to have the carriage ready for the opera. Tell him to turn down the top and take the white horses."

"Do you not wish to smoke? Or do you smoke?" she asked.

"Sometimes I smoke, but very seldom. I prefer not to smoke now. I prefer to hear you sing and play."

Miss de Ampbert played some classic instrumental pieces and sang a few songs.

"What about that lesson in French?" Millyard inquired.

"You can come to-morrow and receive ze first lesson in ze French."

"Zat will give me ze chance to come again. But, you see, I wish to learn that French phrase which you quoted to me so sweetly."

"Ah! I will tell you what that means: 'The more I see you, the more I like you.'"

"I should say: 'The more I see you, the more I love you,'"

he retorted.

"That is the correct rendition," she replied.

"Beautiful! I say the same to you."

"But you must say something original. You say them so nicely."

"When I get in your company evrvthing nice I wanted to say goes out of my head, like a candle blown out, listening to what you say."

"There, that is nice. Thank you."

Miss de Ampbert had been softly stroking the piano keys during these remarks. They continued their conversation until time to depart for the opera.

When she returned to the parlor gorgeously attired ready for the opera Millyard suddenly remarked:

"There, I have been so delightfully entertained and interested that I forgot all about my dress suit."

"Do not worry yourself about that, Alpha. What is good enough for you to wear in my presence should be good enough for other people. I have an idea that a gentleman should deport himself at all times as if his sweetheart was looking right at him."

"That was my first practical lesson in life," said Millyard.

"I thought so. That is why you are always so agreeable and charming."

Between acts they were again the cynosure of scores of eyes directed at them through *lorgnettes*.

Returning to Miss de Ampbert's home after the opera, Mr. Millyard again became her guest at luncheon, and, at a late hour, her coachman conveyed him to the St. Charles hotel.

The lives of the happy twain were rapidly blending into one.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## VILLEGUINI BROUGHT TO TERMS.

"AUNT JANE told me the whole story," said Delarue, no longer lean and hungry, as he flung himself on the bed, to be followed in a minute by Millyard. "She said Villeguini had been to see her only an hour before I got there and that he was furious. He wanted to give her money not to say anything about what Bertha had told her, but Aunt Jane refused the money. Then he told her he would try and get the parties to drop the whole matter on Monday if she would agree not to tell any one else anything about the affair. Jane told him she had already told Miss de Ampbert everything.

"Bertha came while I was there. She told Aunt Jane you should not marry Miss de Ampbert."

"I guess Miss de Ampbert will be the sole judge in that matter, for we are plighted, and by my troth, it shall be no fault of mine if I do not marry her," exclaimed Millyard.

"Well, my dear boy," said Mike, "you are the quickest wooer I ever saw, and lucky! Good gracious! Have you set the day?"

Millyard informed him they had, and added: "That is if I come clear."

"O, you will come clear now. Villeguini is having fits and ague, prefixed and suffixed by fever. His physical make-up cannot stand the strain. I knew if Miss de Ampbert saw him before I did I would not get the five hundred dollars."

"Yes, she told me she saw him and laid some law down to him. He agreed to have something exonerating me published in the papers Sunday morning."

"I am afraid you are going to have trouble with that Bertha," sadly said Delarue. "She was very ugly about the idea of your marrying Miss de Ampbert. Aunt Jane innocently told her that she expected you two would be married after your troubles are over. Bertha became furious. I left her there. She said she was

going to send for Villeguini. But I guess he will steer clear of her, at least for a while."

"I hope I will never see the girl again," asserted Millyard. "She has been my bane, but is also likely to be my star-eyed goddess of fortune. Without her in my path I would probably never have met Miss de Ampbert."

"True enough, sir, true enough," asserted Delarue. "And give Bertha rope, she will tangle her feet and break the legs on which she pedals."

"I am afraid she will drown herself," said Millyard. "She intimated that line of self-destruction. She seems to be infatuated with my shadow even, and her troubles at home have made her a desperate woman."

"There is, I think, a verse in the Beggar's Opera which runs something like this:

'No wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter;  
For when she's drest with cost and care,  
All tempting, fine and gay;  
She'll serve herself, as one should a cucumber,  
And fling herself away.'

"It appears to me as though she may fling herself away."

"O, well, that will be another poor silly woman gone the way of the world," replied Delarue.

"You look at it differently from what I do, Mike. You have seen so much of the wickedness in life you are case-hardened. I am yet young and probably too sympathetic."

"She is going to try to ruin you," retorted Mike. "See if she doesn't."

"I can't imagine how she will do it."

"Women find ways men think not of when they are desperate. You said she is desperate. I discovered down there this afternoon that she is at least on that road. Villeguini will aid her, secretly, all he can to ruin you."

Next morning, Saturday, Delarue went collecting for Millyard. The latter reported at his boarding-house. He informed Mr. Frank and his family that he would probably be married the next Wednesday and leave the city at once. After writing a couple of hours he returned down-town. After visiting the office where he had a desk he repaired to Johnnie's and found Delarue patiently waiting.

Delarue explained that he had collected two hundred and twenty dollars and had promises for more on Monday. He declined Millyard's offer for him to take a hundred and twenty of the money for his drinks and "roosting" at the St. Charles, telling Millyard laughingly to offend him no more; then added:

"I am on my feet again; I have the promise of a 'sit.' in a wholesale grocery house on Gravier street."

"Situation? Fortune wipes her eyes and smiles," exclaimed Millyard.

"You supplied the handkerchief, now you don't want to allow me to treat you square," pleaded Delarue, rather sorrowfully.

"Well, Mike, just as you say. Have it your way. You shall never want for necessities as long as I have anything."

As they emerged from Johnnie's, Millyard remarked:

"I have an engagement to go back there again at four o'clock and take a lesson in French."

"By jings, my boy, you are making something better than hay."

"Heretofore I deemed it silly, but now I fully understand why a man who is sincerely in love does not, cannot, remain away from his love. It seems too long until four o'clock. But a man in haste, like too many clams at a bake, makes waste."

"Yes, that has ever been the way with ardent wooers."

"I think I will decline to remain for dinner unless she insists."

"O, well, you will not be back here before twelve o'clock to-night."

Sharp at four o'clock Alpha Millyard was again in one of the parlors of the grand De Ampbert mansion.

"So you have come for the lesson in French?" in soft musical cadence said Miss de Ampbert. "When I was out in the city to-day I stopped at a bookstore and purchased the proper book, so that I can teach you sure enough. You can learn a little here, catch the idea, and when we are in Paris you can secure a French teacher."

"I prefer that you teach me," said Millyard, quite earnestly.

"That is very nice. It is quite true we shall have not much of anything else to do except to see the sights, visit the art-galleries and museums; but you will need a teacher who makes it his business to teach English-speaking people how to speak pure Parisian French."

Telling him that he was fatigued, she rang the little silver bell

and gave an order for wine. Millyard's protest that he should not remain for dinner was summarily dealt with by the reply that he must. She added :

"We must attend the opera again to-night. You see, I am a subscriber and have to pay for the box by the season whether I occupy it or not. We must attend every night while we remain here in New Orleans."

Wine was brought by the steward, who was a white man, a Frenchman; stiff-backed, high-headed, hair trimmed pompadour and side whiskers.

Miss de Ampbert ordered the steward to tell the coachman she was going to the opera and to give him a wine-glass of brandy.

"You may have some also," she added.

"Give the chef some," suggested Millyard.

"Yes, give them all some," exclaimed Miss de Ampbert.

"Brandy, if they want it. I feel so happy."

"Before drinking your wine?" naïvely inquired Millyard.

"I am intoxicated by you, with your being here."

"Glorious," he exclaimed, gently clapping his hands.

"You are so deferential to my wishes," she continued. "Will you be thus always?"

"Yea, even more so. I could not be otherwise," Millyard replied. "If I am not, you must gently rebuke me. I do not like harsh language; it excites me. I cannot placidly hear other people quarrel. It unnerves me so that I invariably get out of hearing as quickly as possible."

"I am glad of that. You will never hear harsh language from me. I do not know what it is."

She proposed that they ride out the shell road after dinner, before the opera, to which Millyard agreed.

She rang the little silver bell again. When a maid appeared she ordered that the coachman have the open carriage and white horses ready immediately after dinner, adding: "And you have my apparel ready at once."

"What will you do with all this retinue of servants while we are gone to Paris?" inquired Alpha.

"I will take my maid and the steward with us, leave the chef and some of them here and send the remainder to my plantation. I propose that we shall remain in Paris at least three years, except what time we may be traveling over the Continent and visiting the watering-places during their season. You will from

this observe that I have already made my plans. I have studied over this while you were away. I wish to make you happy."

"I am happy enough in you, in your love."

"That is lovely. We will do then just as we may desire at the time. But enough of business affairs for the present. Let us converse about something more interesting. Say something sweet to me."

"I wish I were lovely, like you," he said.

"When you do say something it is to the point," laughing merrily, she retorted. "It strikes to the quick. I think you are lovely. It is you who are making me feel lovely."

"An uncouth, unpolished young man as I feel that I am, could not be lovely. But I hope I will grow better with experience with you as my incentive and my guide."

"I do not wish you any better than what you are."

When Miss de Ampbert returned from her apartments after dinner she was gowned in a beautiful evening costume. Calling her maid she said: "Bring me a darker garment than this opera cloak; I will leave this one here until we return from our drive."

They went far out on the shell road, across the bayou and down it on the west side to the roadside inn near Lake Pontchartrain. This is a most delightful carriage drive. The wide thoroughfare soft and velvety, the grand lake mapped out in the wide expanse, the great city in outline above the horizon to the east and south-east, not a hill or knoll in the perspective, the bayou running straight alongside the shell road like a grand canal.

The opera-house was crowded that night, almost as if it were a Sunday first-night. Betwen acts opera-glasses were pointed at the happy couple from all directions. There were also present the same two ladies, the one from Savannah and the other from the blue grass of Kentucky, whom Mr. Millyard saw the first night he was there with Miss de Ampbert. At the end of the second act they both bowed to Millyard.

"I wish I could meet your lady friends," said Miss Rittea. "They certainly recognized you and bowed."

"It is too late now. We will not have the opportunity before we are to leave New Orleans."

Arriving at her home after the opera, Miss de Ampbert again requested Mr. Millyard to come in the house and take luncheon. During lunch Millyard recounted what Delarue had said Bertha

told Aunt Jane concerning him. Whereupon Miss de Ampbert said:

"I would warn you: beware of Miss Bertha. She bodes no good but evil to you. If by chance you should see her pay no attention to her or what she says. Pass her in silence. From what Aunt Jane says, if you do she will abuse you."

"I will do as you say. That was my intention."

That night a few minutes before twelve by the city clock, Mr. Millyard handed Miss de Ampbert's coachman a bill of U. S. currency as he parted from him in front of the St. Charles hotel.

Millyard and Delarue repaired to Johnnie's.

"You are prompt to meet my expectations," said Mike.

"How is that?" demanded Millyard.

"I told you that you would not be back here until twelve o'clock," answered Delarue.

"Look here, Mike; there is one thing in life a man is excusable for making himself a silly idiot about," said Millyard, earnestly. "You see, she is absolutely irresistible. I will do anything she says for me to do. Talk about hypnotism, or headnotism. I am in it for anything she says. I am enlisted for life for her pleasure, not mine." They had been at Johnnie's about ten minutes when Mike suggested that it was then one o'clock.

"Let the hours slide; I want Wednesday to come," retorted Millyard.

Being up so late caused them to sleep late Sunday morning. Millyard bought all the Sunday papers. In two of them there appeared a nicely-worded article about Mr. Alpha Millyard exculpating him from any complicity in attempting to abduct Miss Bertha Rosenstin and denying all the charges in any way reflecting upon him with regard to her in any fashion whatsoever.

"I told you Miss de Ampbert would bring Villeguini to time," said Mike, exultantly. This is not the last time I will tell you truly."

Millyard informed Delarue after breakfast that he would walk to his boarding-house, make a change of clothing, ride down in a Barronne street car and meet him at Johnnie's. After which he was going to church with Miss de Ampbert.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THAT AWFUL BAR-SINISTER RACE.

THE lanes that fork unknown, the bridges that are suddenly gone, the horses that stubbornly balk, the engines that collide and the ships that wreck are all in the catalogue of possible catastrophes and may or may not be expected. Thoughtful persons equip themselves as far as can be done against such mishaps.

Alpha Millyard was well equipped and thoughtful; yet he was not omniscient any more than other men as to dangers which might beset him.

As he was crossing Poydras street when walking up St. Charles street going to his boarding-house after leaving the hotel he met Bertha Rosenstin face to face before he saw the girl.

His first thought was of what his betrothed had said.

Bertha's big, brown eyes flashed wildly at him as she sullenly exclaimed:

"I understand you are going to marry that Miss de Ampbert. You would not marry me. You deceived me by telling me you had an affianced tar-heel in North Carolina. Have you forgotten her so soon? I will sue you for breach-of-promise. Rittea de Ampbert, indeed! She is nothing but an octoroon. Ah, ha! Going to marry an octoroon, part negress. Her mother is a quadroon; ha, ha, a mulatto. Her ancestors black. Ha, ha! Negroes, a negro and a negress. Fine gentleman you are. Now aren't you ashamed of yourself? Reject Bertha Rosenstin, of rich and aristocratic lineage, for the near-by descendant of a negress! I will go to that court to-morrow and have you sent to the penitentiary."

This was not all she said, either.

Miss Bertha Rosenstin was exhibiting her degeneracy from her aristocratic lineage and breeding. But she was a curious girl. She followed Millyard during her remarks and the crowd followed them both.

Alpha Millyard, exasperated to desperation, but restraining himself, walked briskly but not too rapidly, and said never a word in reply to the startling statements to which he was forced to listen. Bertha Rosenstin's loud shouting, as well as the language augmented the followers by every one in hearing or passing. It was a strange scene.

Finally Mr. Millyard got away from his tormentor without having said a word in reply. But when he got free he had thoughts. They were more desultory and startling than curious.

"I wonder if that beautiful, sweet woman is an octoroon?" he mused. "No, no, no; that is impossible. She is a French Creole. As white as white can be. O, pshaw! Bertha is simply insanely jealous. She will say anything to try and break off my marriage. She said she would, and that I should never marry any one else if I did not marry her. Rittea advised me to pay no attention to what she said, which was prophetic, and that is what I did and what I must do. I will renounce this Rosenstin female from my thoughts. I perceive now she is not the proper sort of woman for me to be acquainted with, much less to marry. Yes, a woman who loves, either loves well or hates hard, like a mule kicks. I'll no more of her."

When Millyard met Delarue at Johnnie's he gleefully and humorously recounted the episode with Bertha.

"You must not tell Miss de Ampbert what Bertha said about her," said Mike, dolefully.

"I must tell Miss de Ampbert about the woman abusing me, but not about the vile language. I must also refrain from telling her that Bertha said she is an octoroon. That would break the dear woman's heart. Bertha's language about Rittea is as absurdly and outrageously false as it would be for her to sue me for breach of promise. However, Bertha Rosenstin cannot keep me from marrying Miss de Ampbert. No one can except Miss de Ampbert herself."

"O, shucks! Bertha is just crazy jealous. That's all there is to it," said Delarue, as he ordered another bottle of "champ."

Millyard accompanied Miss de Ampbert to church; they went in her carriage. When services were over Miss de Ampbert remained and held a conversation with the Rector. She arranged for him to perform a marriage ceremony at the church on the next Wednesday at high noon.

While riding back to her home from church Millyard took occasion to relate certain features of the Bertha Rosenstin abusing episode.

"What else did she say?" eagerly inquired Miss de Ampbert, she seemed to know intuitively there was something being withheld. Probably Millyard made a bad mess at concealing it.

"She said: 'You are going to marry that Miss de Ampbert, are you? Reject Bertha Rosenstin? I will sue you for breach of promise. I will go to court to-morrow and have you sent to the penitentiary.' I do not recall all she did say. Mike says she is crazy jealous. That is the way it also seems to me. I told Mike there was but one person who could prevent me from marrying you, and that person was you yourself."

"Darling Alpha," she exclaimed. "You are a noble man. I have had presentiments. But now I have them no longer. I shall be yours to Eternity."

Mr. Millyard did not see or think of the future only as it concerned the happiness of Rittea de Ampbert. He said in reply:

"Darling Rittea, if I could love more than I did I now love you and adore you more than ever."

"O, goodness! I am so happy!" Looking upward without moving her head she closed the lids over her beautiful sparkling eyes as if in token of unreserved submission to his will.

Arriving at her home she insisted that Mr. Millyard come in the house.

"You have nothing to do up-town. If you have, let it go until to-morrow. Please come in and remain with me until after dinner."

"I cannot resist your will or wish. You are too sweet for me. The only thing that stands between it now is I promised Mike to meet him at Johnnie's immediately after I returned from church. He will wait there, till night in moping laze if I come not."

"If wine is what you want I have all kinds and brandies too; much more I guess than Johnnie has. Oh, I tell you. Go see Mike, I mean Mr. Delarue, and tell him that I say for him to come here at five o'clock and dine with us. Then you come right back; take the carriage. Sarah, tell the coachman to bring the carriage back to the front and take Mr. Millyard up-town and bring him back here again."

"I can return inside of an hour," said Alpha.

"Please do not remain very long," pleaded Rittea, as Millyard was going out.

In New Orleans on Sunday, cafés and saloons are operated on the United States plan, the open-door policy, the same as on any other day.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## FROM BEGGAR TO FRENCH OPERA.

"WELL, Mike, old boy," said Millyard, "I knew you would be waiting and secured respite only for a brief period in order not to disappoint you, so we must be quick in what we say and do. I left my lady's carriage at the St. Charles waiting my return."

"First and foremost I must mention that I have a special pressing invitation from her for you to come and dine with us at five."

"Good, by thunder! I will do it," exclaimed Delarue. "Here, waiter; give us a bottle, quick."

"A small one," added Millyard quickly.

Mr. Millyard lunched with Miss de Ampbert and they enjoyed each other's society during the afternoon. When Mr. Delarue arrived he was dressed in the very height of fashion. His dandy appearance attracted the attention of both Miss de Ampbert and Millyard.

"I am glad you have come," said Miss de Ampbert. "Mr. Millyard seems to want you somewhere near him all the time."

"I hope by so doing he does not excite any undue feeling in any one," courteously but mischievously said Delarue. "I am sure I like to be with him."

"But you must not prevent him from seeing about other affairs," retorted Miss de Ampbert, naively.

"By Jove! I cannot keep him away from you without lock and key, even if I desired," replied Delarue.

She looked askance at Millyard and smiled.

When the champagne was served after the courses at dinner Mr. Delarue proposed a toast. He said:

"I propose the health, long life and happiness of the happiest couple in all New Orleans—present company, except myself."

"Clink the glasses!" exclaimed Miss de Ampbert.

"And repeat the delicious quaff," said Millyard, who then proceeded to relate an anecdote illustrating Delarue's exception.

When they had finished the second draught—never, however, drinking more than half of the wine from the glasses before the steward, the tall, straight, stiff-necked, spruce Frenchman, would fill the glasses again—Miss de Ampbert said:

"I propose a toast to our friend and guest. May he live long, continue to be our friend through life, and always prosper."

"Suppose we make that a bumper?" said Millyard.

The good old butler kept the glasses filled.

Presently, it being his turn, Millyard said:

"I propose a toast in which our guest will I believe join me heart and soul. The one (emphasizing "the") above all others; she who makes our hearts so glad, and gives us such good cheer, in beauty, voice and smile and dish and cup unsurpassed; she who is so radiant in goodness and loveliness, our fair, charming hostess."

"We will have to drink that standing and bowing," said Mr. Delarue, rising to his feet while Millyard did the same, Miss de Ampbert quickly following in like manner, smiling and bowing in return.

The steward placed a wine-glass of French brandy at each plate, which they drank and then repaired to the parlors. Conversation ran merry for a while. At length Delarue excused himself on the ground that:

"Two mates are good company and the third person is in the way."

"I guess I will show Mr. Delarue the way up-town," said Millyard, rising.

"O, no, don't you go," pleadingly said Miss de Ampbert, emphasizing "you." Addressing Delarue she continued: "Mr. Delarue, it will be agreeable if you will please come back and go with us to the French opera. They have a splendid bill to-night."

"If you really desire it I will do so," replied Delarue.

"I have said so. I wish you would, please."

"You will contribute to the pleasure, Mike, I mean, Mr. Delarue," added Millyard.

"All right then, I will come." Mike had evidently hesitated before accepting the invitation in order to discover whether it

would be agreeable to Millyard. At the last, however, it was decided that Alpha should go and return with Mike.

The trio went to the French opera in Miss de Ampbert's landau and occupied her box.

Returning to her home they partook of wine and a hot lunch. As Millyard and Delarue were about to depart Miss de Ampbert suggested :

"You must come here to-morrow immediately after you are freed of the charge. I shall await your coming."

Millyard responded to the effect that his heart was set upon it.

While they were walking up the street, Mike said :

"Alpha, that woman is your goddess and you are her god. She loves you nigh to distraction."

"It is deliciously sweet; don't you think so, Mike?"

"Yes; I wooed once, and won. But my sweet wife died," replied Mike, sorrowfully. "I was left alone. It was then I commenced going down. I have a room at the residence of my married sister. Her husband would never do anything else for me, even when I was down. But I suppose he had as much as he could do to take care of his own family. He has five children. Well, I really did not want him to do anything for me, only to let me roost there when I wanted to, until I could some day get a start again. Now, that I have a start I shall pay him rent, though I shall be there but little if any of my time."

Arriving at the St. Charles hotel, Mike asked: "How will it do to nightcap before going to our room? I feel sad."

"We have night-capped with that French brandy; but if you feel sad, Mike, I suppose it may serve to cheer you, whether I can or not." •

Being in their room preparing to retire in bed Delarue burst out suddenly :

"From a street beggar to a rich lady's French Opera box in ten days! By thunder! Ain't that rolling? Blast that button! It's off—and with her too—the one that was so exclusive. You don't know how humiliating it is to be a beggar."

"No, I never tried it, Mike," interrupted Millyard.

"I hope you will never have to," retorted Mike. "It pains me; it racks me; it stirs my blood; it cows my very soul and harrows every nerve to meet a man of whom I have begged and been refused. I will never beg another cent if I starve to death in the midst of plenty. If Miss de Ampbert had known that ten days

ago I begged on the streets of New Orleans she would not ever have taken me with her into her private box at the French Opera house, although she knew that my father was once wealthy."

"Yes, but she did know it," retorted Millyard. "I told her all about you and about our first meeting."

"Well, well, thunderation. I love her myself."

"But you see, Mike, she likes you on my account," suggested Alpha.

"O, yes, yes, yes; I know that," returned Mike reflectively. "Well then, I love her on your account, because she loves you and you are going to marry her. There is not another woman who would take me to the opera with her under the circumstances."

"Right you are, Mike. There is not another woman like her."

"I coincide with you there, too."

"Well, to-morrow will tell the tale," said Millyard, dolefully.

"And it will be all right, a tale adorned with peace and joy. Put out the gas."

"All right, but that brings up another subject," said Millyard. "Your expression about the transition in ten days from a street beggar to be the escort of a fine lady to the French opera reminds me. Look in your mind's eye, see that assemblage of people. Tell me, are each and every one of them going to heaven? If not, which one of them do you think will be left?"

"Well, I see in my mind's eye that sleek, fat, chubby man with the round, clean-shaved face, black derby hat, black cravat, business suit, sack coat, and withal a fairly wealthy man. You can see him on the street every day except Sunday, then you can see him at church. I think he is absolutely sure to miss entering the portals of heaven."

"Why, what's the matter with him?" asked Millyard.

"He looks all right enough, it is true," replied Mike. "But he got his puny brother, who was diseased and ready to die, to insure his life very heavily, nearly a hundred thousand, and then to commit suicide. His brother left a will appointing him executor. He then set about and swindled his brother's widow and her two children, his nephew and his niece, out of the whole amount, except two thousand dollars. He held out to the widow that she would get nothing if he was to divulge how her husband met his death."

"Do you see any others?"

"There is Villeguini."

"O, he can repent, reform, as the vogue goes and be forgiven," said Alpha. "All reformers go to heaven, don't they?"

"Thunder and lightning!" whooped Mike. "If they do, no wonder the whole kit are on the exodus reformward. Who is it that does not reform, or say they do? Reform? Yes. That is as easy as turtles sliding off logs into the water. But to repent; none but a true repentor can be a true reformer, and it is awful hard for a true repentor to fully reform. The thief yelled 'Stop the thief.' The poor fellow who had committed the sin or statute crime, cried out in agony and repentance, 'I have reformed.' Straightway several persons took it up and proclaimed that they had 'reformed.' The crowd of people on the other corner took up the refrain, and such a wholesale lot of howling 'Reformers' was never known. It seemed that every person had been doing something from which they had 'reformed.' Yet, look, individually they had done nothing wrong. They only joined the Reform Howlers' Club in order to set an example."

"Mike, you would be excellent timber for a dominie. Your views are theologically orthodox. I try to keep in mind the first verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew. Still somehow I cannot refrain from frequently thinking of some men that, should I get to heaven and find them there, I would get in a corner and flock by myself. Which side do you want to sleep on?"

"I think as you do about those things. I don't care which side. Tumble in; I'll put out the gas. None but the brave deserve the fair, none but the rich can have red hair," exclaimed Mike as the gas was extinguished. Adding, as he tumbled on the bed: "Over there is, h-e-r, her; add, as we English say, a he, and she is here."

"The 'ludicrousness' of that remark is so transparent that I see through it at once," retorted Millyard, in conclusion.

Their hotel life, though limited to lodging and breakfasts was aiding to cement the pleasant relations between Alpha Millyard and Mike Delarue, as can readily be discerned.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## PREPARING FOR THE WEDDING.

MONDAY morning at nine o'clock Millyard and Delarue were at the law office of Judge Cotton discussing the situation, and Judge Cotton decided upon a line of action. At ten o'clock they were at the court-room. The grand jury was being organized. Half an hour later the assistant prosecuting attorney came to Judge Cotton and said:

"The grand jury returns no true bill against your client, Mr. Alpha Millyard. I will ask for an order to have him discharged and the surety on his bond released."

It was not long before this was done, the Judge presiding remarking: "It seems to the court that the accused in this case has good cause for action against some person, or persons."

Mr. Millyard stood well at the bar among those who knew him.

"If your honor please, I am looking into that feature of the case," were the remarks of Judge Cotton.

Mr. Millyard proceeded as rapidly as the man possibly could to the mansion of Miss de Ampbert. Dashing into the house past the butler, Millyard yelled: "Rittea!" Miss de Ampbert came rushing down-stairs.

"I am clear!" Millyard shouted. "I am clear! I am free!"

Miss de Ampbert threw her arms around his neck in an ecstasy of joy and resting her face upon his shoulder, softly sobbed:

"I knew you would be, but I am so glad."

Raising her head Mr. Millyard placed a hand on each side of her fair face and kissing, then caressing her, said:

"Darling, you are shedding tears; give me your handkerchief and let me wipe them from your cheeks."

"They are tears of joy for you, on your account, and mine." She said this in that superbly submissive manner which indicates resignation and reliance.

"Yes, sweetie, it is consoling to know that they are. Come in

the parlor and let me tell you all about it." Mr. Millyard saying thus, led the way.

He soon unfolded to her what had transpired at the court; after which she ordered the butler to bring them a bottle of wine. As they drank the wine she disclosed to him her business plans.

She told him not to buy anything for himself but wait until they got to Paris. "I will now tell you all about my plans so that you will understand them. I will get my money and my business affairs arranged to-day and to-morrow. We shall not come back here under three years, if then. We will take my maid and our steward with us. He wants to see his people; besides, I wish him to attend to our baggage and do chores. I will have the housekeeper and the chef and the chambermaid remain here. The others and the horses I shall send to the sugar plantation on the Laforouche. Oh, yes; I must arrange with my real-estate agents about the rents. I wrote my housekeeper in Paris last Saturday that I would sail on this Wednesday, and to have the house ready, as I would have company. O, I will have everything arranged. But you must not let me forget anything."

"Yes, but you see, darling, I do not know of what to remind you."

"I will tell you all about it this afternoon; you see I have to think."

"Yes, and in order to allow you to do so I will go and begin arranging my affairs."

"Close them out here entirely. You do not want any business. Here is a ring which I purchased for you." So saying she took from one of her fingers a ring set with a large cross of big diamonds and placed it on his finger saying: "I watched your finger to see what size would be required for it."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Millyard. "How stupid I have been. In my great joy, also the anxiety about my case, I have not thought of procuring a ring for you. I must get one immediately."

"Do not get an expensive ring, I already have so many. But of course one from you will be more appreciated than all of them. You must return here for dinner. I shall write notes to Judge Cotton and Mr. Delarue inviting them to our marriage. Be sure to come back and dine with me."

A woman's will wins the way.

Delarue was not at Johnnie's; so Millyard left a note for him

in which he appointed a time for their meeting. He then went to his office and taking from his desk what papers he wanted carried them to his boarding-house and placed them in his trunk with his clothing. He returned down-town and eventually met Mike at Johnnie's. They had lunch, 'alf an' 'alf and a bottle of "champ," as Mike persisted in calling champagne.

"I collected two hundred and ten more for you, and here she are," said Delarue, producing a roll of money.

"Mike, you are the best collector I ever knew. I want you for a partner. I will set you up in the banking business sometime," said Millyard, prophetically. "I cannot collect. I never could ask for money even when due me, and never get it unless paid on the spot. In that regard I am as you say you are about begging. Mike, you must keep this money."

"Never! I will do no such thing. There it is, take it!" With that Delarue flung the money on the table.

"I must get a ring, two of them," said Millyard. "This money will probably pay for them; come and assist me in selecting them. I had forgotten about a wedding-ring until she gave me this one this morning."

Mr. Delarue's father started out in life as a disciple of Strathmees the Greek, who was a descendant of a Hebrew and the patron saint of jewelers, therefore, Mike, who was of French descent, was supposed to know something about jewelry.

Millyard had observed the size of Miss de Ampbert's finger, so the rings were readily selected, and Millyard directed the words, "Alpha to Rittea," engraved on the inside of the one he intended for the wedding-ring. From the jewelry-store they went to see Judge Cotton.

"Mr. Millyard," said the Judge, "you barely escaped a punishment that would have been absolutely undeserved and an outrage. They had fully made up their plot to send you to the penitentiary, so I have since learned. If it had not been for Miss de Ampbert and our friend Mr. Delarue they would have succeeded."

"And you, my dear Judge," quickly interposed Millyard.

"They had bribed witnesses to prove the case against you," the good old man continued. "They had that big longshoreman and another fellow of his kind and that detective Volney. It was a good thing for you that Miss de Ampbert came in your path and silenced Villeguini."

"Ah, my dear Judge, I am too well aware of that. I know not

how I shall ever prove my gratitude. But, to change the subject, I am ready to pay you that twenty-five dollars."

"Let that rest, Mr. Millyard," quickly replied Judge Cotton. "Use your money for your wedding."

"Miss de Ampbert suggested that she intended to write you a note of invitation to our marriage, which is to take place at the Episcopal Mission Church Wednesday at high noon. I trust you will do me the honor to be present. I will send a carriage here for you and Mr. Delarue, the only persons I shall invite. Miss de Ampbert will have only one lady friend. So you will have to be the witnesses."

The Judge agreed and the details were arranged.

"Mike," said Millyard, after leaving Judge Cotton's office, "can you see that man Villeguini, also Bertha, and try and ascertain if anything more is going to happen to me? I have presentiments they are plotting against me still. I am going to Miss de Ampbert's after I get the rings." Delarue assented.

"What lovely rings!" exclaimed Miss de Ampbert when Alpha produced them. "And they both have our names in them. You made most excellent choice. You are a connoisseur of rings. This one is our wedding-ring."

"Any way you say," replied Millyard. "I will have to hand it to the Rector and he will place it on your finger and pronounce the words which shall make us man and wife for life; yea, Eternity. If not, marriage were a mockery."

"I have been out and attended to much business," she said, "but hurried to be here when you returned."

"I am afraid you were too much hurried."

"No, no, no; I will go again early in the morning and remain until the time in the afternoon for you to come."

"How sweet. Timing yourself to me already. Mr. Delarue has gone to see Mr. Villeguini, also Miss Bertha."

"He need not bother about Mr. Villeguini. I frightened him badly enough."

After dinner they took a drive on Esplanade boulevard, on Rampart and other streets and across the bayou.

Upon returning home from the opera that night they partook of a hot repast and drank some wine. Millyard refused the proffered use of her carriage and insisted on walking to the hotel.

He went by Johnnie's and found Delarue half asleep.

"Ah, ha, getting ahead of me on sleep, are you?" cheerfully exclaimed Millyard.

"Looks like I was handicapping you on that line," Mike jocularly replied. "Here, waiter, a bottle of 'champ.' Was the charmer pleased with the rings?"

"Delighted," answered Alpha. "She is the most amiable woman I ever knew. She is invariably delighted with everything I say or do. She is modeled in the making for an angel. What did you find out from those people?"

"I knew you were lovesick, but you have it the worst I ever knew. But I don't blame you," said Mike. "Villeguini was gruff. You have seen Patience standing by the side of a monument, named after her, when she was disappointed? Well, Villeguini looked that way. He condescended to say that he was sorry he had given me that five hundred dollars. Think of it! The gall and wormwood. Picture him. He looked more forlorn than the last man in the rear of the whole retreating army. He is a changed man, entirely reticent. He was jostled when I told him he must see Bertha and make her let you alone until you can get ready and leave town, as I had paid you four hundred dollars to leave by the end of the week. But he would not say what he would do. I did not see Bertha. She was not at home, as the servants say. Down at Aunt Jane's probably."

"I hope Aunt Jane will not tell her anything more about my prospective marriage."

"Aunt Jane has a weather eye for Miss Rittea. Aunt Jane is very discreet."

Tuesday morning Delarue again went collecting for Millyard, who was at his boarding-house making ready for his marriage and departure from New Orleans. Having no other use for his desk and books Millyard gave them to Mr. Frank. About one o'clock he returned to town and found Delarue at Johnnie's. They had their wine and lunch as they usually had during the last two weeks or more.

"This is the last time we will lunch together, Mike," said Alpha.

"Yes, it is sad to me. Yet I am glad on your account."

"I am, I guess, as other men have been and ever will be, all expectation and full to the brim with hope."

"By the way, Alpha, I got my place on Gravier street. I saw the firm this morning. I told them I could not commence to-

morrow, as they wanted me to do, but would be there sure early Thursday morning."

"That is good! I am glad! Now, I suppose we will have to take two small bottles."

"I went to see Aunt Jane again," put in Mike. "Bertha had been there nearly all the morning. She vows you shall not marry Miss de Ampbert. Aunt Jane tried to put her off the track that you are to marry by telling her that you are to leave town immediately. I believe Bertha will shoot you or Miss de Ampbert, or attempt it, if she knows when and where you are to be married."

"Mike, come go with me to Miss de Ampbert's," quickly spoke Millyard. "A woman who faints at seeing a pistol would scarcely shoot to kill."

"All right," he replied, rising. "But I will not remain for dinner."

"She will let you know about that."

"Come with me to a jewelry-store," said Delarue, "and let me get her a wedding present. I am feeling rich since I have a legitimate business situation."

"That is a good idea," said Millyard.

Delarue picked out a handsome silver toilet set and had engraved on the case, "From M. De Larue to Madame A. Millyard."

"Heigho! You are French also?" remarked Millyard, gleefully.

"Yes; like any American could be," retorted Mike.

It was about four o'clock when the two happy men entered Miss de Ampbert's parlors.

"On time! Ah, Mr. Delarue, also. I am glad you have come. Please be seated. I have just been getting in and out the carriage all day. I never had lunch until a few minutes ago, since I got home. But I did much business. I want some wine and you gentlemen must join me." She rang the little bell and ordered it.

"I have here something for you, Miss de Ampbert. Or, not exactly for Miss de Ampbert," said Delarue, with an accent on Miss, as he produced the toilet set, as the jeweler called it, and handed it to her.

She quickly glanced it over and, blushing, laughed, saying:

"From M. De Larue to Madame A. Millyard. Don't that sound nice? Many, very many, thanks, Monsieur De Larue. This is about the only wedding present I will receive, unless I

get some in Paris. We have invited you, also Judge Cotton, to be at our marriage to-morrow. You must come and be the witnesses for us."

"We are coming. That is all arranged," replied De Larue. Looking at the casket containing the toilet set, he continued: "I trust you will never need it."

"Beautiful sentiment," she exclaimed. "This is very nice of you. I appreciate it very much, especially because you have been such a good friend to Mr. Millyard."

"He has been a better one to me," replied Delarue. "But I am proud enough and repaid to know that you appreciate my poor present. Now I must go."

"Can you not remain and dine with us?" she asked.

"I hardly think I can," answered Delarue. "Two's a pile and three's a heap, as log-rollers say."

"If that is your only excuse, you must remain," she said.

"When you say I must, that settles it, as Mr. Millyard says."

"Mr. Delarue has secured himself a fine position in a wholesale grocer house on Gravier street," interposed Millyard. Nearly all the stores on Gravier street were wholesale groceries.

"I am glad of that," proclaimed Miss de Ampbert. "Later we must get Mr. Delarue a position with us somewhere." She emphasized "us."

Millyard incidentally remarked that Delarue and himself had had their last lunch together unless they took another that night at Johnnie's. To which she replied: "No, you will both take lunch with me."

"Eh, hegh! That settles that, too!" exclaimed Delarue.

"And you must also dine with us to-morrow," quickly added Miss de Ampbert to Delarue.

Soon after dinner Delarue excused himself and took his departure.

"I think I have everything arranged now," began Miss de Ampbert in explanation of her plans. "You must have your baggage sent to the steamer at four o'clock. I will have about ten or twelve trunks and some satchels and a few bundles. The steward will attend to them; he will be there to receive your baggage. He must be here in time to attend to dinner. I drew five thousand dollars from the bank, which I will give to you to-morrow for our expenses. I receive something near twenty-five thousand francs every month in Paris. But I can draw on them here

for money if we need it. I signed deeds to-day to you for the row of buildings of mine on Canal street and to the sugar plantation, for which my father paid one hundred and ninety thousand dollars; the sugar-house alone cost that amount. I had my stock in Mr. Villeguini's bank transferred to your name. He was astonished, but I told him nothing. I have other property and stocks here besides this which I give to you. I intended to give you my Street Railway stocks. I knew I would forget something. But I think I can write a note and send the steward in the morning. Now, you see, I am going to be your wife."

Mr. Millyard remained until after eleven o'clock, promising to return at eleven o'clock next morning. She had informed him, however, that she had engaged a florist to decorate the church and that he would also decorate her parlors and the dining-room early next morning.

Mr. Millyard found Delarue at Johnnie's.

"Mike, what do you think? My darling affianced has made me deeds to a large quantity of her property and all her stock in Villeguini's bank."

"Mr. Millyard," said Delarue, "she will make you as good a wife as a man ever had. I know her. I know all about her. You see, I am from French ancestry also. De and Larue, as you English would say. But it is pronounced as if spelled d-e-a-l-a-r-u-e, De Larue. My father and her father were great friends. Her father made money where other men lost. He was exceedingly wealthy. Nearly the whole of his vast fortune was deeded and transferred to Ritte and another daughter in Paris before he died. His grandfather had been a friend of Napoleon Bonaparte while he was yet a corporal, and subsequently furnished his *commissariat* while he was at his zenith. It was thus that the grandfather laid the foundation for his grandson's tremendous fortune. This Frenchman, Rittea's father, was a worthy successor. He turned everything into money."

"Has she a sister or half-sister in Paris?" Mr. Millyard may have been impetuous and too previous in asking this question of Delarue and not let Rittea tell him first, but it was a new life to him.

"You will find out about that when you get over there. I guess she desires to take you by surprise."

"I see, I see. That is just exactly the case," responded Millyard. "I have noticed she will not tell anything of a disproportion."

tionate nature until the acme of the incident presents itself, in writing, as it were. A delicious surprise, so agreeable to the average female."

"No, she will not tell anything about it," quietly added Delarue, "until the proper time. You are quite right in depending on that."

"It is a trait that works pleurably on both sides, to both parties," said Alpha. "It is by no means displeasing."

"This is my last night with you, eh? Mike?" remarked Millyard, as they were preparing to get in bed at the St. Charles hotel that night.

"That induces me to think," replied Mike, rather sorrowfully, as he sat up in bed with the covering half pulled on him. "Ring the bell and let us have another."

"Mike, we have had enough," pleaded Millyard.

"O, shucks! One more."

"Not to-night, Mike; I have quit to stay quit, only on special occasions."

"Good," cried Mike, in a fit of laughter. "I join you in the chorus. No more for me after you are gone. I am going into business."

"Shift over on the back side there," said Millyard.

"Good enough," replied Mike. "You shift out the gas. How are you going to sleep?" Shifting the wind had been the refrain of a story Millyard had told.

"In dreamland with my eyes shut."

"I wonder what has become of your Hebrew-Irishman?" suddenly asked Mike.

"He will turn up sometime, surely and shorely. If not he will have to remain turned down. I guess he never saw Bertha," replied Alpha.

There was surely a Divinity shaping the ends of Alpha Millyard and Mike Delarue. No two men ever became warmed to each other as quickly as they. It was like young ducks leaving a chicken-hen mother and taking to water, so easy. Mike was beginning to grow fat, fleshy; so was Millyard. Such is natural. Their altered conditions admitted and approved of it.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## AWFUL TRAGEDY AVERTED.

JUST as Delarue was parting from Millyard in front of the St. Charles hotel that eventful Wednesday morning Miss de Ampbert's coachman drove up with her carriage and horses. The polite coachman respectfully informed Mr. Millyard that Miss de Ampbert had instructed him to place himself and the team at his disposal. He also stated that she desired him to be at her residence by eleven o'clock.

This was somewhat of a relief to Millyard in his frame of mind. He had been perturbed. Of course, he had a right to be so, but he knew not the cause. It is well to grease the axle of thought and make it roll, be the road smooth or rugged and rocky. It is like the toboggan, easy, or a human catastrophe occurs as another incident along the line in life.

Mr. Millyard folded his tent, as it were. Requesting the kind and generous-hearted Mr. Frank to have his trunk and other things at the steamer by four o'clock and bidding him and his whole-souled frou and all the family adieu, Millyard was soon again with Delarue at Johnnie's. Mike was standing on the banquet waiting for him when he alighted from the carriage.

When they were parting Millyard handed Delarue a twenty-dollar bill and requested him to secure a carriage for Judge Cotton and himself and be sure to be at the church a few minutes before twelve.

Mr. Millyard had been in the parlor only a few minutes before Miss de Ampbert made her appearance gorgeously gowned in the richest of wedding apparel. After greetings and a gallant salute by each, Miss de Ampbert inquired: "Do I look all right?"

"Perfect! You are a paragon of loveliness!" he exclaimed. "The most beautiful and the sweetest woman in the world!"

"I want to introduce you to my friend; here she comes," quickly spoke Miss de Ampbert. "I present my intended husband, Mr. Alpha Millyard, Miss Weightman, Miss Arrebelle Weightman."

Miss Weightman was a woman of remarkable personality. Distinguished in appearance and strikingly beautiful, a brunette. Tall and graceful, with charming manners. She was handsomely gowned. One would have judged her to be about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age.

Repairing to the dining-room, the three partook of a light lunch, with claret. Soon they were in the carriage and on their way to the little mission church.

Meantime there had been another and a sadly different kind of incident going on.

In the early morning Aunt Jane hurriedly went from her home to the mansion of Miss de Ampbert and sought the steward privately. She informed him that Miss Bertha Rosenstein had by some means ascertained that Miss Rittea was to be married that day to Mr. Millyard and had come to her house vowing she would shoot Miss de Ampbert as she was going to the church. She declared, said Aunt Jane, that Mr. Millyard should not marry that octoroon. That Miss Bertha had a pistol and had gone from her house in the direction of the church. Louis, the stiff Frenchman, told Aunt Jane he would go at once and notify the chief of police and the chief of detectives.

As there was no margin of time to be lost, Louis hurried to the offices of those officials and got them to detail a force of men to visit the scene and be on the alert for the warlike woman.

One of the detectives, and he was not Volney, proceeded to Aunt Jane's house. He found that Bertha had returned there and was then in the house. The officer then anchored himself around the corner and watched. When Bertha came out and started towards the church the detective followed close behind her. Bertha sped on and the officer, who was clothed in citizen's dress, quickened his pace in accordance. He kept as near to her as possible. When within less than a square of the church a carriage passed them. Faster and faster, almost to a run, went Bertha. She rightly judged it to be the carriage containing the bride and groom. The officer accelerated his gait to meet if not even to exceed that of Bertha. He knew he must intercept her before she reached the carriage as it halted.

The church was located in an open lot, a few firs and magnolias and other small trees and shrubbery in front.

As Miss de Ampbert's carriage came in sight of the church Mr. Millyard cried out:

"Look at those two policemen at the church, in the grove there!"

"Yes, indeed," responded Miss de Ampbert. "What can it mean? I do hope they are not after you again."

"My heart is in my throat," returned Millyard, falteringly.

The two policemen came, meeting them briskly, but rapidly passed on by, as they tipped their helmets.

"I am so glad they did not want you," exclaimed Miss de Ampbert, showing her feeling by her action as well as words.

"I suppose they are here to prevent intrusion by curious outsiders," reassuringly remarked Miss Weightman.

The carriage halted at the church; the coachman got down quickly from his box and opened the carriage door. Another instant and Mr. Millyard was on the ground extending his hands towards his bride, who was reaching a dainty foot down to the carriage step.

With an extra effort Bertha rushed forward brandishing an ugly-looking revolver in her hand, pointing direct at the place where the bride would alight. Bertha made an effort to dodge around the two advancing policemen so as not to shoot them. But the more she tried to dodge them the more they tried to get in front of her. Bertha's hat had been left behind in her wild chase and her long hair was flowing back like a wild horse's tail in a rolling wave. Her eyes were gleaming. The detective in citizen's clothes, who had been following, made a desperate lunge forward and grasped Bertha round the shoulders and grabbed the revolver just in time for the hammer of the little mischief-making pistol to come down on the fleshy part between his thumb and index finger as Miss de Ampbert stepped on the ground. In a moment more and the two other policemen had wrested the revolver from Bertha's grasp, but at the same time fearfully lacerating the detective's hand.

Bertha was quietly marched away, finally to the central police station.

After the policemen had Bertha under control, one on each side holding her arms, she exclaimed:

"I want to kill that octoroon! She shall not marry that man!"

She is deceiving him!" Such a charge was a serious one to make.

"Yes, but they are in the church being married by this time," said one of the policemen.

"I will lay in wait and shoot her yet! I'll shoot her the first time I see her. I don't care if I shoot him, too!" cried Bertha.

Nothing of this semi-tragedy was known to those who had been occupants of the carriage. Their heads were turned toward the little sacred edifice where their happiness was to be consummated.

All of the De Ampbert servants were present as were also Judge Cotton and Delarue. After the ceremony and congratulations, the Rector, Judge Cotton and Mr. Delarue, after signing the marriage certificate, accompanied the bride and bridegroom to the carriage.

Mrs. Millyard, as she was now, insisted that all three of them should come and dine with them that afternoon, to which they consented.

"Mr. Delarue, you must come and go with us now," said Mrs. Millyard. "Be seated here by the side of Miss Weightman. Judge Cotton will excuse you, won't you, Judge?"

"Certainly, Madame, to be in such fair company," he replied.

After arriving home they all had champagne and a sumptuous lunch. Oyster patties, baked and stuffed soft-shell crabs, pompano salad, artichoke boiled, et cetera, such as New Orleans alone furnishes. Delarue became very assiduous in his attentions to Miss Arrebelle Weightman, and Mrs. Millyard encouraged it.

After returning to the drawing-rooms Delarue sided to Millyard and said, before they were seated:

"I got forty more for you to-day."

"You must keep that for yourself, Mr. Delarue," pleadingly said Millyard.

"Nothing of the kind," replied Mike; "I will not. I told you I have a situation."

"Never mind then, dear Alpha," said Mrs. Millyard, who overheard the latter remarks, "we will make it all right for Mr. Delarue."

"Mike, would it be asking too much for you to go to my ex-boarding-house and see about getting my baggage to the steamer?"

"No, sir;" he replied quickly. "Not in the least. That is what I am here for; trying to find out what I can do for you or your charming wife. I will go and attend to it immediately."

"Mr. Delarue, be sure and be back here in time for dinner," added Mrs. Millyard, as Mike was going out.

"Of course I will; Mr. Millyard's disease is contagious," responded Delarue as out the door he went.

"That man is the most upright man I ever knew," remarked Millyard to his bride.

"He seems to be a splendid gentleman," Miss Weightman ventured to say, she having heard their latter remarks.

"He most surely is devoted to Mr. Millyard," interposed Mrs. Millyard. "Alpha befriended him when he actually needed aid. He shows that he is grateful; that is a quality to be regarded. I will go in the library and make out a check to him right now for three thousand dollars, date it yesterday and mail it to him. He will not get it until we are gone." She proceeded to do as she said she would. Miss Weightman excused herself and repaired to her apartment.

"Come up to my—our apartments, Alpha, my dear. I wish to give you those papers, the deeds and the money, which is in gold, and explain to you more fully my business affairs so that you can look after them."

"My sweet wife's apartments," exclaimed Millyard as they entered. "But it may be a long time before we shall occupy them together."

"We have just as nice ones in Paris, if not nicer."

She gave him the deeds to the real estate and the certificates of stock in the bank and street railway and the money. Then she explained her business affairs to him.

When Delarue returned he found the wedding-party in the parlors enjoying themselves. He excited their curiosity by remarking:

"I found out why those policemen were at the church. But I do not feel myself at liberty to make it known until you are on board the steamer."

"Was it anything about Mr. Millyard?" eagerly asked Mrs. Millyard.

"Not exactly; that is, not directly," he replied.

Judge Cotton spoke in his voluminous voice; "O, they had

to attend to their duty. They are to preserve peace and order for the benefit of citizens, for society."

"O, yes; I see. Of course," said Mrs. Millyard, seemingly satisfied.

They had a "splendid" dinner, as the Georgians say, according to Mrs. Millyard. Toasts were proposed and to each and every one the appropriate speech was made.

The De Ampbert servants were at the wharf to see "Miss Rittea" depart for France with her husband. Mr. Mike Delarue, though somewhat sad, was anticipating every little needful thing to be done. The three, the bride and groom and himself, standing on the deck, he said:

"Look beyond, over those handkerchiefs waving at you, Madame, and you can see the hole in the wall where Mr. Millyard had such a narrow escape from abduction."

"Ah, Mike," interposed Millyard, "that scene is sad indeed. Had it not been for your faithful friendship I could not be here now."

Not the least noticeable feature of the parting salutations to the bride were bevy upon bevies of poor people who had been beneficiaries of her bounty. Standing on the levee they waved their hands, hats and handkerchiefs, shouting, some in French and some in Spanish, others in English: "Adieu to the good lady of New Orleans! Adios, my lady, bon voyage to the lady of New Orleans! Come back again, sweet lady, to your own New Orleans."

It was affecting. Such a parting salutation on such, or on any other, occasion is sufficient to inspire one with the wish that he had given more to the poor and distributed it more broadly.

The large steamer was ready for her sea journey. Mr. Delarue must needs go ashore. As he was leaving Millyard called him and said:

"Mike, go to the post-office in the morning. There is a letter there for you."

Mike thought he referred to the verses Alpha wrote and which were set to music: "There's a Letter There for You." So Millyard had to reassure him as he ran down the gangway.

The servants, Delarue, the good Mr. Frank, the poor people and some other acquaintances shouted and waved hats, hands and handkerchiefs as the big steamer pulled away from the wharf out

into the middle of the great stream and glided on down the great Mississippi river.

After the steamer turned the bend and sight was lost of those on shore, reflections upon those things left behind were the first thoughts to seize the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Millyard.

"There! I forgot something." It is ever thus, the thing "forgot" is the thing thought of first. Mrs. Millyard thought of something. She said:

"Mr. Delarue did not tell us why those policemen were at the church."

"He mentioned the matter incidentally to me," Mr. Millyard stated, "but said your steward could tell us all about it."

"We must have Louis tell us," suggested Madame Millyard.

The newly-married couple, under auspicious conditions for their honeymoon, had the best suite of staterooms on the steamer, elegantly fitted for the occasion by the agents of the company. Mrs. Millyard's maid, Sarah, and Louis, the stiff-backed steward, had all things arranged in complete and perfect order for the ocean voyage.

Love on, ye sweet ones; you know not what bitter sighs and grief may be yet in store.

Rittea and Alpha looked with lovers' eyes and spoke with lovers' tongues. In the language of a classic: "Jupiter in stealing Europa was not more happy than they. And like them, while swimming from Phœnicia to Crete, as witty Lucian records it, 'may the winds hush, their sea be calm and a Neptune and Amphitrite ride in a chariot before to break the waves that they may not too roughly visit them. And may Tritons dance about them, with every one a torch to light their way, with sea-nymphs, half-naked, keeping time on dolphins' backs, follow in their train, singing beautiful hymns, and Cupid nimbly tripping on top of the waters, while Venus follows closely after in a tortoise-shell strewing roses and flowers on their devoted heads.'"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

"In Nature's path a mystic legend lay  
 Unseen for ages. Not in waving fields,  
 Nor in the glow that Summer's blossom yields  
 Was't writ; but in the dust and ashes gray.  
 At length came one whom the fair earth did sway  
 With yearnings deep—one who did love all hills  
 And rocks as Nature loves; he felt her thrills  
 Of mystery and turned his steps that way,  
 Reading with seer's eye her magic line.  
 Far 'neath the furrowed clay he caught a gleam  
 Of color all divine and knew his dream  
 Fulfilled. He saw the emerald jewel shine,  
 And send its sparkles up to greet the light,  
 Through unsunned shadows flashed the—'Hiddenite.'"

THE foregoing lines signed "J. W. M.," and published, brought about the marriage of the parties thereto, who are New Yorkers, and of whom the gentleman, if not intimately is, at least, indirectly associated with this narrative, and has his name imperishably recorded in the literature of gems.

Leaving for a while the happy married pair who are crossing the ocean we return to another twain who are also as one, Mr. Dalgal and wife.

"Look here, wife," remarked Galen Dalgal, Esquire, to Mrs. Dalgal some few months subsequent to their marriage, "a man representing himself as an expert assayer, chemist and mineralogist came into my office a few weeks ago and obtained from me a written agreement permitting him to examine that tract of land over in Alexander County which I got from Judge Selia to see if there are any minerals on it. You remember some one told me there is gold and green diamonds on it? Mooney's report verified it; he saw them in the ground. So that's the reason I gave this man a permit. But I had to agree to let him have all he found in prospecting. You all said I dreamed about it and wanted to dis-

courage me. If I dreamed, I've dreamed again; it's a dead sure thing."

"Have you heard from him?" gently inquired Mrs. Dalgat.

"Yes, the expert came into my office to-day and not only verified what Mooney saw with his goggle eyes, but gave me these samples." So saying, Mr. Dalgat proceeded to extract from the depths of his trousers pockets broken rocks and stones which were glittering with lumps of gold. He also produced a couple of green gems which sparkled like diamonds. The latter were about the size of an ordinary blue lead-pencil, and were ultimately sold for \$300 and \$350 each. Placing them on a little table where Mrs. Dalgat could examine and admire them, he added, with enthusiasm:

"There is an overwhelming, overflowing fortune in it for us."

"O, my! You have dreamed to some advantage then, haven't you?" softly remarked Mrs. Dalgat.

"Go ahead! Call it dreaming; there's nothing like it. Another thing, I have not missed hitting the crack in the floor or on the sidewalk since the day before I made that trade with Judge Selia. And, by the way, I heard about Mr. Alpha Millyard to-day. Mr. Dheumazeil of New Orleans told me he married a beautiful heiress in New Orleans some time ago and sailed for Europe, France, Paris, I think."

"We will forget about him," softly suggested Mrs. Dalgat. "I think you are by far the best man. Is it good luck to do as you say?" Smiling, she added: "If it is good luck for you I must practise it."

"Yes, but you must do it without thinking about it. It is better luck for me than looking accidentally at the new moon unobstructed over the right shoulder. I don't know which is the right shoulder to look over. I never could have any luck at that. Somehow I nearly always see the new moon through the boughs of a tree and hardly ever over my right shoulder. Some people think there is no such thing as luck, but the good old experienced David could not have been that badly in the wrong; he records in his Psalms that there is."

"What is the idea, the force and reason, for hitting, as you call it, the crack in the floor?" asked Mrs. Dalgat, somewhat demurely.

"It is just this," replied Dalgat. "It teaches me to be careful, punctual, precise; to think what I am doing. It requires one to be

methodical and have an object in view. That is all the lesson, rhyme or reason I can see in it. As for stepping across the line and not on it, the lesson is about the same. It causes one to look where they are walking, to be cautious, with good measured tread and methodical. There is in reality no superstition in it, only as one does peradventure try in his own imagination to make it so. For a fact it is a better aid to rectitude than any secret order initiating ritual."

"Has this expert left town?" asked Mrs. Dalgat. She had her eye on business.

"No; he said he wanted to see me again as soon as his men come with the wagons and some more samples."

"Invite him to take dinner with us to-morrow."

The next day Professor Alfred Wortman, the expert, was at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Galen Dalgat.

"You see," said Professor Wortman, "these are the richest specimens of gold ore I have ever seen in the world. I have been all over the world and visited every large gold camp on the globe. It was in Australia two years ago that I heard about gold ores in this section and that the people did not know how to mine for it or extract it. These green gems are a new discovery. They will sell for about twice or three times as much as the same size white diamonds."

"Where do you find them?" asked Dalgat.

"They are found in pockets," replied the professor, "in cavities of rocks of different sizes, from that of your fist up to a boulder about double the size of a man's head. We dig in the ground and when we find the rocks which bear the cavities we break the rocks open with hammers, and on the inside at about the center find this most precious and most beautiful of all gems. The gems vary in size and brilliancy and consequently in value. I have found only two that are deficient in brilliancy, and one of these is worth at least one hundred dollars; yet it is a small stone. I have another gem that will fetch anywhere from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars. I expect to find quantities of these gems deeper in the ground, probably in the mountain, that will range in value from one thousand to ten thousand dollars, and some even probably two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, maybe more. I tell you about this confidentially and can prove the practicability of the development of both, the richest gold mine in the world and a gem mine richer and worth more than all the gold mines in

the United States, because I would like to know from you and your good lady right here before I leave what arrangement you will make with me to have them both worked at once and to the fullest and speediest extent possible? It will take big money for the purchase of the machinery necessary besides knowing how to use it properly."

"We have not considered that question, Professor," said Mr. Dalgat. "Tell us what you think about it."

"I will undertake to erect a plant necessary for the gold mining and for crushing the rocks to secure the gems and pay all expenses whatsoever for three-fourths of the output."

"Three-fourths!" exclaimed Mr. Dalgat. "That leaves us only one-fourth. Do you mean gross or net?"

"O, well, make it gross," replied the Professor. "I will pay all expenses out of our share and all the taxes."

"I will think it over and see what we will do, Professor."

"I must know at once. Because I shall leave here day after to-morrow and go east, probably to New York direct, unless I stop over in Philadelphia."

"I will let you know in the morning. Come to my office. By that time your wagons will arrive." Mr. Dalgat was evidently becoming quite interested.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Dalgat discussed the matter and decided that as they could not develop the property, did not even know how, and as something was better than nothing, they would accept the professor's proposal.

Next morning Mr. Dalgat began telling his wife what some one had told him about the enormous wealth he had acquired from the green diamond mines and how he had sold it for a large fortune.

"Galen, my dear, you dreamed that last night," laughingly said Mrs. Dalgat. "No one but the Professor knows anything about the matter. You dreamed it on account of what he told you yesterday at dinner."

"Let it go as a dream then. It's an extraordinarily good one, if it will only come true, pan out, as we gold miners say."

The teams with the tools, samples, et cetera, arrived at Mr. Dalgat's residence before he had breakfast, but Professor Wortman did not come until some time afterward.

Mr. Dalgat and his wife examined the ores and the gems with eager concern and great amazement. Their enthusiasm and de-

sire was so greatly aroused that they immediately agreed to the Professor's proposal.

Repairing to the office of Mr. Dalgat a contract was drawn up and signed as agreed, extending seven years in duration. Mr. Dalgat's share was to be in the rough, but was to be "treated" and put in "marketable shape" for a consideration slightly above cost.

Professor Wortman started the wagons back to Alexander provided with provisions and money necessary to last until he returned from New York. He then took the train bound for the east, where he hoped to engage capital in the enterprise, purchase machinery and make his fortune in short order.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## RICHEST MINES IN THE WORLD.

"Hidden for all ages from all human sight,  
At last by Hidden means brought forth to light,  
And on the brow of Kings to shine art bidden  
While thy discoverer is forever Hidden."

THE above couplet was published in London under the heading: "On the New Gem Stone Hiddenite." By Rev. W. H. Rogers, D. D., of London."

The new gem produced a sensation at once. The gem expert scientists refused to concede that it was a distinct species or new variety hitherto unknown until it was not only tested but absolutely analyzed. But a European mineralogist of wide repute had already pronounced it one of the most valuable precious stones ever discovered. An American geologist, who had the naming, called it "Hiddenite," a rather indefinite yet suggestive name, in compliment to Professor Wm. Earl Hidden, an American geologist, but belonging to several English societies, who only a short time before had preceded Professor Wortman in the discovery of this brilliant, sparkling green gem, and at a place only a few miles distant from where Wortman found it.

The stone is a green variety of spodumene and is found along with emerald and aquamarine. It is the only gem variety and occurs occasionally in the soil, but principally as lining cavities in the gneissoid rocks. But in Alexander county, North Carolina, is the only place in the world where the gem has been found.

Professor Wortman did not make much progress in Philadelphia in securing customers with capital to take an interest in his newly discovered gem. Therefore he did not tarry there long, but proceeded to New York city.

In this world-renowned mart of money and enterprise, with its myriad of ostentatious "promoters," who, seemingly, hear of a man and all his enterprises and more about them than he himself

knows, many days or even months in advance of its being the talk of the public, and where these aforesaid "promoters" seem to have a "corner on the market" and are in *communicado* one with another on every scheme and business enterprise from one end of the world to the other, much less of every city, hamlet and crossing of the roads in the United States, and by these and by various other devices draw by a strange magnetism the financial vitals of America, yea, of the world, Professor Alfred Wortman found but few to listen to his recital of untold wealth in sight, to be had at once, and none to embark with their capital in the enterprise. He was discouraged. He had daily been the rounds from the foot of Broadway to Canal street and on every cross street and parallel street between for weeks without success.

They all admired his new kind of diamonds or gems and his samples of gold ore, but they invariably seemed to have the idea that he had his "pegs," as well as hopes, "set too high" to let them in even "on the ground floor." Thus, after being "hawked" several weeks, failure stared the too sanguine Professor in the face.

He was on the verge of giving up the enterprise in hopeless despair when he accidentally met "a gentleman from the South" in the office of a broker up-stair, on Williams street. By the merest accident they bowed and spoke to each other. No doubt on account of the elevator man saying something to the other about a Southern man having been up that morning. The Professor was thus emboldened to inquire of the other if he was from the South.

"Yes, I was born in the South, but I am now residing in France."

"I am not a Southern man, but I have been in the South a few years," returned Professor Wortman. "I am just now from North Carolina, where I found some of the richest gold and gem property in the world. Having been all over the world and being in the mineral ore and gem business, I know whereof I speak."

"What part of North Carolina?" asked the Frenchman.

"The western part," he replied. "The property of which I speak is near a little town called Hickory, a new town, just built up since the railroad was built through there."

"You don't say? Hickory?" ejaculated the Frenchman. "I have been there. I have had some pleasant associations connected with that place."

"May the Lord bless me! How strangely men do come together," said the Professor. "Whom do you know in Hickory?"

"I did know nearly all the inhabitants there. I had what you call a sweetheart there."

"What is her name?" asked the Professor.

"Helms, daughter of Judson Helms, the blind, sash and door man."

"Indeed! She married Colonel Dalgat, the eminent lawyer. I am just now trying to make a deal for Colonel Dalgat in connection with the find I made on his lands." He then went on and briefly related about the gold and the gems. Dalgat was then a "colonel" to the Professor.

When they had waited a few moments after stepping out of the elevator the gentleman from France was invited in the private office of the same party whom Professor Wortman desired to see. They quickly exchanged cards, after the Professor had made an appointment to see him that night at his hotel, the Brunswick, and Mr. Alpha Millyard went inside.

Professor Wortman waited nearly an hour and at last was informed by the clerk who attended to the cards that he must call the next day at ten-forty. The Professor departed rather reluctantly, yet with a ray of hope in an unexpected quarter.

Promptly at seven o'clock that night stately old Professor Wortman sent his card to Mr. Alpha Millyard, of Paris, at the Hotel Brunswick. The features of his mission were unfolded in precise and elaborate language, such as demonstrated his knowledge of what he was talking about. It was made so clear and plain to Mr. Millyard, for he was our gentleman from New Orleans, that the man was honest and really had a good thing and was offering a rare opportunity, that Mr. Millyard was soon drawn into asking questions.

"How much money, Mr. Wortman, is required to carry your enterprise through to a success?"

"It can be done with a hundred thousand. If I can get that much to be paid, twenty-five thousand down and twenty-five thousand monthly for three months I can and will make it a success. For this, as I said, I will make a contract and give an interest of three-fourths of the net proceeds after paying the bonus of one-fourth of the gross product to Colonel Dalgat, and without including anything as salary for my services in managing the business."

"Well, sir," said Millyard, "you must have faith in the business. Come here in the morning at nine and I will see if I can draw up the memorandum of a contract that will be acceptable to both of us. I wish, however, that you distinctly and specifically agree that my name shall not be divulged, especially to the great dreamer, my old friend Galen Dalgat and his wife in connection with the matter, because I am thinking of venturing in the enterprise partly on their account. I am here looking for investments and this may be a chance for me. Dalgat's letter and your other letters of commendation of you are quite sufficient for me. If it is a success then it will be time enough for me, myself, to acquaint Mr. Dalgat of my connection with the affair."

It may be noted that Prof. Wortman referred to Dalgat as "colonel" and Millyard called him plain "mister." In some parts of the United States it depends altogether which side and how the bread is buttered whether one is a "colonel" or a "mister."

Prof. Wortman, the staid old fellow, showed he understood what Millyard meant and that he would keep faith when he agreed to the terms. He was about the happiest man in all New York during the time he was awaiting the arrival of nine o'clock next morning.

At the appointed time the two men met and went down-town to the office of a lawyer, where the contract was drawn in due and legal form and signed in duplicate. Meantime, however, Prof. Wortman had conducted Millyard to a leading banker who fully and freely vouched for the integrity and honesty of the Professor.

Coming out of the bank they chanced to meet a professor of Columbia college who, aside, informed Millyard that Professor Wortman's reputation and ability as a mineralogist and geologist was of the highest order.

When they repaired to Millyard's banker Millyard paid the twenty-five thousand dollars down and arranged with his banker for the monthly payments to Alfred Wortman upon the presentation of a certain specified showing or exhibit to the bank, which included vouchers in receipt for the moneys expended.

Mr. Millyard had pressing business calling him to Boston, whither he decided to immediately proceed. Professor Wortman went in quest of the necessary machinery for his enterprise.

In the shortest time possible Professor Alfred Wortman,

buoyed as he was by all the fructifying fruits of blessed Hope, had a hum of industry in progress in Alexander that astonished the natives.

He procured laborers, miners, carpenters and all sorts of workmen needful and ere long had a high stockade fence enclosing many acres in area, half a mile or more on both sides of a branch and extending high up the sides of the mountains. This stockade was for twofold purposes; to prevent intrusion and maintain privacy, and to protect the product of the mines from being purloined, more particularly by employees. The loss of a nugget of gold or a gem stone would be equivalent to the loss of its value in money. Hence rigid rules were adopted and the most severe discipline maintained with regard to the workmen and the miners.

All the necessary houses for the men and buildings for the business were erected on the inside of the stockade. Therefore the public knew absolutely nothing for certain of what was transpiring therein.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE DARK QUESTION OF AMERICA.

\* Give me a cup of sac to make mine eyes look red,  
For I must speak in passion."  
The theme demands it.

THE handsome loving couple, Alpha Millyard and Madame Rittea de Ampbert Millyard, have not passed through their day. Alpha Millyard has been depicted through a wilderness of trouble, but his wonderful career admits of its further recording.

Mr. Mike Delarue secured the situation in a large wholesale grocery house on Gravier street. He also received the check of Miss de Ampbert for the sum of three thousand dollars.

"Bless those good people! I do hope they will be happy always and that no trouble will ever disturb them. They are so good and noble they should never experience one moment's unhappiness."

Thus mused Mr. Delarue while returning from the post-office, after he got the letter with the check. He at once went to the bank the check was drawn on, not Villeguini's, and arranging for an account there, deposited the check.

Miss Bertha Rosenstein was tried before the Recorder next morning and fined, further sentence was suspended and she was remanded to the close custody of her father. It was not long, however, until Villeguini established her in a finely furnished cottage down in French town.

It was about six months after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Millyard from New Orleans that Mr. Mike Delarue wrote Mr. Millyard a letter imparting the information that he was married, and to Miss Arrebelle Weightman; also, that he had purchased a half interest in the big wholesale grocery house.

It was then that Alpha Millyard and his wife discussed the propriety of deposing or superseding Mr. Villeguini as President

of the bank at the approaching annual election. His wife quickly agreed with him when he proposed Mr. Delarue as Villeguini's successor.

It was for this purpose that Mr. Millyard made the trip from Paris to New Orleans, which he successfully accomplished, and was in New York on his way back when he met Professor Wortman.

The negro question has been the chief theme, or subject of contention between the peoples of the Northern and the Southern sections of the United States ever since it was discovered that the negro was a necessary and growing indigenous personality, or *qui si* institution of the Southern part thereof, in estimating the make-up of its best and most formidable adjuncts.

It was in the year 1792, that a ship arrived at the port of Savannah, Georgia, part of the cargo of which consisted of twenty-six human beings, including male and female. They were brought direct from Africa and were black. The captain, or sailing master of the vessel, was a native of Massachusetts, his ancestor, he claimed, having been a Plymouth Rocker. These semi-savage black people were illiterate, could not speak the English language, had no language save a jargon of their own; they were ignorant of their destination or future destiny. They were landed in a strange land among strange people, speaking a language which they did not understand; their customs and manners entirely different.

Savannah at that time was one of the leading seaports of America. There were men there from various sections of the country anticipating the arrival of this cargo of human beings whom they expected to purchase as had been the case before, and making them their slaves.

These black people upon being landed were escorted to a warehouse adjacent to the wharf and left there for inspection.

These plantation owners from all that territory now embraced in the states of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and parts of Texas and Virginia, came to Savannah, or sent their agents, their overseers, to make purchases of these people when they were put upon the auction block for sale. It was then, and subsequently, a thriving business for New England ship-owners and masters. As there were no railroads or other means of transportation in those days except by wagons, or horseback, it was a sure indication to the mas-

ter of the vessel, or the consignee of the cargo of human beings, that those persons in attendance were *bona fide* purchasers, with the cash in hand. Therefore bidding for slaves was always spirited. Because it was thus early in the history of this country being demonstrated, yea, even long before this time that these black people were the kind of manual laborers adapted to, and suited for, all requirements in that whole section of country. Nor was this human industry confined to Savannah and other Southern seaports. Northern seaports even were at times places of landing for these human cargoes.

On this occasion the bidding for the negroes just arrived from Africa was very spirited. Among the number of negroes was one old man who had been given the name of Moses as a substitute for Massa or Masa. He, unlike some of the others, had brought his entire immediate family; consisting of an aged wife, two well-formed, buxom daughters and a son. Moses was said to be the seventh son of a seventh son, and descended in full line from a ruler or king in the domain from whence he came. Moses was a very aged man. It was claimed that he had talked with his grandfather and that his grandfather had talked with his grandfather. And thus there was a period of nearly five hundred years of history stored in the memory of old man Moses, acquired orally through his ancestors.

The primeval history of the world, it is claimed, commenced in Africa contemporaneous with, if not anterior to, that of Asia. Some say there were Kings in Africa before there were Kings in Asia.

We come now to deal with the African, Moses and his family. Moses and his wife, Pola, were purchased by a gentleman from that part of Georgia now known as Oglethorpe county. His eldest daughter, Lida, a magnificent young woman, if black, stately in appearance, was purchased by a planter from the Province, now the state of Louisiana. The other daughter, Nina, was taken to North Carolina, and the son, Bah Ahben, was bid off and carried away by a bridge-builder in Georgia. The wife of Moses made it known through an old darkey, some time from Africa, who happened to be present to inquire about the old country and the people there, that she wished her daughters and her son to go with her and their father. But it was to no avail. Each purchaser stuck to his bargain. Thus the family of negroes were separated incontinently. They all wended their ways from Sa-

vannah to their new and unknown homes and the new modes of life in a new world, in a frame of mind that can only be conjectured.

The transmigration of souls to Paradise, the separation of parents, brothers and sisters, their relatives and friends, who are consigned to everlasting perdition, or different realms in future life, cannot be conceived of as more of an admixture and separation of people than was this growing custom of separating the negroes. They could never see each other again in probably a decade, if ever. It is now deemed wonderful how they abandoned themselves to the situation. The owners and their young masters and mistresses were their lords and princesses. On many and many a plantation they lived in royal splendor. But in some instances this, of course, was not the case.

It so happened that the son, Bah Ahben, was fortunate in being taken by a bridge-builder. He had worked some at building causeways and the like in far-off Africa. He was put to work at building bridges, a branch of internal industry which was then very flourishing. The war of the Revolution had ceased. America had gained her Independence and the new Nation, the United States, which had been formed was in successful operation. The people had retired to their farms and plantations and engaged in agriculture and the building of homes and the waylaying of the immense forests which lay outstretched before them on every hand.

It may here be stated that the period then was one of the most extraordinary industrial epochs in the history of the world. The new Nation, the new government and the new system of government; a virgin field for human action, with a race of people equal to the emergency, being launched at one fell swoop into the conglomerate of National controllers of the tastes and purposes of the peoples by a people in pursuit of freedom, peace and happiness in the new world, is now, if it was not then, regarded by all other civilized mankind, and by us, as one of the most remarkable incidents in all the history of all the world. In the good common road from the Mongolian and Malay through the Hebrew and all Asiatic races of peoples to the Gaul, Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, there must ever remain a preadjudged theme for contemporaneous discussion as well as much explanation.

In America there is none. No explanation is necessary or required. The people know where they begin, they know where

they come from and that they are on a plane with any man anywhere. There is one unction for sure; no vandal, invading, barbarous hordes assimilates their blood, whatever else may have been accomplished by peaceable immigration.

The nomadic Hebrew, without a home or nationality wandering throughout the world, condemned by his God, forms no greater parallel in the history of peoples than does this same negro race inhabiting the South. They are the most subdued and the most denounced race of people on the face of the earth; and are exciting and inciting more national acrimony, turmoil, trouble and animosity, among statesmen as well as the common politicians, than all other questions combined. In fact, as before said, the negro question is the chief difference of opinion dividing the people of the two sections, the North and the South of the United States.

Bridge and causeway building in the South during the period immediately subsequent to the Revolution was a very profitable industry. Bah Ahben proved an adept in the business. He was soon made overseer of a gang of men by his master and was sent about the country with written permission, a requisite, to make contracts, and superintend the work. He proved so successful that his owner voluntarily gave him a percentage of the profits in order to stimulate him in making advantageous contracts and doing his work well and rapidly. Bah Ahben was still so successful that he was not long in acquiring sufficient money to purchase his father's freedom, and then his mother's. Later he bought his own freedom. Then he took his father and mother and moved to the Teche in Louisiana near his elder sister; where he still pursued his avocation and still prospered. His younger sister had become so much attached to her new home in North Carolina and to her young mistress that she refused to leave. Bah Ahben soon secured the freedom of Lida; but she also declined to leave her home. She was actuated by a different motive and cause.

Her young master had become so *de facto* as well as *de jure*. She was the mother of a handsome mulatto daughter, who was born, free, soon after her freedom had been bought.

Later on this daughter also became the mother of a daughter, who was nearly white. This girl grew to be a beautiful and handsome woman, and became decidedly cultured, because she was trained in the households of her grandmother's former mas-

ters along with their daughters. In turn she became the mother of a remarkably beautiful daughter, who showed no trace of negro either in feature or color.

This child grew to be a very beautiful and exceedingly lovely girl. She was sent to the public school in New Orleans and was finally sent to school in Paris.

While returning to New Orleans, after receiving a thorough education in Paris, she became acquainted with a French gentleman on board the steamship who proved to be one of the largest of the owners thereof. The steamer was one of several other steamships of the same line plying between New Orleans and Havre. The French gentleman paid her every and very marked attention.

Afterward, a year or a little more, he bought a large sugar plantation, a vast estate, on the Laforouche, for which he paid a large sum of money and established her on it as mistress of the premises.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## MYSTERY OF MARQUAND.

ABOUT three and a half years after Alpha Millyard and his bride left New Orleans we find them residing in an elegant mansion in the midst of the gayest and most fashionable part of the giddy and great city of New York, and entertaining lavishly. Their functions were the most notable of the season. There seemed no end of their extensive and expensive entertainments. It was quite a distinguished honor to be invited and the proper thing to attend them.

There had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Millyard while in Paris a beautiful girl and a handsome boy, Mittie and De Ampbert. They were bright, intelligent and lovely children. Mittie was possessed of very fair skin, but was a brunette; her eyes were dark brown. De Ampbert was inclined to be light-haired with bright, shining, cerulean blue eyes. The Millyards were still like young lovers; their friends and acquaintances in New York remarked much about how devoted they were to each other.

Mrs. Millyard without objecting, objected to Mr. Millyard engaging in any kind of active business, only to look for safe investments for their surplus income. But of course Mr. Millyard, being now very high up in the world must needs be a member of some of the best of clubs. But he was "at home" most of the time. One day Mrs. Millyard, ever as gently as formerly remarked:

"Darling, do you not prefer to reside in New Orleans in preference to New York? The weather is so cold and variable here. In New Orleans it is so much better climate in which to bring up our little baby children. Besides, the environment there is so much more congenial to me."

"Yes, my dear wife; I would much prefer New Orleans, especially on account of you and the children, only I have such horrible memories of my sad experience there. I would like very

much to know if that abomination, Bertha, has left there, or what has become of her. I believe I will write Mike Delarue and ascertain. If she is not there to shoot you, as she tried to do the day we were married, I would gladly return there and reside the remainder of our lives. I regard New Orleans as the finest and most cosmopolitan city in the world, and you know I have been to nearly all of them. New York is not suited to me, or, rather, I to it. We have drifted into the most extravagant fashionable set in New York; they look for us to give a function, as they call it, every fortnight or two. It is a perfect bore to me. I think we had better discontinue them after this next one."

"That is my idea also, Alpha dear," she replied. "I care nothing for society, only your society."

"And I yours," he returned. "I go to one of the clubs and soon get weary and bored. I have to come right back to you to get cheered from lethargy."

"That is very sweet and lovely. I am glad you do."

"Well, we will break off from functions after this one next week. We can do so by making a visit to New Orleans the remainder of the winter and for Mardi Gras, if we do not move there. We can so inform our guests and that will be sufficient excuse."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tradition, the mother of History, teaches me that I am the descendant of a king, also that my ancestors were a very long-lived race of people on the dark continent. That my great great-grandfather, who was kidnapped and brought to this country, was over one hundred years of age when he died, which was some seventy-five or eighty years ago. His grandfather was over one hundred years old when he died in Africa. And his grandfather was near one hundred and twenty years of age when he died; that he was a king and had a vast country over which he ruled. It is also a part of our family tradition that nine of my male line progenitors in consecutive order carried their history back to a great event in our country, the facts about which, as I know them, I shall be glad to tell you some time. They are pronounced extremely interesting. Although I am a negro and was a slave, I was educated and speak French."

"Your remarks are interesting. I may be free to say, you are what may be termed more than the average colored man in point of intelligence. That is why I have made it a point to have you

wait upon me more than I otherwise would. When we have the opportunity I shall be pleased to have you tell me more about yourself and your family history. At present, when you get me a *pousse café* I must go up-town."

These speakers were Mr. Alpha Millyard and J. Robert Dickson, commonly called "Bob," who was one of the servants of the club.

"I say, Mr. Le Roy, that is an awfully interesting fellow, that colored boy Bob. He has a history. He was telling me a bit of it a while ago. He uses much better language than any of these other colored men. He confidentially intimated that there is a dark mystery surrounding him or some one of his family, which, were all the facts known, would produce a profound sensation in society. I wish now I had questioned him concerning it. But he soon got off the track on to something about his ancestors."

Mr. Alpha Millyard was addressing Mr. Gerald Con Le Roy. They were walking toward the door to leave the club. They had, separately, been partaking of lunch and wine. Mr. Le Roy replied:

"I have thought on several occasions there was in him, or of him, something more than the ordinary, and have, therefore, observed him more closely than I have any of the other servants. I have reflected that this is probably because he is so very bright in color, so striking in appearance and speaks, as you say, with such fluency and precision in language as compared with other colored men, or negroes, as they are more correctly designated."

Mr. Le Roy was a gentleman in New York who was possessed of a large income and lived in most elegant leisure. His time being devoted to clubs, receptions and society in general.

"By the way," said Millyard, "I believe I will ask Bob if he can assist at our function next Thursday night. He will materially augment the personnel of our servants."

"Capital idea. You could not have made a better suggestion," said Mr. Gerald Con Le Roy.

As these two gentlemen were nearing the door Bob accosted Mr. Millyard and, asking to speak with him privately a moment, said:

"I trust, Mr. Millyard, you will do me the kindness not to mention anything of which I have spoken to you. Not, however, that I have the right to ask your confidence, but because I should not have been so bold as to intrude any of my personal matters

on so noble a gentleman, me a servant, when it was of no concern to you. And, in reality, I apologize for my impudent audacity."

"That is all right, Bob," replied Millyard. "You will understand that it is I who am to blame, if either of us are, because I was an attentive listener to your wonderful personal history. You may be a prince of a realm in Africa. I shall be glad to have you tell me more of yourself at some future time. Meantime, there is to be a reception and banquet at the residence of Madame Millyard next Thursday evening, and, without having consulted her or our steward upon the subject, I take the liberty of asking if we can have your services on that occasion?"

"I shall be highly honored to have the pleasure," said Bob, "provided I can secure leave of absence from the club."

"I will make that all right," suggested Millyard. "You may consider yourself engaged and be at my residence next Thursday evening and report to the steward."

The two gentlemen departed from the club; Bob returned to his duties. He was called by a gentleman seated at one of the tables.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "the name of the gentleman with the curled mustache and imperial? The one with the light overcoat on his arm?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bob. "That is Mr. Alpha Millyard. He is a member here and resides up-town."

"What is his business?" he asked, stroking his big mustache and eying Bob sideways.

"I think, sir, he has no particular business," Bob replied cautiously. "He is a wealthy gentleman who lives upon his income and, like many other New York gentlemen, he is taking life easy."

"How long has he been here?"

"That I could not tell you, sir. He seems to be one of the most popular gentlemen who attends the club."

"I am almost sure I met him in Paris about three years ago," said the stranger. "It was under most extraordinary circumstances. I think his name is Marquand."

"Marquand?" repeated Bob, in astonishment, showing considerable agitation.

"You are surprised. Do you know anything of Marquand?" calmly spoke the gentleman.

"I have heard of him, sir," Bob replied, fumbling with the tableware and napkins, pretending to be busy.

"What have you heard of him?"

"If, sir, you will excuse me, I had rather not answer."

"You do know something of him, though? What is your name?"

"Dickson, sir; J. Robert Dickson."

"Where did you come from, where were you raised?"

"Partly in Alabama, Louisiana and Georgia."

"Where in Louisiana?"

"Up in Laforouche."

"Are you old man Dick Bouffillet's son, by his housekeeper? The one they called Dick's son because his father was nicknamed Dick?"

"Yes, sir. But you have the advantage of me. May I ask you to please tell me your name?"

"Do you remember Hatch?—Colonel Hatch?"

"O, sir! Do not tell me that you are Colonel Frank Hatch?"

"Yes, but I do. Now I want you to tell me what you know about Marquand. He is the Frenchman who plotted a swindle by which I was robbed of nearly two hundred thousand francs, and this man looks exactly like him."

"I am sure, sir," replied Bob, "this gentleman you refer to is not that man Marquand. Because Monsieur Marquand is still in Paris and will not venture to come to the United States. This gentleman, Mr. Millyard, is not a Frenchman. He is an American, from the South somewhere."

"He looks like a Frenchman and speaks like one."

"O, that may be," said Bob, shrugging his shoulders. "He has ~~been~~ residing in Paris, I think."

"Then you know of a mystery about Marquand?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob, agitatedly.

"Were you in Paris?"

"No, sir."

"When Marquand married——"

"You will have to excuse me, sir," said Bob abruptly, "the head waiter is calling me."

Colonel Hatch sat for a while after eating his lunch, seemingly absorbed in intense thought. Presently he muttered:

"If I could just get that nigger to tell me what he knows I believe I could solve the whole mystery. I will try and make him tell me."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## AWFUL REVELATION.

NEW YORK CITY in its grandeur and sublimity of magnificent proportions was at this time one vast scene of beauty in all that makes up a grand metropolis of a grand, unequaled Nation. The balmy air of nearly two weeks of uninterrupted sunshine in the month of January had animated all nature. Every nerve and fiber were tensioned to the utmost. The ever present sparrow abounded in gleeful joy. The people moved with all the degrees of motion. The policemen promenaded more alertly. The shops were crowded. The *cafés* were full and were filling the people while the people still filled them. The newsboys' yell was incessant. The evening shades were gathering fast and the gas lamps brightened up everywhere. Activities had increased in the gay world of fashion to such extent that only those, apparently, who were having functions of their own remained at home in the evenings. Spacious opera-houses, theaters and halls were crowded with cheerful, happy people seeking recreation and amusement during the first warm spell after a hitherto bitter cold winter.

It was thus amid such scenes in life that on Thursday evening the much-talked-of grand function of the Millyards had come to pass. Overjoyed beauty shone resplendent. The loveliest women of New York city and many from surrounding cities and some from Europe were gracing the occasion. The whole mansion was turned into one grand salon, as it were. Madame Millyard was in glorious ecstasy making her guests happy. Lovely compliments showered upon her thick and fast.

Alpha Millyard was the happiest man in America. He made himself delightfully entertaining.

When the guests were admitted to the dining-hall they beheld one of the most gorgeous decorations of the season. Flowers and

evergreens, representatives from all over the world and of every season, were in profusion. The music was the sweetest that the best bands in New York could make. All nature was personified in one grand realistic Eden of bliss and glory. Such as can be conceived only with less vividness or pictured with pen less graphically than in the actuality.

The higher ideal, that more elevated walk and disposition of man; that more sublime degree of human attainment, that pleasurable exultation of soulful enjoyment, that mind and nerve thrilling pleasurable sensation which makes this life sweet to others as well as to oneself, is an ennobling of the soul so that it leads on to the link that connects Man and his mother to the One in whose image they were created. Those who do not revel in the conventionalities of etiquette, of which there is no better anglicized word, and functions, which is not so good, cannot be considered as consorting with this blissful class of men and women. It is the self-preservative law the abiding of which entitles Man to fulfil his mission in the image of his Maker.

Reverting to the mulatto negro, Bob, in the club: Next day Mr. Millyard secured his leave of absence for Thursday evening, and Bob again promised to be present.

"By the way, Bob," said Millyard, "who was that gentleman with the large mustache and long whiskers who sat at the farthest table obliquely across from Mr. Con Le Roy and myself yesterday afternoon with whom you spoke as we were leaving?"

This was evidently a surprising question to Bob; he showed it. Hesitating, however, for only a moment or two, Bob replied:

"I think, sir, he is a gentleman from the South somewhere. He was only introduced into the club."

"Did you learn his name?"

"I think, sir, he said his name was Hatch, or something like that."

"Hatch, Hatch? What Hatch?"

"Captain or General, or some military title. He was here only a short time. I think he left town last night."

"What an odd-looking man he was. He would attract the attention of any one, especially here." Millyard's curiosity was a contrast to his wont.

"These Southerners are all that way," said Bob. "They seem to want to appear odd. They are a very queer people. I was reared among them and I know all about them."

"I dare say," retorted Millyard. "I am also ever interested by those enthusiastically chivalrous and patriotic people of the South. Though I am of the South myself. Therefore I can speak of them plainly. They are like princes and they are Shylocks. They loan freely like a beggar and collect like a national bank. They are kings and they are serfs. They fill the empire with their infection wherever they visit. The Madame is also a Southerner. I should think you would have remained in the South?"

"I would, sir, only I came North in search of a niece; my funds having become exhausted I had to settle down to business."

"Did you ever find your niece?"

"No, sir; I suppose she is still in France. We heard she had come to New York, but I cannot find her."

"A strange fancy has attracted me towards you," said Millyard. "In fact I may say, while I do not wish to take you away from the club, I am inclined to think you would suit me for a valet."

"Ah, indeed! That would give me pleasure. I hope you can see your way clear to make the proposal."

"I will see about it," said Millyard, as he arose from the table, then departed.

Bob had made a reputation as a servant and waiter by his suavity of manner and elegance of speech. He was deferential and respectful.

The chatter of speech at the Millyard banquet was drowned by itself within the limits of a narrow circle. Bob, in faultless attire, was conspicuous at every important and opportune moment. Wit and humor, repartee and surrejoinder, with merry laughter interlarded, reigned supreme.

It was toward the close of the feast when Bob passed down the hall to the end of a table where sat Madame Millyard.

Bob suddenly stood still and, gazing at the Madame a moment, exclaimed: "Rittea, my niece!"

His waiter, with whatever was on it, fell splashing on the floor, while he stood transfixed as a statue.

Only those persons sitting near at hand heard the words Bob had uttered. But the words he spoke were passed along the lines.

There was only a slight commotion among the servants. Two of them carried out a "waiter who had fainted."

One of the leading ladies of society, who was seated near Mrs. Millyard, abruptly arose, saying aloud in angry tones:

"She a negress? I will remain here no longer. I, for one, will take my departure." So saying, she proceeded to take her departure.

Other guests did likewise. The frivolous revelers followed pair by pair, singly and in squads. Finally the banquet-hall was deserted. When the last person, a sympathetic lady, who lingered in sadness, had disappeared through the front door Mrs. Millyard fainted and fell hard, but upon a soft-carpeted floor. Mr. Millyard rushed to her rescue. The faithful maid, Sarah, yelled for the steward, the old reliable, stiff-backed Frenchman. He and all the regular family servants came rushing to the scene. Mr. Millyard gathered his wife in his arms and, aided by Louis and Sarah, placed her on a divan in the drawing-room. Mr. Millyard asked Sarah to get the camphor and ordered the steward to run for the nearest doctor, quick.

Meantime Louis had delivered Bob to a policeman, who carried him to a police station.

"O, goodness! Rittea, Sweetie, please speak to me," soothingly said Millyard, leaning over and softly wiping her face. "What is the matter? I heard what those people said about you, my darling, and what they said that waiter said. But, Sweetie, I have heard that story before. Bertha taunted me with it before we were married. I paid no attention to it then; she was jealous. This man may confirm it, yet I shall still give it no heed. I am your husband forever." He was so distressed he did not observe that she was oblivious to what he was saying.

Camphor was quickly administered, also other restoratives. Before the physician arrived Madame Millyard had revived. Finding her husband holding her head in his arms on his lap she said:

"Darling husband, are you mortified with me?"

"My darling Sweetie, for what? I told you just now I have heard of something like this before—from that Bertha. But I did not believe it, for I knew Bertha was jealous. Even if it is true it shall not change my love and devotion for you. We have now our two bright little children to care for and not for what other people say or do."

"Yes, dear, but it casts us out of society in New York and ruins the future prospects of our children."

Kissing her several times and raising her to a sitting posture partially, Mr. Millyard said:

"As for society, I care nothing. But I do care, darling, for our sweet girl, Mittie, and our son, De Ampbert. We must now look to them as well as to ourselves. I love you just as sweetly and devotedly as I ever did, if not more so. You are not friendless nor loveless."

"Ah, to hear you say that is so sweet. But, my dear husband, how can you forgive me for not telling you? I am not that man's niece. But, Alpha, dear, he is in reality a blood relation. It is on my poor mother's side. My mother has not shown herself outside of my house since I returned from school in Paris, where she was educated before me. You did not see my mother. I did not wish you to see her. Because I was afraid if you did you would cease to love me. She is as white as any white person and is better educated, more polished and refined than ninety one-hundredths of the people. I did not see, with my education and my wealth, which my father gave me for the purpose of protecting me in the world and in society, why I should not marry to my liking, a man of my choice, a man whom I loved and who would love me. It was love, pure love for myself that I wanted. But the man I loved was the man I wanted to love me. That man was you. I have not intruded myself upon society. Society has intruded itself upon me. Why? Because you and I have been liberal, yea, even lavish with society as well as in charity. God knows I have intended no wrong. In my work of charity I was at the Charity ball at the Odd-Fellows' Hall. I saw you. From that moment I longed for you, I loved you. And when the opportunity divinely presented itself I determined to befriend you, as I already knew that you were innocent of the vile charges against you, hoping thereby to win your sweet love in return for mine. Can you forgive me, and condone my error and—love me?"

"Forgive and condone?" gently but rapturously spoke Milliard. "There is none necessary, Sweetie. There is nothing you have done to forgive and nothing, not a thing, to condone. As for love, I do not comprehend how I can love you any more than I do. I am just absolutely yours so much already that I am not any of my own. You are the dearest, sweetest woman on earth. Contemplate those people who were here to-night; the élite ladies and gentlemen of New York, the most fashionable of the world, each one separately and collectively, paying you unreserved homage and showering compliments that would have turned the head of a Queen Elizabeth. But you were just the same. I know you, as

you said of me, and I love you, Sweetie. I live for you and none beside, save the children."

"I am so happy, yet so mortified," she said, sweetly, but with a gentle sigh.

"Repeat that first part, Sweetie. And tell me you will not mood over this episode; won't you, please?"

"I am happy, dear; you talk so sweetly. I will not mood over it if you will not think of it."

"I have no need to think of it any more than heretofore. My mind is more concerned in you."

"I am glad we informed those people that this would be our last function and that we expect to leave here soon."

"Yes, that was fortunate," responded Millyard. "By the way, I received a letter from Mr. Delarue this afternoon which I have not read."

"Can you read it to me?"

He read, part of which was as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. MILLYARD:—I have not had time to write you recently. I received yours two or three days ago. Glad to hear you and yours are so well. You ask about Bertha; her body was found in Lake Pontchartrain the other day near where we saw Sam Wax. bathing. It is supposed she drowned herself. A young man was in bathing with her, but he did not see her drown, it seems. Villeguini also figures in the case. But, as you know, they will not catch up with him. I now own all of this wholesale grocery store, also the home where I live on Camp street, and have the prettiest little girl in New Orleans. Come home. You have protracted your honeymoon long enough. I never took a week and did not get so far away as Beloxi City, etc.

"Yours sincerely,

"MIKE DELARUE."

"Well, Bertha is out of the way of harming either you or me," remarked Millyard when he finished reading the letter.

"We will close house here and go to New Orleans immediately, will we not, dear Alpha?"

"Yes, dear; as soon as we can get ready."

"What became of that dreadful man who has ruthlessly blighted our lives in New York?" asked Mrs. Millyard.

"Louis had him sent to the station-house. But if he is really

related to you I shall go in the morning and have him released. If you consent, I will bring him here and make him my valet."

"I prefer not to see him again," she said. "He was so imprudent. Besides, let him go to his real niece in Paris. She is there. She is the Madame Marquand who created the sensation at one of our salons. She is a cousin of mine, but I did not think it worth while to mention it then and only do so now incidentally."

"She is one of the leaders in Parisian society," suggested Mr. Millyard.

"Of course. That is why I did not mention to you our relationship. I did not wish that you or I should be subservient to any one, or they to us. Particularly on account of relationship to me."

"You are a thoroughbred, my Sweetie. Do you love me?"

"I adore you; just worship you!"

"It is mutual, my love. I think it would be better to have that fellow released to-night and not have a trial about the matter in court. That would cause the whole affair to be made public through the newspapers."

"You are quite thoughtful. That is the best course to pursue."

Mr. Millyard immediately wrote a note to the police official requesting the release of J. Robert Dickson, on the ground that his arrest was a mistake and that he had no charge to prefer against him, and sent the note by Louis, who ordered the arrest.

One can look back and see why Mrs. Millyard had been so anxious that Mr. Millyard should not meet Bertha Rosenstin, or if he did that he pay no attention to what she said. She knew that Bertha, having heard of her contemplated marriage with Mr. Millyard, would cast a slur upon her birth and blood. When Millyard had not shown that she did Miss de Ampbert was happy.

A few days afterward Alpha Millyard and Madame Rittea de Ampbert Millyard, "the lady of New Orleans," caused such of their household effects as they desired in New Orleans to be shipped by steamer, the chef and servants accompanying them. Louis, the steward, and Sarah, the maid, remained to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Millyard and the children over the country by railroad.

Their house in New York city was leased for a term of years to a down-town banker and broker.

Before leaving New York, Millyard wrote Delarue a letter giving information of their return to New Orleans, as he requested, after a contemplated stop-over in North Carolina.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## DOWN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

MR. MILLYARD had explained to his wife that he was receiving such encouraging reports from the investment he made in North Carolina when he was over from France that he thought it advisable to stop over, as they would pass within about sixty miles of the works on their way to New Orleans.

Accordingly we find them at Hickory where Mr. Galen Dalgat and his charming wife, the erstwhile fiancée of Mr. Millyard, were doing the honors of the occasion in delightful style. Mr. Millyard before leaving New York had telegraphed Mr. Dalgat of his coming.

"Mr. Dalgat, my dreamomaniacal friend, is not there a mine or mines out here somewhere in which you are interested? Or is it one of my dreams, instead of yours?" inquired Mr. Millyard.

"Call it dreaming," replied Dalgat, "but let me tell you, Alpha, my dreamomaniacal faculties have led me into some very pleasing ventures and profitable business matters."

The two men were seated on the front veranda of Mr. Dalgat's substantial residence during the first afternoon after the arrival of the Millyards, while the children with their attendants were playing on the front lawn in the oak grove. At this time Mr. Dalgat was the father of a boy nearly three years old and a little baby girl. Although it was January the air was unusually balmy and delightfully pleasant, even more than it had been during the two weeks in New York city.

"Ah, indeed! Give me an account of them," replied Millyard.

"In the first place it seems that I dreamed of making my engagement with my wife, for she still declares that we had no such conversation as I alleged when we agreed to marry." Mr. Dalgat interspersed chewing tobacco, sometimes vigorously, with his remarks. "And in the next place, probably more properly in the first place, I had dreamed of making a trade with Judge Selia for

a tract of land over in Alexander county, and when I talked to him about it the next day we actually agreed to trade, provided I would also marry my wife; that was part of the bargain." He chuckled into a guffaw. "Then I dreamed that there was gold and other rich minerals in the land. A short while afterward a gold miner expert and mineralogist came along and got my permission to investigate and test the land for minerals. He found gold in abundance and a green gem in great quantities. The gem sparkles brilliantly like a diamond. It is, in fact, a pure green diamond. They are more valuable and sell for twice or three times as much as white diamonds."

Mr. Millyard listened attentively to the fascinating recital of Mr. Dalgat concerning the discovery and development of the wonderful wealth which was concealed in the bosom, as it were, of this tract of land about which he had dreamed the dream of a dreamer. Millyard asked:

"What will you take for the land and your interest in the business, Galen?"

"I never thought about it, but I could not think of selling for less than two hundred thousand spot cash. You see, I have a contract with the company through old Professor Alfred Wortman, who found it, whereby I receive a percentage of one-fourth the gross output, and he and his company pay all expenses whatsoever as well as furnish the machinery. They made me treasurer, hence I know what they are doing. The business is being conducted so quietly, without any ostentation or show of any kind, that no one outside of Professor Wortman and myself know the extent of our business. He is exceedingly careful about keeping the affair secret."

"How long does the contract run, Galen?" inquired Millyard. If he knew he had forgotten.

"Seven years," replied Dalgat. "It has over four years more to run."

"You mean then, you would take two hundred thousand dollars spot cash for a title deed to the land and your interest in the contract?"

"Yes, I will do that," slowly drawled Dalgat. "But I am not hankering for any one to come along and take me up. It may look to outsiders as being visionary and exorbitant, but I am easy. My share out of it will be very much more than that, if it pans out like it has been, long before the contract expires."

"Well, Galen, I wish to say to you before we talk any further about my buying your interest or my looking at the property, that I have come by here on my way from New York to New Orleans just to see you and your wife and to examine this wonderful mine. Your man, Professor Wortman, accidentally met me in New York as I was returning to Paris from New Orleans and I learned the particulars about it from him. He called to see me at my hotel in New York and showed me samples and your letter. He told me all about your owning the land, swapping a circus horse and a worn-out buggy for it. I agreed to and did furnish him one hundred thousand dollars to develop your mines. I did it on your account and because of your marrying my old sweetheart."

"Great goodness! Ain't that strange?" ejaculated Dalgal. "Well, well! Who would have thought it? Lem-me see? It occurs to me now that I did dream, or some one told me, an old friend had or would furnish me the money." He said this thoughtfully.

"I enjoined the Professor that he should not let you know that I had furnished you the money."

"Well, he has not. I did not know a word of it until you told me this very minute. This is astonishing. I must tell Lucilla." So saying, Dalgal excused himself to Millyard and, rushing in the house, informed his wife. As he entered the door on returning to the porch, Millyard said:

"I telegraphed Professor Wortman that I would arrive here to-day."

"Yes, he sent me word that he would be in town this afternoon with the wagons and also with the two ambulances, which we use instead of carriages, as he expected company to go out to the works. I judge by that, that he had received your telegram."

"No doubt," said Millyard. "I sent it from New York day before yesterday at the same time I telegraphed you." Dalgal handed some samples of the ore and gems to Millyard, who continued: "If this property meets my expectations, Galen, I shall accept your proposal and give you two hundred thousand dollars for your indefeasible deed in fee simple to the land and your interest in the contract with Wortman and his company. Has he any other one in the company except you and myself?"

"I have never known who he has in the company with him," replied Dalgal. "He got the money from some source and said to me that it was a confidential and private matter. It was not ma-

terial to me. I never dreamed that it was you, or that you would have sufficient interest in me to invest so large a sum of money on my account."

"Well, you see, Galen," said Millyard, smiling, "the truth about the matter is your dreaming failed you there; it was not so much on your account entirely. Of course I did not invest so large a sum without some surety of adequate, if not superior, returns. It has met my expectations, and, as I say, if the property shows up any further tangibility in proportion I will venture double that amount in it. You hinted that it might run out; are there any indications to that effect?"

"I know of none particularly. But you know how all these mining affairs are? There is sure to be an end of it somewhere."

"But, probably like gold mines and also diamond mines, as I understand, they may be worked over the second time even more profitably than the first time, especially with new methods and improved machinery," suggested Millyard.

"That is just exactly what I have thought," retorted Dalgat. "And somebody told me, or I dreamed, that a tract of land adjoining this one to the southwest and of the same geological formation has these gems and gold in it and can be purchased for a comparatively small sum. If you buy my interest you should buy that land also. By the time you work out this tract or when the contract expires you will want this additional tract to work on. I would be glad if you will buy me out. Because that will be as much money as I will want. If you make millions out of it, as Professor Wortman seems to think and strongly claims can be done, I shall not be sorry, but will be glad."

"All right, Galen; I am glad to hear you talk that way. All of us must go there to-morrow, your wife and my wife and all the children. Then when I see the property I will tell you whether I will buy. Is there accommodation for all of us?"

"Yes, plenty," drawled Dalgat, assuringly. "The Professor has built a log castle, as he calls it, as spacious as a city hotel, and has furnished it sumptuously. You know, I think, he had it built two years ago, looking forward to this visit. He has often hinted at a visit from some celebrity."

"I should not be surprised," returned Millyard. "From what he has written me he is doing well."

"I guess you will be quite agreeably surprised when Professor Wortman shows you what he has actually been doing."

"Yes, I see," said Millyard. "Probably I better not anticipate."

While the fact was singular, yet the circumstances that brought Madame Millyard and Mrs. Dalgat together in the same house as host and hostess were natural.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## HIDDENITE DIAMOND MINES.

PROFESSOR ALFRED WORTMAN with his outfit of conveyances arrived in Hickory that night. He stopped at the Inn. A hotel is an "inn" in that section. Early next morning he repaired to the handsome residence of Mr. Galen Dalgai.

The party made merry, indulging in mutual explanations while preparing for the eighteen-miles ride over rugged mountain roads to the "green diamond" mines in Alexander county. The trip was to be a new experience for Mrs. Millyard.

The equipment at the green diamond mines and the gold mines, which were adjoining and in the same enclosure was a revelation to Mr. Millyard. He had not expected such extensive works and equipments.

The whole place was enclosed with a high plank wall as a stockade. There was a large building used by those employed in both the gold and the green diamond mines as a place where each man made a change of clothing, in his own apartment, previous to being passed before the inspectors, who made careful search for gold or green diamonds; none of either being found on their person they were permitted to pass on to their boarding-house or to their private residence, all of which were inside the enclosure.

In addition to a stated sum per diem a percentage was allowed the miners on their daily find of either gold or green diamonds.

The amount each miner earned could be ascertained by him from a daily bulletin which was posted outside of the big inspection house, where the superintendent had his office. Both the gold and the green diamond miners kept one of their number, paid by them from assessments, as check clerk to see that their rights were preserved in giving them credit for their work. This check clerk was elected by the miners.

Day laborers, for hauling the gold ore and gneissoid rocks con-

taining this variety of the spodumene, worked in squads under bosses, and received three dollars per diem. Professor Wortman would not retain any man in employ who did not earn at least two dollars per day.

A large bank vault had been constructed in the office part of the big log castle, where the diamonds in the rough, as well as finished, the gold dust and nuggets, as also the bars that were returned from the smelter, were stored for safety. The vault was secured by two time-locks, one on the outside iron railing door and one on the vault door. Every man on the place knew that not even the cashier nor the Professor, could get inside the vault only when the time-lock was open. This was to obviate a raid being made on the treasure.

A more cheerful and contented lot of men are seldom seen. They were making competencies for use when they went out in the world again. All that was necessary to keep them thus contented was to prevent them from going outside of the stockade and then to some distillery in the mountains.

Mr. Millyard was shown every detail of the business. He mentally noted everything he saw and often spoke to his wife aside during their examination. Next in order Professor Wortman took Millyard, and Dalgat accompanied them, outside the stockade, mounted on saddle horses, to make a complete survey of the surface of the land, including the adjoining tract to the southwest, of which Dalgat had made mention to Millyard.

"Dalgat, my old dreamomaniac friend," said Millyard good-humoredly, as the party were returning to the stockade, "you say you are willing to sell me this land and your entire interest in this business? I am willing and ready to purchase at your price with two provisos being complied with."

"What are they?" asked Mr. Dalgat, as they neared the stockade coming down the mountain-side.

"The first is, that I can buy this other tract of land, and the other is, that you will make a favorable dream for me to-night."

"People are always talking about my dreaming," retorted Dalgat, petulantly. "I do not know whether I can dream for you or not. In any event I am dubious about my ability of dreaming to order. But when I tell you anything is so or is going to be so, you may rely that it will be just that way."

"O, I merely said the latter, Galie," said Millyard. "You send and get the gentleman who owns this other tract of land to come

here to-night and let me trade with him for it. Then I will trade with you."

"I can have him here to-night," interposed Professor Wortman.

"Good! Please do that," Millyard responded as the guard opened the gate of the stockade.

That night the owner of the tract, Mr. Bart Hallowell, came and Millyard traded for the tract of land in question. Hallowell agreed to have his wife there and make the deed the next day.

That night, just before retiring to their rooms from the immense hall used as a sitting-room, where they had all been pleasantly conversing during the evening, Millyard nonchalantly remarked:

"Galen, old chum, you may draw up your deed and transfer of contract in the morning at the same time when you are drawing up Mr. Hallowell's deed. But I wish you would tell me in the morning how I am going to come out in this enterprise. You see, with this I will be pretty deep into the business, and if I lose a fortune is wiped out."

"I cannot promise you anything more than you know and can see for yourself," replied Dalgai, resting one hand on the big center-table. "But if I do know anything I will tell you gladly. This whole business has been a vision, as it were, to me."

"I don't doubt it," chimed in Millyard.

"If it has been on account of dreams," continued Dalgai, "they have been a fortune to me, all I will want. I hope and trust it will realize your dreams. But you will gain an hundred-fold by it to my one. However, I want to tell you this: just before I bought this land from our mutual friend, Judge William Buckingham Selia, and then married my wife, since which time success and fortune has smiled on me, I found that when spitting, whether in the office or on the sidewalk, I invariably hit the crack. Another thing: when I am walking along the street I find myself involuntarily stepping across the cracks between the flagstones of the sidewalk. Also stepping across an imaginary line from a post or from the corner of a house or pillar or door, or bulge in the wall, across to the outside of the sidewalk. I think that has had as much to do with my luck, as the Psalmist has it, if not more, than my dreaming. I do not believe in the dreaming idea. If it is dreaming I hope I can dream some for you. There is another thing connected with this dreaming scheme that I cannot explain, nor do I fully understand: my dreams are always in the past.

They are vivid and actual in every particular and detail, so that they are clearly imprinted on my mind as facts. They have always proven to be correct in some form or fashion. So, if to-night I should dream of your making millions in this enterprise I sincerely believe it will come true."

"Mr. Dalgai, that your great Genii may be enticed and fail not to attend you," said Mrs. Wortman, the shriveled-looking wife of the Professor, "come and take some wine before retiring."

Next morning Mr. Galen Dalgai, the partially red-headed, or, rather, auburn-haired, and partly bald-headed lawyer of Hickory, came marching out on the broad, rustic-furnished veranda that surrounded the enormous log castle and, accosting Mr. Millyard, who was an early riser, and who with Professor Wortman was taking a morning "nip," rubbing his hands cheerily, said:

"Now look here, Alpha, I want facts, nothing but facts. Didn't you tell me last night that you had sold these mines to the Rothschilds for five hundred million dollars? If you have, I think you can afford to give me more than two hundred thousand dollars for my interest."

"Ah, ha!" shouted Millyard in great glee, and laughing loudly. "You did have a dream then? Out with it. Tell the whole thing."

"Dream? Nonsense!" sneered Dalgai. "Don't you know you were sitting out here last night and told me, the Professor heard it, how you had made more money out of these mines than you knew what to do with? And that you did not know what you are worth or what you own? Professor, I ask you to verify for me; am I not correct?"

"Here is some Western North Carolina corn whisky that is pure, the best in the world," responded the Professor; "there is some bitters and there is some sugar. Henry, you make Mr. Dalgai one of your very best corn whisky cock-tails."

"Yes," added Millyard, humorously, "and while he is compounding you a corn cock-tail I wish to hear some further remarks, perorations included, about this wonderful five-hundred-million-dollar deal that you say I pictured to you last night. Give us the full bill of particulars and, as you are such a sure dreamer, probably I can follow the idea or go through the woods by the blazes on the trees."

"It makes me disgusted with people who are always denying to me their straightforward conversations," said Dalgai, rather contemptuously. "They talk and talk me nearly to death and then

talk; then come up serenely next morning and say they never talked to me, never saw me, much less to talk."

"Yes, people are queer, Galen," softly returned Millyard. "But I hope you will be more considerate with me. I have no reason to doubt you, but I have a good reason for wishing to know the methods, the manner as well as the method, of your having these remarkable conversations and remembering them so correctly."

"That's it! That is what puzzles me!" exclaimed Dalgat. "I would know it was only a dream if it were not clear to me that it is true in every particular. You have sold this property or engaged it and you can't deceive me about it."

"Why, Galen, I will not buy it from you, if you are sorry of your bargain," replied Millyard.

"No, sir, I am a man of my word," hotly replied Dalgat, taking the proffered glass of N. C. corn cock-tail.

"That is the reason I have never doubted you," asserted Millyard. "You do not seem to appreciate my desire to be possessed of the same kind of extraordinary mental faculties whereby you learn in your sleep beforehand what is to be; those things that are to transpire many days or months subsequent. You see, if I can be possessed of your dreamomaniacal faculty it would probably lead me into the infinite and thus to the otherwise unattainable. But I presume it is not intended by our great Creator that all men should know these things, even were we to possess the faculty or occult and innate force that you seem to monopolize. Some men would make base use of such faculty. Hence you ought to be considerate to those who unlike you must needs grope in ignorance. Now the facts are, you tell me that the Rothschilds are your agents and bankers! What you have stated leads me to suspect on the spur of the moment that if we trade I possibly may be able to make a deal with those people. They are the only persons in the world through whom I could hope to make such a gigantic deal. I know personally the Rothschilds in Paris, and, of course, all about the others. I am also aware that they have their heads set on just this kind of enterprise, outside of dealing with governments. And it is only because stable and financially able governments are limited and the dealings of the firm correspondingly so, that they are forced to outside dealings. This they do where the matters are of sufficient magnitude to warrant their attention. They are investing in gold enterprises. Hence if this is a millions-of-dollars affair they can very readily be persuaded into it. Tak-

ing this view of the case, don't you think you better decide not to sell to me, or to any one else?"

Wiping his mustache and bare forehead with a red-flowered handkerchief, Dalgat slowly replied:

"No, my dear Alpha; I told you what I would do. You took me up and I stick to it."

"All right, Galen. I have had a plain talk with Professor Wortman. He has given me full information and imparted many important ideas in regard to the business. I shall accept them all, as well as your offer to sell. The enterprise requires additional capital immediately. I will furnish it. But I expect to make back my money out of it before the end of two months. That is what the Professor claims. Then I can possibly realize by the end of the year your dream about my selling to the Rothschilds."

"Good!" was all that Dalgat could exclaim.

Bart Hallowell, the farmer who owned the other tract of land containing one hundred and ninety acres, with his wife, arrived at the log castle in the middle morning hours.

Mr. Millyard secured title in fee simple to the land for six thousand dollars. Nearly ten times as much as the man would have taken for the land the year before. Millyard was now the owner of all the property except the one-fourth interest in the net output minus one-fourth gross during the next four years and more which the contract yet had to run.

There were congratulations and compliments and good feeling prevailed among all the parties to the transactions. The ladies of the party had become very much interested in the proceedings. The transactions being concluded, Mrs. Wortman invited all the party to the spacious dining-hall, where was served brandies, wines, anything desired, including the original, never-failing and only simon-pure "N. C. corn-juice." Such as the Governors use.

This being over, Mrs. Wortman invited them to a house inspection.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## WHEN THE SPARK WAS STARTED.

SUCH a house as the Wortman log castle exists nowhere else. To begin a meager description of the building it may be premised that the location suited the conception for just such a structure.

It was built with the view of its being a veritable castle, because the gold and precious stones being mined had to be stored in it. Precaution necessitated that it be bullet-proof as well as burglar-proof. The walls of the castle were of a foot and a half to two feet square, or partly squared, logs, sawed from the timber which grew on the land. The double main door opened into a large room twenty-four feet square, a large old-fashioned fireplace, ten feet in width by four feet deep, a grand, massive mantel seven feet high at the top shelf and a wide stone hearth were directly in front of the main door across the room. Very wide semi-circular staircases led up at both ends, or rather, sides, of the large room to a wide balcony extending round the rotunda at each of the second and third stories, supported by pillars on the rotunda and rooms on the outside. The huge rotunda extended to the roof, which was double-ceiled with finely polished long-leaf North Carolina pine, forming a beautiful dome inside. In the third-story gallery there were no rooms, but little portholes and small windows were close together all around the outside walls, which commanded a plain view in all directions around the castle.

The decorations inside, although tasteful, sufficient and appropriate, did not show up profusely at first glance on account of the great size of the room. Large U. S. flags were festooned to the dome. Deer antlers, bear-skins, goat and rams' horns, with a few well-polished sets of steers' horns, and galax (*aphylla*) leaves adorned the walls. Rustic rhododendron (*maximum et catawbiense*) rocking-chairs, of all sizes and quirleque make were in appropriate places about the large room and halls and on the wide front piazza.

A large circular table, eight feet in diameter, of two-inch walnut planks two feet wide, highly polished, forming a huge center-table, was decorated with lamps, mats, books, magazines and bric-a-brac galore; a large kerosene oil chandelier, suspended from the center of the dome, swung high over this center-table. This large room served as a reception chamber and drawing-room all combined. The "castle" faced north. On the south side at the west end of this large hall there was a door opening to bath-rooms, barber-shop and so forth. The second story above this part was set apart in rooms for the servants and others. On the south side at the east end of the hall was a door leading to the immense dining-hall, back and beside of which were the kitchen, pantry, laundry, and so forth. On the east side of the hall were two doors not far apart, one leading to the office-rooms on the north side of a passageway, the big vault-room was on the other side fronting the offices; the other door led to the sleeping apartments and so forth occupied by Professor Wortman and his family. On the second floor on the east and west sides of the balcony-rotunda were twenty or more bedrooms occupied by the chief men and lapidary men. On the west side first floor were a billiard-room, where one could smoke, and a large hall reserved for special purposes, such as meetings, religious and otherwise. The third story was the arsenal and fort.

A guard stood at the door of the office by day and by night, three men being assigned on this duty with loaded 44-caliber Winchester rifles in hand and the same caliber revolvers at their side, who alternated watch eight hours each in guardianship over the great amount of treasure stored in the vault.

This rare and sparkling gem, the most valuable of all gems, green in color, but clear and brilliant, is more popularly known by the name of "Hiddenite." This name, Hiddenite, may be a strikingly suggestive name, but the gem came by it honestly. However, as some one has said:

"Some day the world will say,  
And this at no distant day,  
'Hiddenite' received its name  
Not to its discoverer's fame,  
But 'cause so long 'twas hidden,  
—And thus its name."

William Earl Hidden, an American, but a member of several

scientific societies in Europe as well as some in the United States was the real and first discoverer of the gem and the first to pronounce it a distinct gem. Its subsequent analysis proved him to be correct. It is classified as a variety of spodumene, and, because of its rarity, sparkling brilliancy and great beauty of color, it is sought for by the *dilletante connoisseurs* and wealthy people, especially by those of Europe and the nobility.

The supply of the gem, even at extraordinary prices is not equal to the demand. A stone of the size, shape and weight of a white diamond which has for an intrinsic value, say of twenty-five hundred dollars, is readily sold at from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars, according to brilliancy.

Professor Wortman conceived the plan of giving a numbered certificate with each gem, the gem itself being numbered to correspond and bearing the imprint of "Wortman," with another private seal, guaranteeing the genuineness of the stone, and setting forth, as clearly as possible a description of the gem and its setting. Which certificate is of such nature and character, printed on pure parchment, that every person who purchases one of the gems from second hand can be sure that he is receiving the genuine when this certificate accompanies it. In every instance the certificate must be signed by the person selling the stone, which also carries with it his guarantee of his ownership and the same warranty he received, the same as land. Every time the gem is sold the seller, be he king or prince, queen or my lady, or Mr. Brown, this certificate must be signed by them and transferred with the gem. Were some other person than the true owner to sign the transfer certificate it might possibly work detrimentally to the fair reputation of the party so doing, a larceny or burglary might be proven. Thus, the holder of one of these gems and its certificate can trace it to its source. If the possessor of one of the gems and none but the wealthy can possess them, does not hold the certificate and does not know the number he is in danger of exposure. If there is any change in the stone or alteration in the manner of its setting the owner so having it done must note it, the date and by whom, on the certificate.

There was never before such a perfect scheme for protecting in its original sanctity the genuineness and history of precious gems. A hundred or a thousand years hence the history of one of these gems will be interesting reading. It was an extraordinary foresight in Professor Wortman to adopt the plan. He thus caused

his gems to be popular from the very incipency of the business and was thus enabled to maintain his prices for the same.

Here, then, is the most valuable and brilliant gem of all the precious gems, one which is very rare and difficult to obtain, and which so far in all the world has been found only inside the limits of a bailiwick, a small area in a county in the state of North Carolina. The safeguards around it for the protection of its rightful owner, the same as a title deed to real estate, give it additional value.

Already in Great Britain the scion of a nobleman of distinction was saved from ruin and disgrace in a case in open court by a certificate showing the genealogy of a Hiddenite gem.

But to return to the trend.

Mr. Millyard and his wife were shown the treasure in the vault. Professor Wortman the while explained to them in detail. The flashing emerald-hued stones had been lapidaries and then put in gold settings, plain and ornamental, as brooches, necklaces, rings, bosom-studs, et cetera, in a large room adjoining the office. In this lapidary work Millyard had been anticipated by the Professor. Expert artisans were already employed at lapidarying, designing, engraving and making the settings to suit the stones. When finished the gems were shipped to agents in London, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Berlin, and so forth, and sold to persons who, in many instances, had engaged them months in advance.

Mrs. Millyard was delighted with the business. She declared it peculiarly adapted to a woman's taste, to which Mrs. Wortman assented.

By consent of Professor Wortman who made the choice, Mr. Millyard also joining in consent, Mrs. Wortman fastened upon the bosom of Mrs. Millyard a cluster of the gems in a beautiful setting, which was entered on the books at thirty thousand dollars. The certificate, duly made out and registered, was given along with it. Mrs. Dalgat in an aside to Mrs. Millyard, said:

"They have never given me one."

This plaintive remark was overheard by Mr. Millyard. Turning to Professor Wortman he said:

"Get one equally as elegant and let me make a present of it to Mrs. Dalgat."

Searching among the mounted gems as they lay spread out on

trays, Professor Wortman made choice of one and handed it to Millyard, saying:

"Here is one. We have an order from a Bavarian nobleman for one about like it in all essential particulars and for which the price is approximated at twenty thousand dollars. You can have it to present to Mrs. Dalgat."

Taking the cluster of gems and advancing to Mrs. Dalgat, Millyard said:

"Allow me the pleasure, Madame Dalgat, to pin this little brooch upon your bosom as a slight testimonial, with my compliments."

There was nothing untoward connected with this procedure.

Mrs. Millyard slightly bowed her head and gently imitated making marks with the ferule of her umbrella upon the floor.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## HOW THE GEMS ARE FOUND.

"O, no, don't leave to-day," said Professor Wortman to Millyard. "Wait until to-morrow. I want to show you the feasibility of running this business to its very utmost limit and getting all there is in it out of it in the quickest time possible."

"I am aware of that fact," replied Millyard. "It is my desire to run it at the highest pressure possible. I would like very much to determine before I leave what is necessary to be done to that end. I guess we will remain until to-morrow if Mr. Dalgai is willing."

Mr. Dalgai was a complacent, indeed a very amiable, gentleman. He had his fortune in his pocket.

"How much more capital do you want?" asked Millyard of Wortman.

"I have the assets here on hand," the old man replied, "and more besides, as you have seen, but I have not the cash and will not have it until we get returns from Europe. We may not need so much as I am going to mention, but I want it at our command. If I had a hundred thousand dollars I would telegraph and get a hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five more expert lapidary-men and one hundred more expert goldsmiths at once. Then put three hundred more miners to work and get about thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of new, improved, up-to-date machinery, about which I received a letter recently, as they have not yet got out a catalogue. I can in about three weeks after I get all this begin to turn out two million dollars' worth a day, probably a little over."

"Good gracious, man! You stagger me, both ways," laughed Millyard. "If our friend Dalgai sends in his check at once I will not have a balance sufficient to let you have a hundred thousand at once. But if you can do what you say I will try and arrange it as soon as I get to New Orleans."

"As I said," rejoined Professor Wortman, "I may not need that much nor require but very little of it before we realize in returns from Europe; but before I make the venture I want to know that amount of cash is at command to back me. You see a man can be more confident of a thing when he has good cash backing. I have the knowledge of how to do it and you have the money to back me. Here we have the plant and the real stuff right there in the ground and all we have to do is to take it out and work it into available material, marketable shape. The nearer we put it into a commodity ready for sale and use the more money we will make out of it."

"True," responded Millyard. "By that means we make all the profits of production up to an actual sale by retail, as it were. By the way, could you arrange it so that you can send all your surplus gold, I mean over what you use here in the business, to the mint at Philadelphia and let it be placed for coinage to my credit?"

"Certainly," responded Professor Wortman. "I can get returns from Europe in three or four weeks on those gems already sent and probably those on the way. Besides, I can send a lot more of them at once. I will ship what gold we have on hand at once and ask that it be placed to your credit. The mint director will furnish me with statements and I can enter it in the books against you."

"That will be satisfactory," assented Millyard. "I will give you my check for twenty-five thousand dollars now and will send you the balance from New Orleans. I see that you are a pushing man; that suits me exactly. I want to be back here in about three weeks."

"By that time I will have this business in full blast," said Wortman, pushing his spectacles up over his forehead, "turning out at least a million dollars' worth every day we work, if not up to the two-million mark. That amount is where my pegs are set. I shall make my orders by telegraph. That requires that I send a boy over to Hickory on a horse in a gallop."

When the check was given and the boy was gone the level-headed old Professor said:

"Now, since this matter is settled and off my mind, I will ask you and Mr. Dalgat to please excuse me while I attend to the affairs of the mines. Just make yourselves at home; do as you please and go where you please; only the guards will not let you out of the stockade."

Being alone, Millyard and Dalgat engaged themselves in conversation.

"I say, Galen," said Millyard, "are you a descendant of the gentleman who introduced medicine and surgery by journeying from Athens to Africa in quest of a corpse? Of course not, but—why did you sell? You heard what the Professor said about the business paying?"

"Well, Alpha, to tell you the truth, I did not know the scope nor extent of the business. I have never examined into it fully. The Professor has been telling me about it, and has been persuading me to go into a joint stock company and all that sort of thing, but I had no ready money. I needed some at once. Two hundred thousand dollars cash in hand, besides what I have already got as my share of the output, for a piece of old mountain land that I swapped an old horse and a worn-out buggy for, is, I think, a pretty good piece of business."

"Sensible to the last," retorted Millyard. "But I want to ask this: Was it on account of any adverse dream?"

"Now you are hitting at the quick," replied Dalgat to Millyard's soft impeachment. "If you will persist in calling them dreams, Alpha, I may as well admit that they were all on your side, in your favor. I could not see anything far ahead in my favor and, while I was not anxious to sell, I set a price and you took me up. Your doing so shows to me that you are the lucky man, while I also consider myself a lucky man to get my price. But it has all come through talking——"

"Dreaming, you mean," interposed Millvard.

"Call it dreaming then, you who do not know any better. A good dream is better than a bad one. I have had good luck ever since I have noticed that I involuntarily step across a crack in the floor or on the sidewalk. Whenever I am forced to put a foot across a crack I place the hollow of the foot centrally across it. Since I commenced doing so I have had good luck and success in every enterprise. Why, it has come to me when I did not expect it. I gained a case for a client the other day when I knew he was guilty and I had given up in despair. The Judge unintentionally suggested a technicality, which acquitted my client. I am certain that what you told me the other night about your going to sell this business to the Rothschilds, or through them, will come to pass." Mr. Dalgat evidently firmly believed in his omens of expectorating on the mark and stepping across the cracks, he alluded to them so frequently.

"Well, now, Galen, I did not tell you that; but let that pass," said Millyard, placatingly. "I can understand the situation. I only hope it will come true. I want to engage your legal services to take care of my interest here as well as the legal business of the concern. Your salary shall be five thousand dollars a year from now."

"Of course, Alpha, I will do anything for you," replied Dalgai. "Your proposal is accepted."

The manner of mining for the green diamond is interesting. The gem-bearing stones are found in pockets, sometimes forty or fifty gem-stones are found in a pocket, and then again in other places only eight or ten are secured. It frequently happens that they are scattered like pebbles in the sand and only one stone is found, but the miners follow the lead and take out a single stone at a time, or none, until they come to another pocket. This was the primitive way of mining them; Professor Wortman adopted a speedier method. He found a pump that was made in Hickory which washed down the mountain.

It is not every stone that contains a gem, but the expert learns to know them by sight. Occasionally stones are found in the naked, that is, loose in the soil, not encased in a stone. These are thought by some to be not quite so hard as those gems found inside the stones. But this theory is not correct, because it would tend to show that the gems deteriorate after exposure, which is not the case. There is apparently no difference between them. They are certainly as clear and sparkling as those found in the rocks.

These gems are as clear, pure, green as the Scythian *smaragdus* (green beryl) from the emerald mines at Zabora. They are found concealed in about the center of the stones. It was a nice question to obtain a rock-crusher that would not injure the gems. The machinery they first had for the purpose was not exactly adapted. It had crushed several valuable gems, one of them that was thus crushed would have fetched enough money to pay for two hundred crushers. It was to get new and specially improved machines for crushing the stones and extricating the gems without crushing them that Professor Wortman wanted ready money and for which he was in such a hurry to telegraph. He also wanted additional stamps for the gold ore at once. He also wanted to enlarge the gold separator and introduce a new process then just out. In fact, he wanted to make the one hundred

thousand dollars procure them over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of new improvements.

The original mode of breaking the stones with a long-handled or geologist's hammer, whereby the gems were first discovered, was a process entirely too slow. The machine for crushing them instead must needs be very stout, yet delicate, and easily manipulated to ensure that no gem would be crushed or injured.

Next day Millyard and Dalgat, with their families, accompanied by Professor and Mrs. Wortman, were driven to Hickory, where Mr. Millyard and his family boarded the train bound for New Orleans.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## RETROSPECTIVELY INTROSPECTIVE.

As punk from flint the spark will take.

\* \* \* \* \*

ARRIVING in New Orleans the first business that occupied the attention of Mr. Millyard was to arrange about the money matters for Professor Wortman. He informed Mr. Mike Delarue about his venture and asked for his assistance.

"That is an easy matter, no trouble," he replied to Millyard's question. "I have the money right here on hand and you have no need to call on New York. A customer of ours has left sixty thousand dollars for me to place. I will place it and fifteen thousand more to your credit and you can send your check for seventy-five thousand or as much of it as you want by to-day's mail."

"That is fortunate," said Alpha. "I am greatly obliged, Mr. Delarue."

"Mike, if you please," said Delarue, bowing gravely.

Laughing, also bowing, Millyard responded:

"All right, Mike, old chummie, anything you say I sanction. I want to see your wife and your babies; can't you bring them over to our house this afternoon?"

"That is just what we are going to do. We have been looking for you several days. My wife is anxious to see yours and the babies. You must come to Victor's and lunch with me to-day and just one more bottle of 'champ.' I have quit, but I must take one with you as a memorial of the past."

"Why not go to Johnnie's and make the thing complete?" asked Alpha.

"I accept your amendment," Mike replied. "But Johnnie,

poor fellow, is dead. I was one of his honorary pall-bearers. He often spoke with me about your pulling me out of the gutter. He thought you the best man he ever knew. He had many a wordy fight on your account, and one of those detective fellows after a hot bout Johnnie gave him for some shady work quit going into his house, and Johnnie finally got him dismissed from the force."

"You wrote me about that girl, what was her name?"

"Bertha? O, yes! She went to the bad, where her head was set. Her father caused it; he almost actually forced her to it by his unfilial conduct towards her. She drowned herself out in Lake Pontchartrain near where we saw Sam Waxelbaum and the woman bathing. Villeguini had deserted her."

"Where is Villeguini?" asked Millyard.

"In the asylum, Russian kummel and absinthe. A wreck mentally and physically. Sam Wax is dead; so is your good friend Judge Cotton. I was one of his pall-bearers, on your account. We talked about you every time we met. He transferred his account here to our bank. He was very well off, in fact, rich. He owned a quantity of real estate scattered all over the city. Everything is changed all round here now. The atmosphere is pure. Your persecutors are all out of the way. You must remain here now, unless your gem scheme pans out so heavily that New Orleans will be too circumscribed for you."

"Mike, I could not give up New Orleans, the dear old place, under any circumstances. It is the finest, most delightful and the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Even if I was tortured here I also found here the best or dearest friends I have. It was here that my dear wife came to be my good Samaritan and then married me. Then you helped me out of my troubles. O, I am a New Orlean. If I strike it big sure enough up there in North Carolina, as I am quite sure I will, I want to increase the capital stock of this bank."

"I can do all the business we can get on one million dollars cash capital. We have nearly two million deposits now on only three hundred thousand cash capital, as you know, having fifty-one per cent. of it yourself." Mr. Delarue was called aside by the cashier.

As Millyard started out Delarue halted him, remarking:

"Be sure and call here at half-past twelve; we will take lunch together. Meantime, before you go make your note there to the bank for fifteen thousand and the other to Gail B. Dheumazeil for sixty thousand and leave them on my desk. I will endorse the

one to the bank and tell the board about it when they meet directly."

Millyard did as directed and then drove to the office of the steamship company, then to the street railway and then to the offices of the various other corporations in which he and his wife were interested and consulted about the business affairs at each. Promptly at the appointed time he was back at the bank.

Mr. Alpha Millyard and Mr. Mike Delarue had, in many respects, an old time at Johnnie's. They talked over the past and discussed business for the future during a full spread lunch. Two more congenial and happy men seldom get together as friends. Their friendship had been tested at a time when they were both under unfavorable circumstances, now it was being cemented more closely if possible, the conditions being altered to those decidedly more favorable.

Mr. Delarue was at the head of the bankers of New Orleans. He ascribed his success to Mr. Millyard, while the latter credited his preservation in life, even, as well as good fortune, to Delarue.

Mrs. Millyard's mother was feeble. The return of her daughter, after an absence the longest in her life, with two charming and very bright grandchildren for her comfort in old age, were hailed with great joy by the old lady.

Returning home from the bank Alpha was informed by his wife that her mother desired to see her son-in-law in her apartments.

A remarkably handsome, very light-colored, gray, but somewhat bushy-haired, elderly lady, seated in an easy plush chair in a luxuriantly-furnished room, greeted Mr. Millyard as he entered, saying:

"So this is my son-in-law, the father of my handsome grandson and my beautiful granddaughter? I am very glad to meet you and welcome you here as the head of the family."

"We are delighted, my dear mother-in-law, to get back here, and I am more than delighted to find you in such excellent health and cheerful spirits. Our hurried departure from New Orleans after our hasty marriage prevented me from having the pleasure of seeing you before we left. We were young and gay then. Now, while we are still young, we are not quite so gay. However, gay enough for married people with two children. Our time is occupied now with the children."

"You will have to leave the children to me and my care, and

let them be a solace to me in my old age. I will take as good, if not better care of them than either you or Rittea. It will be so much pleasure to me."

"They shall not be deprived of the good care and training of their affectionate grandmother, nor she of their solace, but we can all have our share. My mother will also delight in their companionship and take great pains in training them. So, you see, we must all have a hand in their rearing," suggested Millyard, no doubt for a lurking reason.

"Where is your mother? I know she must be a good woman and as gentle as a fawn," softly said the old lady, as she eyed Millyard critically.

"My mother resides at Atlanta, Georgia," responded Millyard, meeting her gaze. "We must visit her before a great while, as soon as business will permit."

"It will be one of the pleasures of my life," said Mrs. Millyard, as she walked up beside Mr. Millyard and caressed him on the shoulder.

"I feel very proud of my noble son-in-law," said Madame de Ampbert. "And you both, and the children, have my blessings. I live now only but for you all. You shall have all my worldly possessions."

"O, mother, Mr. Millyard will soon have more money than he will know what to do with. He has acquired the foundation for the largest fortune in the world. It is near where he once practised law in North Carolina. And strange, romantic, as it is, he met up with it through the husband of the lady to whom he was engaged to be married when I first knew him. And, mother, she is beautiful."

"Watch out, my children, that you do not tempt fortune too far."

"In what way, mother?" inquired Mrs. Millyard somewhat eagerly.

"My child, I merely make the admonition; let it be in whatsoever direction."

These were ominous words to Rittea. Without trying she somehow continued to remember the presentation to Mrs. Dalgat by Mr. Millyard of the beautiful thirty-thousand-dollar cluster of emerald-diamond gems. Firmly, nevertheless, she suppressed any symptoms she may have felt of a jealous nature. Her proud spirit would not yield to that indiscretion.

Mr. and Mrs. Delarue, accompanied by their children, called that evening. Comparisons of the two boys and the two girls were made. The disparity in their ages were the reverse of what they desired. However, they decided upon the only alternative, that of waiting for time and themselves to decide their fate between them.

Next day while taking lunch at Victor's, Millyard took occasion to make some slight animadversions:

"Mike, I have the noblest woman in the world for a wife; she is beautiful and I love her dearly, not alone on account of what she has done for me, but on account of her nobleness of heart and her own sweet self. Life would be worthless to me without her. But I do wish I did not know that her mother is part a negress."

"Gracious, man!" exclaimed Mike. "Did you ever swallow a clam in the dark and think it was an oyster? It was just as good."

"Yes, but if you wanted an oyster and found out the difference then it grated on the palate. I know I ought to be a happy man, and I am a happy man. I have now everything I want and am in a fair way to make not only millions but hundreds of millions, and could then buy an empire outright in fee simple. But there is something gnawing at my vitals. There is not another man to whom I would confess this, and I would not do so to you, only for the fact that you know all about it already and that you were my proven friend before my marriage and have since demonstrated your continued devotion. Hence, I say I would not tell any other person this but you and I believe you will not abuse my confidence."

"You are right in so believing," said Delarue earnestly and seriously. "While it is true that I will not under any circumstances abuse your confidence, I want to reason with you, as you would with me, and tell you frankly that you are brewing, yes, generating your own misery and, doubtless, your own downfall and ruin. Now please desist. Do it for my sake and the sake of your charming, gentle wife, and especially your beautiful innocent children. You cannot afford it. It is beneath you. You are too noble to persist in it. Give it up, stop it right where you are. Damn clams and oysters, too, when it comes to that. You are in the boat, too; don't sink it. Others will sink with you. Millyard, be a man! Be yourself! Now do not ever let that idea enter your head again. If it does beat it down!"

Delarue had warmed to his subject and become energetic in his speech. He emphasized his remarks with vehement gesticulations, concluding by slamming his fist on the table.

"Mike," calmly remarked Millyard, as he sipped the last of his champagne, "you are a philosopher. I will do it, so help me God. I intend to rear and educate my boy in such way and manner that he can, should it ever be brought into public discussion that he has a taint of negro blood in his veins, be elected to any office, or even the Presidency of these United States; that is, fill the office if elected. But you know if the taint of blood should be ever made against him he could never be elected President, no matter on what party's ticket he might be a candidate. The North would not vote for him and you know the South would not. However, a very rich man has little show to be President. But, as I say, I want my son to be qualified for filling any office, even Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Therefore he must needs be a statesman. They are scarce. A statesman must have a practical knowledge of all affairs, everything, from the bottom as he goes up, and to gain this he must be a politician. My son will be a gentleman. Hence, with all the instincts appertaining to a gentleman, ignorant, as he will be of the taint in his blood, when he becomes a candidate for the state legislature, the stepping stone, some opposing party man, hoodlum, or henchman would bring out the charge (taint of blood). Then can't you see what an awkward position my son would be placed in? The fact would come out to him for the first time. He would brood over it, and probably inquire into it. Or he would deny it and then they would prove it by one or two affidavits based on hearsay. But it would put him on notice. Naturally he would secretly inquire into the matter and find it to be true. Then he would throw up the sponge, a humiliated, mortified man. Then where will the end be? Live? Of course he would. But ambition stunted and thwarted produces a nonentity in life. No good to himself; no good to his fellow man. A weary dispenser of nothing but stolid cash charity, and that not appreciated, but taken as a matter of fact and claimed by right. To what end does this lead us? Think. Were it suddenly proven to any man of social pride, and to be a gentleman is to have that pride, that his blood is tainted with negro blood how would he feel?"

"You are delving into life more seriously and practically than I had anticipated, my dear Millyard. But with your intelligence

and position in life I think you will readily concede that your own words, and your solicitude for your son's future, will suffice to illustrate to you the impracticality and error of your brooding over the very same cause, in effect, of what you complain your son should not be made the innocent victim. Do you see? You have done no wrong. Your wife has done no wrong. Why chastise yourselves mentally unnecessarily for something antecedent to your life over which neither of you had any control? Make the best of what you are, what you inherited. True the sins of the fathers shall be visited and so forth, but when they are visited, a person, one who wants to do right, and does right, may atone his share to some extent by acquiescing in meekness while holding his head superbly aloft. Do not thou sin and let them be visited also."

"Mike, I make you a full Bishop on the spot. You give me great comfort. I thought I was a philosopher. Well, I am, in any other case except my own. Somehow I do not always like doing as I would tell others to do. Still, if I stop to think I know which is the right and which is the wrong. I do not mind doing the right. I prefer to do the right. It is easier. It runs more smoothly. There is less friction. Fewer accidents. I will now tell you what I can do.

"I can keep my family with me up at the mines in North Carolina on the plea of business requiring me to be there, which is the case if I do the subject justice. If I remain away from the scene of my dear, good old mother-in-law the idea will not haunt me so forcibly and continuously. Yet she told me yesterday she must have the children to care for. To take them away from her would jeopardize her longevity. My mother also desires to see the children. So there it is.

"Mike," continued Millyard, "I never had one word of praise or urging encouragement from any person in any affair of life until it was done by you. I hoped and longed for some one to praise me; in every effort I made I always thought surely someone would say a good cheering word, but alas it never came until it came from you. Now, however, I will take your admonition and stand up under the ordeal, I assure you of that."

A brother is not always, or invariably, so confiding as two friends who have been made so by adverse circumstances. These two men had both been reared from childhood in the old-time, self-same way. They had both found the same cavernous holes

and stumbling stones. Furthermore, they had from similar unlofty perches hit the prototype in like soft, self-same spot. True? Brave? Yea, as much so as the truest and the bravest. There was no guile in them. Their love for each other was beautiful.

A man without another to back him in all emergencies is not much of a man.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## MILLYARD GETS A DIVIDEND.

"GALEN, my dear friend, I am glad to meet you," said Millyard as he stepped from the railway coach at Hickory at noon and his hand was grasped by that of Galen Dalgat, Esquire, four weeks from the time it was before.

"I received your telegram and am glad to welcome you, Alpha," replied Dalgat, as they started off for his house. "I was out at the mines day before yesterday and that fellow Wortman is just playing thunder——"

"What? Not doing right?" interposed Millyard abruptly and eagerly.

"Great Cæsar! Napoleon! Jackson and the whole kit! No, no, the other way," ejaculated Dalgat in a highly exclamatory manner. "By thunder! He is taking out more in one day, yes, in two hours, than you paid for the whole business. Mind you however, there is no other person outside of the Professor and myself who know anything about it. He only let me into the secret on account of our confidential relationship. I tell you he is a wonderful man. He knows everything. He can turn sand into money. Why sir, he is taking the sand out of the creek and selling it for some purpose at eight cents a pound, and you know sand weighs heavy? He calls it monazite. But it comes by another sight nearer being moneyzite. He is turning everything into money. He says he is making it all for you, because you are the only man who ever gave him latitude to do as he pleased, and furnished him the money to do it with."

By this time they were seated in Mr. Dalgat's surrey and on the way to his residence. Mr. Millyard's valet assisted by Dalgat's man were looking after the baggage.

"Galen, do you mean to tell me that he has struck it sure enough rich?"

"That is just exactly what I am telling you," retorted Dal-

gal. "I saw it all myself. Besides, don't you remember, let me see? Don't you remember when you and I were talking about the—er, the other day——"

"Galen, you have been dreaming again. We had no conversation the other day. I was in New Orleans and, I presume, you were here. Let me tell you, while on this point: I have hit the crack, as you term it, every time I have spat, as you say, since you told me about that being the symbolization, as it were, of your success. Besides, I do not plant my foot square across the seam, or crack in the sidewalk; nor across the imaginary line from pillar to post. I straddle them every time. So you see, if I have success it will be through education imparted by you. Watch out now that I do not excel my teacher. But, I must confess an antipathy to superstitious notions, even though I do involuntarily possess them."

"You need not call it superstition," retorted Dalgal. "Just go ahead and do it. I may as well call it religion. It is simply the doing a thing which if adhered to, persisted in, leads to satisfactory given results; and is nothing but Faith. If you have faith in anything stick to it. I have faith that has led me into the way of believing; that if I do certain things certain results will inevitably follow. These things serve to teach me to be cautious of what I am doing and where I am walking. What do you think of that?"

"I suppose it is a sort of mind employment," replied Millyard. "Probably an adjunct of religious sentiment. Any belief having faith, which is a requisite, in the supernatural, is a species of religion. Religion is nothing but faith in the concrete. I agree with you, if you have faith in its efficacy for your good, adhere and conform to it. For if you do differently you do violence to and shock your own conscience."

"I do not wish to anticipate your gratification, Alpha. There comes Professor Wortman now," said Dalgal.

"Good evening, Professor," said Millyard. They arrived at Dalgal's residence about the same time.

"You are going out with me this afternoon, I suppose?" inquiringly said the Professor, as they halted simultaneously.

"Not to-night, Professor," interposed Dalgal. "You just let the boys take your teams with mine to my barn and you remain here all night, unless you want to send them back this afternoon."

"I guess they better remain over until morning," slowly said

the Professor; "we have some gold and gems which I wish to express. Besides, I have to get some provisions and other supplies."

When they were in the house in answer to a question of Millyard as to how he was getting along, Professor Wortman gave an account very much as Mr. Dalgat had forecast.

"You and my old friend Dalgat are evidently feeding me on very bright expectations," said Millyard, when the Professor had finished.

"Mr. Dalgat, with your permission, please have those trunks brought in the house," said Professor; "I will show Mr. Millyard what we are talking about. Instead of our wanting more money from him we are prepared to give him two or three million dollars, and I think I have here the stuff that will fetch about two million more, and we have over twice this much more of unmounted gems at the mines."

The treasure of glittering brilliant gems in two trunks was exhibited to Millyard's astounded gaze. The trunks were heavy and strongly bound, trunks somewhat similar to those used by hardware drummers.

"Creat Scott! What can we do with all the money?" exclaimed Millyard when he had examined the glittering contents of the trunks.

"Do good with it, my dear sir," rejoined Professor Wortman. "As long as you do good with it you cannot have too much."

"Just so," said Millyard, reflectively. "I suppose that means to establish and maintain schools of practical training in all pursuits of life? eh? But as for me not a solitary cent for the conversion of the so-called heathen. I regard the training, education and civilization of my own friends and neighbors, my own people, my kith and kindred, those people under the American flag, as paramount to all other pecuniary duties. I know a thousand different ways in which money can be placed to the very great and everlasting good of those people around us. Such disposition of my surplus money would necessarily be to my own benefit here in this life, as well as hereafter. I know of more than a thousand families who, with a few thousand dollars, could be brought, not alone out of want, but into the avenues of great usefulness in life. I would administer to them. No deserving man in want shall apply to me in vain."

"That is all right in theory, Alpha, my dear sir," ventured

Dalgal. "But when would you arrive at the point and time wherein this all-saving philanthropic humanitarianism would assume the ascendancy? You think now you would do all these things, and perhaps more; but it is a serious question as to the when, the period, when you arrive at that point when you are willing to commence dispensing this unbounded, yea, much needed charity.

"A man says he will, but when he accumulates his wealth he seems to fail to comprehend the point and time at which he shall commence the proper and judicious distribution of the surplus wealth which he has acquired. In other words, he has no surplus."

"Yes, I guess I cannot say; I am not as other men," responded Millyard. "Yet I am of the opinion at present that I shall give of my means to those of my people, my countrymen, who are deserving, and see the good of my contribution while I am living. It will enable me to slide out of the world in a happy frame of mind. Just as soon as I give a family two or three thousand dollars as a starter in life I would then like to get on a house-top with a spy-glass and watch the old man and the old woman and their youngsters go to wriggling and dancing and working like bees, new life and new hope in the house, and a blessing on the God-sent messenger with relief. I could risk myself to fly off the roof without wings. My good and charming wife has taught me practical charity. I often go and see the objects of my bounty in person, as she does hers. Then we give more or less as the case requires."

Next morning the party set out for Alexander as soon as Professor Wortman had laid in his supplies and arrived at the mines by three o'clock. What Millyard saw was a startling revelation.

While standing on the wide veranda viewing the scene, the workmen around as well as inside the big house down in the valley, the miners and the men handling the big sluice of water obliquely further west on the opposite hill, wheelbarrows laden with Hiddenite gem-bearing stones, all presenting a scene of animation and rushing activity, Millyard suddenly inquired:

"Are these miners like other miners—strike on you?"

"I do not know about that," replied Professor Wortman. "We have not had a strike so far. But the thing is becoming fashionable. I would not be surprised to have a strike."

"Strikes," said Millyard, "render industrial enterprises hazardous investments."

"Exactly," replied Wortman. "I could not run this business two months without that high fence inclosing this place. I will not keep a man in here who cannot make his two dollars a day—and from that on up to ten and twelve. A man who cannot earn three dollars a day is in the way of others who can earn more than that. I have none but good men in our employ and they all seem satisfied."

Mr. Millyard now entered upon a more particular and thorough examination over the grounds, through the diggings, in both the gem and the gold mines; throughout the machinery plants and the workshops, where the gems are lapidared and the gold is mal-eated; the finishing-rooms, where the gems are set in gold mountings, as per specifications furnished by an expert designer and his assistants, who examine each gem and specify in writing and design the style and manner of its setting, which is sent with the gem from one expert to the other along the line of workmen until it comes out at the other end a finished piece of artistic workmanship ready for the eye of the connoisseur. Then it is registered by one of the bookkeepers and by the cashier, with its number and description, together with a private mark on the gem and the setting.

After this the valuable contents of the huge steel vault, the products, were examined, and then Millyard was shown the books. Going into his private office, Professor Wortman said:

"I have here a private statement of the returns on shipments, and here are the vouchers and reports themselves. I keep this account myself and do not allow the bookkeepers or the cashier even to know anything about it. I do not wish them to know the money volume of business we are doing. There are, and you can readily perceive, reasons why this should be the case. I want no one becoming offended and then peaching. You can see from this statement that we are producing about two million dollars' worth a day; or, that is, at the rate of fifty million a month. I have paid for the machinery and everything. We do not owe a cent, except to you. Only yesterday I ordered fifty thousand dollars' worth of new machinery the inventor has not yet patented, only made application. I have the money to pay cash for it on arrival. Besides, I have the money here to pay you back what you loaned and enough to pay you a dividend of three million. Is that doing well?"

"Great Je-ru-sa-lem!" exclaimed Millyard. "You stagger

me again. That is astounding. It is startling and dazzling beyond all comprehension."

"I would like to let you have fifty thousand dollars in cash," said Professor Wortman, "if you care to handle that amount on your person, and give you a check for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the balance, three million dollars, is in both domestic and foreign exchange. One hundred thousand dollars is in return of your loan. That leaves three million four hundred thousand dollars as a dividend, which makes you a profit of three million one hundred thousand on your investment of one hundred thousand at first and then the two hundred thousand you paid Mr. Dalgai. Except the six thousand you paid for the other tract of land. If that does not dazzle you, nor disturb your pulse, I guess you are proof."

"Ah, my dear Professor, you are trying to test my brain power," jocularly replied Millyard. "Give me the cash in as large bills as you have."

"It is already counted in the largest bills I have; we need the small ones," replied Professor Wortman, as he produced several packages of currency, which he placed on the table in the center of the room.

"This is hardly a good beginning; you count it," he said. "If the output holds out as it is, and I have calculated that it will, at least a few years, and nothing happens to us, and you can help me get a good market for these other gems, there ought to be nearly one hundred million dollars ready for a dividend in about two months."

"Well, well!" said Millyard. "That beats Dalgai's dreams, but it is the only thing that could. Professor, it is coming too easy."

"I have worked a lifetime for it, and I am an old man," he said. "I may not have found it now had I not struck up with an idiot at a cabin in the woods who can see only in the night-time; but then, he can see in the ground. He told me about the place and who owned it. Then it was easy enough for me to find it. Then I accidentally met up with you. The balance you know. There is about it some strange mysterious secret to me. I was in Australia when I dreamed about it. I come here and searched for months all in vain until I met the moon-eyed idiot who saw the gems in the ground through the rocks in the night-time. Then when I found Mr. Dalgai I found him to be a dreamer of most

mysterious power. It was almost equally as marvelous how I met up with you. I have given up the task of accounting for it all and content myself with the facts as they are."

Professor Wortman then placed from his safe on the table the bills of exchange, the check and the receipts to be signed. Millyard proceeded with the counting of the money, while the Professor went out.

When Millyard finished counting and adding the figures the Professor returned. He handed Millyard a cluster of the gems in a setting for his bosom, saying:

"Here is a cluster of the Hiddenites, which I had the chief designer to make a design of the setting especially for you, and the goldsmith did his best work on it. The value of it is estimated at sixty-eight thousand dollars. Here is the certificate which goes with it. This is a cluster I had made for myself. Is it not handsomely set? I thought I would make a present of one to you and one to myself."

Observing that the gems in the cluster the Professor was presenting to himself were not as large as those given to him, Millyard asked him the value of his.

He replied about twenty or twenty-five thousand.

"Nonsense," said Millyard, handing it back to him. "Go get you one just as handsome as this or have one specially made, and accept it with my compliments. Also have a breast-pin made for your wife and also one for mine."

"I have now the very best thing for your wife," said the Professor. "It is a magnificent Maltese cross of gems attached to a necklace set with gems all around it. I will get it for you now. It is rated at one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars."

The Professor went and got the necklace-cross. Millyard eyed it eagerly curious a few moments, then said:

"Magnificent vanity; she will not wear it, but I will give it to her."

"Did you notice that large necklace with pendants and a cross?" asked the Professor. "It is listed at three hundred thousand dollars. Some dealer will get that and sell it for half a million."

"The only limit to the business is the amount of the deposit of the gems which nature has made," suggested Millyard. "Still, the less of them the better the price we can receive for those we do get."

"That reminds me, there is something for you to do," said Professor Wortman, as he gesticulated by tossing up his left hand at an angle of about fifty degrees with only the index finger extended and gazing into Millyard's eyes.

"What is that? I am at your service," he replied.

Drawing his leather-cushioned office-chair a little closer toward Millyard, he answered:

"You will have to make a trip to Europe at once to look after the sales of our gems and find a more favorable market for our other beryls. Hiddenite takes care of itself and sells as fast as we can land them in Europe. Our system of giving a numbered certificate of guarantee with each gem helps to insure their ready sale. I think the system could be adopted to advantage with the other gems. I was troubled about my alloys until I struck a streak of luck over on that other tract of land of yours about ten days ago. I went ahead and am working on it without your permission."

"That is what I bought it for," said Millyard. "Well, I can sail for Europe as soon as I get back to New Orleans. I can go from there to Havre on one of the steamers of a line of them in which we are largely interested. It is my desire to stop over in Atlanta; I want to see my mother and my sister. I must telegraph my wife that I am coming; a trip to Europe has upset my other plans. Can you send a message over to Hickory?"

"The hack starts in ten minutes," replied the Professor. "I will send it by the hackman."

Next day the two happy gentlemen and the third one with care and thought plainly knit on his wrinkled brow parted company at the mines and Millyard and Dalgat were being rapidly driven to Hickory in the latter's carriage, where the former was to board the railroad train bound for Salisbury, there to change cars for Atlanta. Millyard put the question which was uppermost in his mind:

"Galen, do you have any regrets about selling your interests here?"

"To tell you the truth, Alpha, I do regret it. But I never grieve over spilt milk or anything else lost to me. In regard to that point I suppose I could ask the same question of my friend Judge Selia, to whom I swapped my old plow-horse and wornout buggy for this tract of land. Don't you think he regrets it? He has the same right to be envious as I am on that question. I have to be

satisfied. For that reason I am satisfied. Besides, my friend has what he wanted for the land and I have what I wanted for it. The difference is, I have out of it a full competency for life, while he has not. I will be easy and have but few cares with the ample fortune I received for it."

"That is just the way I shall feel if I can turn round and sell. I would not envy the man or men to whom I may sell at my price, even were they to make untold millions out of it."

"Have you formed any plans?" inquired Dalgat.

"Yes, to some extent I have," Millyard answered. "I hope, as I said to you previously, that I may be able to sell as your dream portended. I may see the Rothschilds about it. I want you to dream for me again; your services in that way will be worth ten thousand dollars a year and all your traveling expenses. I propose to give you that salary from this time forth. So you must tell me your dreams."

"I can spit and hit the crack and step over it every time; I did so to-day; that is the reason why you are now making me this fine unsolicited offer. But I do not know so much about dreaming to order, at least a ready-made fit."

As Millyard stood on the platform of the railway coach and the train moved away, he cried:

"Galen, don't forget to dream."

Dalgat turned away, muttering to himself:

"How is a man to set about to not forget to dream?"

## CHAPTER XL.

## A LIFE-EATING CANKER.

MR. ALPHA MILLYARD had been in Atlanta only a few months at a time on only a few occasions since the autumn of the year just after the termination of the civil war. He was reared in that city, arriving at young manhood, but yet in the teens, during the prevalence of the fortunate or unfortunate internecine strife. He was now on a visit to his widowed Confederate mother.

Strange how some who wore the secession cockade and could whip the North in six months remained at home and then fought the war over again in the newspapers and "on the stump" and in the halls during the remaining dark-sorceried sixties and the whole of the Black Friday seventies. Still, there is an eternal fitness in things and events. The scourging of the South will make it eventually the top rung in the heaven-reaching ladder long before the sun of Austerlitz or Bunker Hill, Yorktown or Appomattox sets on America as sure as the fate of the Pleiades depends on the ascendancy of the sun over Leon. Its awakening needs but the hour and the man.

O, America! listen to the protean sounds of the Divinity that stirs within you. Mark the spots that beset thee and draw thy circle round them. Otherwise thou wilt fail! Yea, thou wilt tumble of thyself, thine own weight, if thou heed'st not. Thou art froward in thy dealings with thyself.

Alpha, strange to relate, unless it was because his father had been a Union man, although a rabid democrat, was a republican in politics.

Astonishing are the matings, governed as they are by the bent of the mind, these affairs of love and politics.

Mr. Millyard finding himself possessed of a kindly disposition through the indulgence of an over-indulgent but very solicitous father and the ready yielding of a saintly mother, strangely and summarily disposed of his mother's hopes for him in the future

by renouncing a course in a theological school and waywardly entering the domain of law as a pupil in the establishment of a pair of well-known and successful practitioners at the bar. Thus it came about that after his admission to the bar he domiciled himself, a raw recruit, as an advocate and counselor-at-law before the sometimes uncertain, worm-eaten bar of justice at Hickory and one or two other places before landing in New Orleans.

His mother and sister, Miss Cecelia, had not seen him in several years, albeit correspondence between them was comparatively regular.

Meeting him at the threshold of her humble cottage home his mother threw her arms about his neck and cried in joy.

"Ah, my boy, Allie! I knew you would come again some time. I bless you for coming. You are the joy of my heart and I longed to press you to it."

His mother had hardly done caressing him before the old servant woman, Peggy, the only one of the negroes of three who remained with them after the war, came wobbling on poky legs through the hallway.

"Why, Aunt Peggy," exclaimed Alpha. "Heaven's blessings on you. You still here with mother and your dear Cecelia? Where is Cecelia?"

"She be here'n a minit, Mos Allie. You got ter be such a fine looking gentleman. We'se all bin lookin' fer you two days. Here comes Miss 'Celia now."

"There is my buddie!" exclaimed Miss Cecelia, as she entered the hall from the rear porch. She ran to him, adding: "Allie, dear buddie, I am so glad you've come."

They greeted each other with kisses and caresses. They all went into the sitting-room, including Peggy, and entered into a round of conversation concerning themselves.

Alpha, of course, must needs explain all about himself; what had transpired in his life, what he was doing and what he intended doing. All that his mother and his sister knew about him or his business was that they had been receiving a hundred and fifty dollars every month during the last five years and more, which was occasionally accompanied by a short letter.

"Aunt Peggy, I want some of your make of coffee," said Alpha; "can you make me some immediately?"

"Yes, chile, you shall have it right away." Out she went.

"Have you really become so vastly wealthy as I am led to imag-

ine by what you wrote us, Allie?" inquired his mother. His sister and his mother always called him "Allie," a pet name in lieu of Alpha.

"Well, mother, I can admit that I am really quite wealthy, but I am growing so much more wealthy every day than I was altogether before that if it continues any reasonable length of time I will be so wealthy I will be missing in my mind as to what disposition to make of it. I am led to believe that at present I am making a fortune of over a million every day. I am in great hurry, proceeding to New Orleans to take one of my own steamers for France on business of importance."

"You will remain over with us to-night, won't you, buddie?" asked Miss Cecelia, a beautiful brunette, who was now about twenty-two years of age, and a charming, tender-mannered person.

"I guess so," he replied. "If I do I will remain until afternoon. I want you and mother to tell me something of yourselves. Whom are you to marry?" addressing his sister.

"My suitors are all poor, like ourselves," replied Cecelia, "but being of our circle are elegant gentlemen, as far as I have been able to ascertain. Still, I have not made up my mind and am not trying to do so."

"That is right, my dear sister. Do not marry any man unless you love him and are reasonably sure that he loves you."

Aunt Pegg, as Mr. Millyard delighted to call the good old faithful colored woman servant, announced the readiness of some hot coffee in the dining-room. Thither he repaired with his mother and sister.

"Buddie, what was that terrible ordeal you experienced in New York about which you intimated something in two of your letters?" inquired Cecelia in her soft, well modulated voice. She was a woman well poised in speech, with unaffected and very tender manners like her mother, devoid of any symptom of boisterous laughter or undue gesticulation, merely smiling, accompanied by a merry little chuckle, when, and only when, occasion sanctioned such.

"That, my dear sister, is a very delicate matter," Alpha replied. "Still, while it has given me some concern in peace of mind, it probably should not have done so, and I suppose you and mother are entitled to my knowledge of the whole affair. My letters have to some extent advised you of the terrible troubles I

had in New Orleans on account of a young woman who fell in love with me, wherein I was accused of abducting her, and how the dear darling woman who is now my wife came to my aid and rescued me from a conspiracy that was basely foul. My wife was very wealthy, but I have recently added an hundred-fold and more to my fortune above what she voluntarily gave me. She had placed me and our two children absolutely beyond ever being in want of any of the necessities of life, even of its pleasures. Yet, by a singular and most extraordinary coincidence of events, innocently brought about by myself, it developed publicly to me and to our guests at a large reception and banquet held at our house, which we gave to a large number of our set in New York society, the best, that my wife is partly, though far removed, a negress."

"Buddie, I am astounded! That is awful!" interrupted Miss Cecelia. "My nephew and my niece part negro? That is terrible! Do the people all know it, buddie? Is it generally known?"

"Alas! I do not know," he sadly replied. "Nothing is ever said to me about it and never will be. People may talk about it and I receive no intimations concerning it. Of course, it will have more or less influence on the people to prejudice them against us and against our children as they grow up. It will weigh against their future marital mating and perchance their happiness, unless under mercenary considerations it is rendered different."

"Did you know, my son, of her being partly a negress before you married her?" inquired Mr. Millyard's mother.

"No, mother; I cannot say that I did, nor that I did not," responded Alpha. He then went on and related the incidents about Bertha Rosenstin and what she said about the octoroon on that memorable Sunday morning. He added that he did not give credence to the statement of the woman about his wife being an octoroon, or even a quadroon, for the simple reason that the girl was insanely jealous. In conclusion of his statement, Alpha said:

"Mother, I am on the broad, open bosom of life; life is a frail affair; it hangs on slender threads; it is hazardous, positively dangerous to swamp oneself in order to spite or satisfy others. A man takes a wife for better or for worse. I do not believe he can put her away, hardly even on Biblical grounds.

"I also believe that God intended and so created certain races of people to be separate and that they should not intermarry. Else why did He place the distinguishing marks upon them? But suppose this: if having loved and married innocently I were so

displeased at the revelation of the fact that my wife is partly negress that I desired to put her away, what would become of my innocent children? Can I desert them? It is a fearful thought! And a heavy responsibility hangs upon me to their mother, as well as to them and to myself. The happiness of each is involved in the mastery of the problem, and there is only one honorable solution. Do as I have done; continue to love my wife and stick to her until death us do part—as I promised.”

“It makes my heart feel glad to hear you speak those noble sentiments, my son,” said his mother with emotion. “A mother can never lose love by son like that.”

“You make my heart feel proud, mother,” with tears welling in his eyes, said Mr. Millyard. “Your kind approbation fills my soul with joy.” Then she hugged him.

“Buddie,” said his sister, “why did she not inform you of the taint in her blood before you were married? In that event, and you condoned her, there could have been no fault to find by anyone.” It was clearly evident to Alpha that Miss Cecelia was ill at ease in mind about her tainted-blooded sister-in-law.

“Yes, but my dear sister, the past is gone; change the subject. Mother, I am prepared to buy or build you the finest house in the city and furnish it accordingly. Can you favor me by making known your choice of plans for one?”

“Ah, Allie! I am not prepared to accede to your generous offer,” replied his mother gently. “I am now too far advanced in years to make such a radical change in my environment. I have my coterie of friends and acquaintances; they are in this section of the city mostly, and they, with some few exceptions, are of the humbler walks in life and live in cottage homes. They would naturally, under force of circumstances, constituted as people are, deem us elevated above and beyond their sphere, if not stuck up, as some of our valued acquaintances forcefully express the idea, and alter their pleasant attitude toward us. I prefer our present delightful environment among sweet, gentle-mannered people to a mansion in the fashionable quarter, where we would have to wedge our way into new, stiff, perhaps a boisterous, never-contented sphere in life, and, perchance, meet with rebuffs from some in the fashionable circle whom we could not look upon with pride as our equals socially. If ‘Celia should marry I would prefer that she continue to reside with me. In that event I would require a larger cottage, more room——”

"Ah! That's it," interposed Alpha. "I perceive. You shall be accommodated in anything you wish. Would that I were surrounded by such gentle, tender-mannered people. I could pursue a refined literary course, which is so very much more congenial to my liking than either law or being a preacher or any other kind of business man. I see, mother, wherein your judgment is excellent. It is the very proper thing to do—build a handsome, roomy cottage on this very lot. Then you will continue in your unostentatious, refined environment. You can then have your church society meet with you every week and you can give them more pleasant entertainment. What think you of that, sister?"

"It will be charming," she replied. "Of course, mother and I will remain together whether I marry or not. We are inseparable, as for that matter, because we are so dependent upon each other."

"I will proceed to town at once, seek an architect and arrange for a plan and specifications of a house in accordance with your ideas," said Alpha, as he got up to leave. "I will place a hundred thousand dollars in father's old friend's bank to your credit subject to your check, and will buy some securities or property down-town for you so that you can have an income of your own. And, Cecelia, as for you, I will bring you a pass-book also with a hundred thousand to your credit in the bank to do with as you desire."

"Buddie, can you afford to give us so much?"

"Why, my sister, I could readily make it a million, but I do not deem it necessary. This will be as much as you can manage for the present. Please keep Pegg and be kind to her, furnish her with good clothes and some fine dresses as long as she lives."

Mr. Millyard secured a leading architect, who accompanied him to his mother's home and viewed the lot.

All the arrangements necessary for building a large brick house immediately in the place of the frame cottage then standing on the half-acre lot were completed.

The architect said the house would cost about thirty-five thousand dollars. He would not estimate precisely until all the plans and specifications were drawn. Alpha knew that meant nearer fifty thousand. The architect was to attend to letting the contracts and superintend the construction.

Mrs. Millyard and Cecelia secured board and lodging with a neighbor across the street pending the demolition of their sweet

old home and the construction of the new, which would require three months at least, but they build there in a rush.

Having arranged everything in good business shape for his mother and his sister the time for Alpha Millyard's departure drew nigh. When Miss Cecelia had played on the piano and sang a few songs he began to bid them good-bye. Claspings his mother in his arms, hugging and kissing her, he said :

"Mother, I may never see you again; something warns me I will not; this then is probably our final parting. I trust you will continue to kindly remember me in your prayers, as you ever have done. Think of me as the boy you affectionately fondled on your knees and on your breast, with kisses, the nature of which I then did not know. I shall ever think of you in connection with the event when your wayward boy shattered your hopes for a preacher son by truantly turning lawyer. Good-bye, mother; good-bye."

"Bless you, my noble son," she said. "My prayers are ever with you, and may God be with you. Do not give yourself concern about your not becoming a preacher; it does not grieve me. I am not disappointed in you. Good-bye; but you must surely come and see me again."

Alpha turned, and folding Cecelia in his arms, he said :

"And you, Cecelia, write me about yourself and mother; keep me ever informed about her. I wish you joy and happiness. When you have become reconciled to my marriage and to my two beautiful and gently-amiable children I want you, both of you, to come and see them. I did think of having my family stop over here some time and see you when we are passing. But I suppose that will now be out of the question. If my wife knew of what you have said it would break her heart. I hope, sister, you will secure a good husband, one who is not tainted in any way. Good-bye."

"O, buddie! You are thinking worse of what I said than I intended——"

"Ah, sister," he interrupted, "however much it may be undesirable by me, it nevertheless rankles."

"Please do not let it do so, buddie, on account of what I said," pleaded the sweet Cecelia, now all dejection. "I shall forever be worried about it if you do. I did not mean it in the way in which you view my remarks. I do wish to see your dear wife and darling children. Please bring them to see us as soon as our new home is finished. We cannot leave here ourselves until then. You

have ever been so good and noble to mother and myself I hope you will not now break my heart. I cannot restrain my anguish if you do not at once give me some attestation——

“O, buddie, I renounce and take back all I said.” She threw her arms and weight on his shoulders and appeared to be weeping.

“She did not mean it, Allie,” gently and endearingly spoke his saintly mother.

“I forgive you, sister; I forgive you. There,” (he kissed her) “be a good girl. Love mother, and love—me—some. I will bring my family to see you when your house is finished. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye, Aunt Pegg. Remain with mother and sister as long as you live. They will give you all you want. So will I.” He was gone.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## HOW THE GEM WAS FORMED.

ALPHA MILLYARD returned from Europe to New Orleans some few days over seven weeks from the time of his departure and at the end of two months was back at the mines accompanied by Mr. Dalgat. He found that the output of the mines had considerably increased, additional men being employed, more new improved machinery introduced. This was just at the time when great strides in improvements in such machinery were being made. Professor Wortman explained that he kept fully posted on such matters.

"I informed you in my letters and cablegrams which, I hope, you understood, what I did and what success I had," said Millyard when they were seated in the office. "I had wonderful success. I stimulated sales at least thirty per cent., besides increasing the price ten per cent. Just as I wrote you, our agents say they have been unable to supply the demand. They have orders for the Hiddenite diamond far ahead. Many large dealers were impatient of their orders and asked that they be hurried. Especially was this the case in Paris, Vienna and Berlin. Berlin is a splendid market for them. I contracted with each of our agents, giving them the exclusive agency for all our gems, and I made it a point that they must take the others as well as the Hiddenite in their respective countries, and they are to pay cash for them on delivery. We can dispose of every gem as fast as we can send them."

"That is the kind of business I like," said Professor Wortman. "I have been dreaming of just such a business all my life."

"O, no!" exclaimed Millyard. "Some one else has been dreaming about this business besides our friend Dalgat!"

"I was going to ask you something about the conversation we had last night," reminiscently began Dalgat dreamily addressing himself to Millyard, "but I happened to remember that you were not here last night."

"That is splendid," eagerly exclaimed Millyard. "Let her out, Galie. What was it? Tell me all about it, for I must know."

"Well," he began, "it was something you told me about your selling out. You did not tell me the amount, but you said you were about to sell for an enormous sum to a syndicate. Don't you remember telling me that?"

"Tell us what all I said about it," said Millyard, pleadingly.

"You went on to say that you had a talk with some bankers and one of the largest dealers in gems and jewelry in Europe; that you gave one of the Rothschilds a Hiddenite diamond brooch worth a hundred thousand dollars and that he was delighted with it. You said the syndicate agreed to send an expert and two or three of their confidential men over here to examine the property."

"My gracious, Dalgal," exclaimed Millyard in excitement, as he moved nearer in his chair, gesticulating; "now I know you are a wizard dreamomaniac. I never told you any such thing; but the fact is, I did have a talk with some capitalists on the subject. And I presented to my banker, not a Rothschild, but one of the leading financiers of Paris, one of those hundred thousand dollar brooches for his wife, and Baron de Rothschild was present, together with four other gentlemen, when we were talking about my selling. But nothing was said about sending over an expert or anyone."

"The coincidence of what Mr. Dalgal says and what you state, Mr. Millyard," interposed Prof. Wortman, "justifies the conclusion that there is some collusion. I mean no discourtesy, mind you; but I mean to convey the idea that there is a strong, and a very strong, sympathetic mental chord between you two gentlemen whereby the one can wish a thing to come to pass and the other dreams that it has transpired; or rather, has a private conversation with someone that it has or will transpire, when lo, and behold! the light of dawn proves it to be true. I wish to say that, while I know the people have a flippant way of calling him a dreamomaniac there are many persons who are trying to imitate him, and wishing and praying they may be able to do as he has done. I am only sorry that Mr. Dalgal is displeased when he is called a dreamomaniac."

"Oh, well," said Millyard with a wave of the hand; "Mr. Dalgal can very well afford to disregard them; to pity them and help them. He is able so to do."

"I am sorry, Mr. Millyard," said Professor, "but I have

planned for you to make a trip to Washington, Philadelphia and New York."

"I presume I shall have to be obedient," responded Millyard. "When am I to depart?"

"About day after to-morrow," he said. "I think I can have everything ready by then. Meantime I am looking for some telegrams; our messenger is over in Hickory waiting for them."

"I must return to Paris in three weeks," said Millyard reflectively.

"Ah, ha! Going back to close the deal," interposed Dalgat, who had been sitting half asleep.

"This trip will not require more than a week," said Professor Wortman.

"Yes, Galie; make a deal, if I can," added Millyard, flippantly.

Thereupon the Professor got up and going to the safe brought forth a large bundle of papers and placed them on the table before Millyard.

"Here we have," he began, "a statement of the business showing that we have in the aggregate, outside of that which is not yet finished, over one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Here is sixty-one million dollars for you. I have already entered it on the books. I have indorsed the checks on New York and Boston and the foreign exchange to you; and here is a dividend receipt ready for your signature. Do you want any better business? I don't see what you want to sell out for. If you sell I shall sell also, and I wish you to include my interest." He was cold and deliberate in his tone and action.

Mr. Millyard was absorbed in deep thought during a few moments with his left index finger and thumb clasping his under lip. Suddenly looking up at Professor he said:

"Please give me a copy of that statement. Look here, Professor!" he exclaimed in amazement; "you don't mean to tell me you have actually got that much on hand for me?"

"Sign the receipts, take your bills of exchange and checks and see if you get the money on them. If you don't, come back."

Millyard looked slowly and contemplatively at the papers representing money. Then he put down the amounts of each on sheets of paper and added them. The aggregate was sixty-one million and twenty-nine dollars. He so remarked, as he looked at the receipts already made out.

"Here you have it twenty-nine cents instead of twenty-nine dollars."

"No, that means cents," replied Professor. "You look at the Amsterdam exchange and you will see it the same way."

"Ah, I see," said Millyard. Reflecting a few moments he suddenly remarked: "You must be making more than two million dollars a day?"

"Yes, we are; a little over, on the average," replied Professor. "Some days we do not take out so much, other days once in a while,—the output is very much more than two million, even quite three million dollars in a day. And, just think of it, we are not one-third into that mountain yet. Nor even into that hill over there. It is that tremendous stream of water that eats down the mountain which brings out the gems. That stream of water just beats anything that was ever dreamed of. A thousand men could not dig the earth like that stream of water, which washed it out in a few hours. It is away ahead of its work all the time. We cannot crowd men enough around to take up the gem-bearing rocks and the dirt."

"Professor, how were these green diamonds formed inside the rocks?" inquired Millyard.

"Now, you want to get into deep water," said the old earth-wise Professor. "But you will pardon me for saying without intending to be offensive: the hog will eat all day under a tree as the apples fall and never look up to see where they come from. I am glad you have asked this question. It enables me to illustrate to you that this great find of earth's hidden treasure is not general nor of a permanent nature. These beryls amid the gneiss are all of a very peculiar formation and extraordinary in all their phenomena. But this peculiar spodumene of the pyroxene family was formed, not originally created, during a period subsequent to the creation of the earth. Its component parts were in solution in highly acidic and heated waters and under certain other peculiar and unusual chemical conditions. Of the nature of that I could not now enter into detail. But that much I do know; at least I know it as much so as science and personal investigation can develop.

"However, there is another theory advanced as to the formation of this silicated diamond. It is this: the little green beryl formed and grew in the centrifugal whirl of water probably highly acidic and heated as it rushed in a torrent over a cataract

into some mineralized, as before intimated, probably monazite bottomed, pool or pond in the stream. Atoms and particles adhering in the centrifugal, foamy eddy, after a certain stage sank, from their own weight, and there at the bottom of the stream gradually grew while being tossed and tumbled until stones the size as you see them were formed around the berylized green gem in or about the center of the stone. At the time of the subsidence of our, or Noah's flood, the course of the stream was changed, and the stones were left in the former canyon or cataract of the stream here in the hill beside this little creek. The one river that ran in its course along here is now two rivers, the Yadkin over here and the Catawba over there. Curious, ain't it?"

"Yes, and deucedly interesting," replied Millyard, enthusiastically. "There may not be another place like it in the world."

"If there is, it has never been discovered," the Professor retorted. "This place here, and the one over yonder, about five or six miles, in this county, where the famous William Earl Hidden, of New Jersey, who was sent out here by Thomas Edison, found them, are the only places where they have been so far found in all the world. Professor Hidden, as I understand, thinks as I do about their formation. He claimed and proved that they are an original silicate formation. South Africa, as a mineral deposit, is a pigmy beside this place in value."

"It is impossible to imitate them then?" asked Millyard.

"That is exactly the case," responded Professor; "and that is the chief reason why they are so very valuable. To some extent white diamonds can be imitated; but this wonderful spodumene from the gneiss can never in the least be imitated. Anyone will fail absolutely in giving it the peculiar coloring as well as the sparkling brilliancy and the characteristic pleochroism."

Mr. Millyard made the trip to the East; returned to the mines, and then to New Orleans.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## JERUSHI TURNS UP.

No person took more delight in Mr. Millyard's extraordinary and unexcelled success than Mr. Mike Delarue.

"Alpha," he said, "I am so elated and proud of your success that I do not know how to express myself."

"I appreciate it, Mike," replied Millyard, in the president's office in the bank. "Professor Alfred Wortman, Mr. Galen Dalgall and yourself are the only persons beside my wife who know of it. I request that you please say nothing about it to anyone. It has come to me so suddenly and quietly that it is even unsuspected by any other person. Above all things else I want it kept out of the newspapers. If it is ever published I will be made a target. I shall make my investments quietly without exciting suspicion as to my wealth. My wife will attend to the charity here in New Orleans, as she has ever been doing, and in which she takes such delight.

"Mike," he continued, "I have twenty-one million and more in exchange. I left nest eggs of a little over thirty-five million dollars scattered among the banks in New York city and in the U. S. Treasury. I want you to collect the items with the premium on each and take care of the cash here in the bank for me. You can use two million of it in the bank, which I will not check against, at least without sufficient notice. The balance of it is for my private account and not to be used by the bank; I may check out large sums at any time after the next three weeks. I must go to Europe again in a few days. But I have money at my bank in Paris, and at Havre with the steamship company."

Mr. Delarue called the cashier and explained to him Millyard's wishes. Then the checks and bills of exchange were gone over by them. After which the receiving teller of the bank was called and he went over the items. The sum of \$21,743,852.71 was en-

tered on the books of the bank to the credit of Alpha Millyard, and also put down in his pass book.

President Delarue heaved a sigh, rubbed his hands and slapped his knees, saying :

"Wh-e-e-p! I never expected to see a deposit like that in this bank, nor hear of its being the case in this city. But I am glad, gentlemen, it is by our boss and in our bank. I have now to request of you both, and Mr. Varnelle, (he was the cashier) you must so notify the individual book-keeper, not one word must be said to any person by any of you about this deposit. Mr. Millyard here can inform you that your situations in this bank will depend upon it."

"I should be very happy to be able to inform some of our customers," quickly said Mr. Emile Varnelle, "especially some of my competitor cashiers; but my fealty to my chief officer and especially to the rules of banking prevents me from saying one word about it. I shall take pains in this special case to discover if there is any infraction of the banking rules in this respect."

The Professor telegraphed for Millyard. He wanted him to go to Philadelphia and New York at once on important matters. Hence Millyard decided to sail from New York for Europe instead of New Orleans. Consequently at the end of a week he was back at the mines in Alexander.

Meantime, a son of the man from whom Judge Selia had purchased the land had brought suit to recover the land on the grounds that he had a reversionary as well as hereditary interest.

Any person can bring an action at law for anything, in the United States. The more absurd the claims the less attention the defendant gives to them. Consequently it often happens that by a technicality in the law and the underhanded subterfuges resorted to by shyster lawyers, whose impecuniosity leads them to brazen acts of audacity and shady pleadings as well as the manner of filing them, Decrees and Orders are given and made by dyspeptic, half sick or hemorrhoidal judges just to curry favor, or to get the matter out of their further consideration the easiest way possible.

But, being a lawyer, Millyard said this matter must be attended to at once and before he left the place.

The plaintiff and his lawyer were dispatched for immediately. They were at the mines two days afterwards, accompanied by the father of the plaintiff. Millyard had read a copy of the com-

plaint. He listened in patience to what the young man and his lawyer both had to say. He asked the father of the boy, the original vendor, what he had to say. Bart Hallowell replied:

"I haven't got anything to say; 'ceptin' this: I sold the land and give my warrantee deed too it, which my ole woman signed. That's as much as I could do, an' all I k'n do."

"Who else is there in the family that has, or can have, any claim on this property?" asked Millyard in quick speech.

"None but my sister, who's married," answered the plaintiff.

"Look here, young man, and you as his lawyer," said Millyard; "I have only one proposition to make and that is this: I do not recognize your claim, there is nothing in it; but, I will make you a present of five hundred dollars, provided, you will have your married sister and her husband sign with you a quit claim deed to me, and that you also have all other possible claimants sign with you, and you all give me your affidavits that there are no other claimants. That is all that I will do. You can walk out there and consult about the matter and let me know at once what you will do. My time is precious. I must leave here this afternoon. If you do not accept my offer I want to instruct my lawyer what to do."

In about fifteen minutes they all filed back into the large hall of the castle where Millyard, Prof. Wortman and Dalgat were seated, and the lawyer speaking for them, said:

"They have agreed to accept your proposal. I will see that they comply with it and that the proper entries are made at the next term of our superior court."

"Very good," replied Millyard. "Mr. Dalgat, you can see that the papers are properly drawn and executed. When this is done Professor Wortman will pay the money. It is a gift from me."

When they had departed Millyard walked out to the mines. In going the rounds who should he chance to meet face to face in the person of one of the employes but the red-headed Jew-Irishman, Mr. Miles Jerushi. The surprise was startling on the part of both persons.

"Jerushi!" exclaimed Millyard. People do have such a strange and altogether unaccountable way of accidentally meeting in strange places in America. A man here to-day who was far away yesterday.

"Mr. Millyard, my top-notch, cock o' the walk lawyer, by all

the Saints, the blessed Virgin and the holy Moses!" Miles was the same old Jerushi.

The two men shook hands eagerly and made their explanations as briefly and hurriedly as they could.

"So you're the head owner of this millionaire business? If I iver! I'm blest, if I ain't glad of it."

"Yes, I have had a large interest here three or four years, but now I own all, except a certain portion of the proceeds."

"I have been here nine or ten months now and I've made a right good thing uv it. I made good wagis and I laid away me money. You see, I can't git a drap o' the creeter in here. So I stay in and plant me money in me chist."

"The Jew in you is coming out on top," said Millyard, smiling.

"Yes, egad! and I believe the Jew's the best part, if me mither is the best man er the two," retorted Miles, wiping some of the soil off his red freckled face with a soiled 'kerchief. "Now since I know ye're the boss man here, I want to tell ye something kinder confidentially. There's a blabberin' furiner here who's tryin' to git up a strike 'mongst the men. Don't give me way, but you go and inquire 'mongst the bosses."

"Miles, I always knew there was something good in you. I am greatly obliged to you for this information. I will inquire into it at once," replied Millyard as he began moving away, adding: "When are you coming to New Orleans? When you do, be sure and come see me."

"I'll be after doin' that very thing, sir," answered Miles. "I may come in a few months, and I'll come to see ye ter once fer sure."

Millyard returned to the log castle. He called Professor and said:

"I heard intimations just now that sound to me like there is to be a strike here. Do you know anything about it?"

"Not in the least. I am at the first of it," he replied, as if astonished. "I will summon the superintendent at once."

A boy was called and dispatched on the errand. In about five minutes the superintendent presented himself before Professor Wortman and Mr. Millyard.

"Have you heard anything about a strike among the men?" asked Professor Wortman.

"Well, yes," was the hesitating reply, "but there has not yet been enough indication for me to seriously consider the matter. I

am astonished that you should have heard of it. I thought I was keeping very close watch for such a demonstration and could tell you first."

"I must confess I did not know anything about it until Mr. Millyard informed me a few minutes ago," said the Professor. "What do you know about it?"

"There is one certain man here," the superintendent replied; "he is not a nat or yap, (meaning he was neither a 'nat,' a native or naturalized citizen of this country, nor 'yap,' a local native), who has been trying to foment trouble for some time past. His name is Barfuldst. I think he is trying to get the washers to strike for higher wages. If he succeeds then he will try to get a general strike. The washers are making three and a half a day and he is getting four a day. I have been considering how we can get rid of him; he is a perfect nuisance. If we do not get rid of him at once he will cause us serious trouble."

"I am very glad this matter has come to light while I am here," said Millyard. "Professor, send for the man and his boss and let them both come here at once. You remain, Mr. Superintendent, until they come. I want you to hear what they have to say."

The seditious miner and his boss were conducted before Mr. Millyard, who asked:

"Well, my dear sir, in what capacity are you working here?"

"I'ze vashin' ender tailin's," he answered.

"Are you dissatisfied with your job?" asked Millyard.

"No, sir; not in der light vot you seem ter tink I vas. I haf my idees, of course," he said.

"You do not know in what light I think; I have never intimated it. Do your 'idees' conflict with the manner or methods in which this business is being conducted?" asked Millyard, sternly.

"Der vas some disbarities, ant ven ve all dalked erbout it an' der mens told me I vas der man vot should tell'd 'em vot ter do, I told 'em I vould do it. 'Cause you see, I vas had more exberience in does tings dan vot dev haf."

"Is it your idea that the men should band themselves in an organization, then strike?" queried Millyard. "Then all hands remain here and allow no one else to come and work in their places? Assume a high-handed law unto themselves against the rights of other men?"

"Vel, dot vos von vay, ef der Perfesser don't do vot dey vants."

"Is there another wav, one with right on its side?"

"Not yit; unless ve could all git tergedder."

"How would you git togedder?"

"Ve could organize an' 'lect our officers, den ve could do somethings."

"What would you do?" asked Millyard.

"Dat vas as I say, ef he don't do somethings."

"Increase your wages? Or give you another job?"

"Yes. Dey would like ter haf bote."

"I think I understand you, to some extent at least. Probably you want your picture in the papers? I suppose you are to be the head officer. I want to leave here this afternoon for Philadelphia; I need a man to go with me. I will pay the expenses. Can you go with me?"

"Yes; I haf a cousin in Philadelphée, unt I would be glad mit der chance ter go mit cher."

"All right," said Millyard; "go get ready, quick. I want you to take a telegram over to Hickory immediately. Professor, send him over at once."

When the boss and the would-be boss of a strike were gone the superintendent ventured to remark:

"Well, if that ain't the easiest and most satisfactorily settled strike I ever saw!"

"Yes; he jumped right into it," added Professor Wortman.

"With him out of the way will we have any more trouble?"

"Not in the least," responded the superintendent. "He is the head and front of the whole trouble."

"I can leave him in Philadelphia," said Millyard. "You go and keep right along with him and hurry him in packing his things, so he cannot talk with any of the men. Make out his account and pay him."

Mr. Millyard did not deem it necessary to explain how he learned about the brewing strike, only he requested Professor Wortman to have Miles Jerushi favored as much as could be done consistently, as his special friend.

"There is no such man by that name here," said Professor Wortman. Then he looked at the books and could not find the name there.

When the boss striker struck out for Hickory Professor Wortman told him he would send his luggage over on the hack.

After dinner Mr. Millyard departed, accompanied to Hickory by Mr. Dalgat, his lawyer and his friend, who provided the conveyance. He was bound for Paris via New York and Havre.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## THAT AWFUL, TERRIBLE CRIME.

LOVELINESS in all its real and beatific fancied form enshrined and entwined the souls and hearts, thoughts and acts each to the other, also to their friends and acquaintances and all others under whose notice they passed, even as a gossamer cloud in warm weather, of the endeared twain, mother and daughter, Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia Millyard, the mother and sister of Mr. Alpha Millyard.

No two souls ever dwelt together in unison, more closely in beauty of picture and loveliness of affectionate devotion and tender attachment than those two saintly women. The pleasure of the one was to do something for the pleasure of the other. They shed their beams abroad and infected the very air around them, like an American gentleman or an American lady, they, not their counterpart, in Europe, exhaling the perfumes of heaven and the civilizing essence of man in the atmosphere of their circle. Only such people in America as Miss Cecelia and her mother never visit Europe. They must be seen at home.

The building of their new home progressed more expeditiously than they contemplated. Under the magic wand of Alpha Millyard's private instructions to the wide-awake up-to-date architect, contractors were secured who performed their work in less than the allotted space of time.

Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia had given up the idea of keeping informed about the plans of the work. There were many innovations, many of them of a costly nature, vastly so, and when they expostulated with the contractors and architect they replied to them that Mr. Millyard was responsible for it. Finding that Alpha was having his own sweet will about the building of the house they ceased to give it their concern.

"Mother," said Miss Cecelia one day, "it seems that buddie

is trying to please us by pleasing himself; so we need not interfere or bother ourselves with it any further. He is such a noble brother and good son that he wishes us to have a sumptuous home for you in your old age."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Millyard, "Allie is a noble man and a dutiful son. He reminds me more and more of his dear, noble father. I shall acquiesce in whatever he does. To do otherwise would cause him to suspect that he had displeased me, both of us. I would not have him think that I am displeased with him. He would grieve about it and that would react on me. I am very certain he will not displease me purposely and I could not be displeased with him, especially because of his doing an unnecessary thing, such as building me a more gorgeous house than I prefer, and more especially since he possesses such enormous wealth, sufficient to justify him in doing so."

"Mother, does buddie perceive things in their higher and truly exalted sphere?" inquired Miss Cecelia of her mother as they were about separating on the front porch.

"That is a matter, daughter, you should know for yourself. I believe, in fact, I know, he does. It is in that realm he lives and has his thoughts. He ever did from childhood. That is why I thought he should become a theologian and preach the gospel. You said you loved him; can you love one, even a brother, whom you do not believe to live and has his thoughts in a high and truly exalted sphere?"

"No, mother; I cannot say that I could."

"No; you would have doubts, misgivings, fears and apprehensions for the worst."

Between one and two fortnights after this Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia visited a cousin of Mrs. Millyard, Mr. Glaucus Badger and his family, who resided in the country in another but near-by county. The two families had often exchanged visits.

Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia had many friends among the neighbors of their cousin, Glaucus Badger, and frequently visited among them. Mrs. Millyard's mother, who was quite a belle and celebrated for her beauty, charming manners and brilliancy of mind before the greatest of all unfriendly conflicts, had a brougham, or carriage, and horses with a coachman ever at her command. But at this period and on this occasion circumstances with Mrs. Millyard were different. With Mr. Badger each horse or mule had to contribute its share of work to the support of

itself and its owner, and the coachman had to plow or more frequently loitered in town.

It was the custom among the people to walk when visiting each other where the distance was not considerable. Also to take advantage of the near cuts, the paths through the woods and around the fields. Near neighbors with only a mile or two separating them of course walked, but they would start early in the morning, take dinner with their friends and return late in the afternoon.

This was the case with Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia one day when they visited a dear friend, Mrs. George Sallust, and her two charming daughters, who resided about a mile and a fourth from the home of Mr. Glaucus Badger. They walked over to Mrs. Sallust's early in the morning and spent the day very delightfully.

Their memories of the past and of people were charmingly discussed.

Late in the afternoon the two very interesting Misses Sallust accompanied Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia along the path through a clump of woods until they arrived at the corner of a field where there was a wagon road on the upper side of the field, when they parted with mutual salutations and expressions of their pleasure in meeting and regret at having to part.

The Misses Sallust merrily sang in voice that was loud and which resounded melodiously through the woods as gayly they homeward skipped—as the sun set in lurid splendor.

Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia slowly, with hearts beating lightly, wended their way along the old seldom-used road. At the other corner of the field, half a mile from Mr. Sallust's and nearly a mile from their cousin Glaucus Badger's home, they left the old grass-grown road and took a path through the woods. The sun, which had shone so gloriously the day, had hid its face from their eager, watching sight down in the earth below the trees with only the shimmering sheen to be seen.

They had not proceeded far into the woods when suddenly a mulatto sprang in the path directly in front of them. He was quick and excited in his motion.

In another moment a coal black negro rushed from the bushes at their side.

The frail, defenseless women were frightened to almost stupefaction. This was superinduced from a knowledge of the fast-growing, almost inevitable result of such conduct. Their fright,

therefore, was of that nature which stupefies defenseless women, especially ladies of refinement and under such conditions.

They grasped each other, screamed and then swooned.

The black ruffian, a muscular, greasy-skinned, lantern-jawed, white eye-balled, black-pupiled, grim-visaged fellow, apparently about thirty years of age, grasped Miss Cecelia in his arms and bore her apart. At the same time the other negro, a bold, freckled-faced mulatto, wall-eyed and with scowling features and apparently about twenty-seven years of age, clutched Mrs. Millyard, and, jerking her to one side of the path, cried:

"Holler ag'in an' I'll kill you!"

"Demon, you shall not," screamed Mrs. Millyard as loud as she could, her strength and courage evidently returning, as she resisted and attempted to rush to the rescue of her daughter, who was listless.

The mixed-breeded negro, with all the attributes and instincts of the more uncivilized slayer of men, his eyes now gleaming in fiery, orange-tinted hue, clutched his right hand on the left side of the throat of the poor woman and slapped her severely on the right cheek with his left open hand; she uttered not a sound, she was dazed. The brute then jerked her sprawling, her body striking against a sapling tree, then she fell to the ground.

Miss Cecelia was as limp as she would have been if asleep. The black negro fiend dragged her into the bushes not far from the path, where she immediately began to revive and moaned for her mother, occasionally saying in low, faint voice:

"Allie, Allie! Buddie, why don't you come?"

\* \* \* \* \*

When dark came and Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia had not returned, Mr. Glaucus Badger, becoming uneasy about their undue absence, hitched a horse to his surrey and drove as quickly as possible to the home of Mr. George Sallust.

Mr. Sallust and his family were amazed. The circumstances of the two Misses Sallust accompanying the two ladies to the corner of the field were quickly related.

Leaving his surrey, as it could not be taken over the path, Mr. Badger, accompanied by Mr. Sallust, two or three children and a couple of stout farm hands, with pine torches, set out on the path taken by the ladies.

Arriving at the spot where the ladies were assaulted the attention of the rescuers was attracted by low moans of a female

voice issuing from the woods at a point about one hundred feet or more from the path. Quickly with their torchlights the party rushed to the spot.

There they beheld, first, Mrs. Millyard, her classic, interesting features transformed into pallid, haggard visage, with wild, staring eyes. She was wailing and moaning as she bent over the prostrate form of her only daughter.

Mrs. Millyard was insane.

Miss Cecelia was unconscious. Their dresses were torn, their tresses were disheveled, their faces and bodies were scratched, and they had been bleeding.

Information was dispatched by messengers to the neighbors at once and a man was sent for Mr. Badger's bloodhounds.

Mrs. Millyard, still raving in madness and clinging to her daughter, was, with Miss Cecelia, conveyed to the home of Mr. George Sallust. The news spread fast; the people gathered quickly.

The sad plight of the two unfortunate ladies was appalling. Women and children were weeping and wailing. Some of the men were weeping, too, as for that matter.

The frenzied men, increasing in numbers every minute, swore aloud and vowed to have vengeance before another sun had set in peace from over their perturbed heads.

The acme was reached. The die was cast.

The voice of the people was the voice of God, and the culprits must needs suffer the penalty of death according to the law of nature, if not the law of God, in a most summary manner.

The bloodhounds were brought to the place where the outrage occurred and readily took the trail, dividing themselves, the one part following howling and yelping in one direction, while the other smaller portion took a direction at a right angle from the other squad.

The howling hounds made the welkin ring in the fore-midnight air, and each came upon its prey before the fastest clock could strike the hour of ten. Pine torches lit the woods, swamps and fields for miles around like Chinese lanterns at a *fête champêtre*, or electric lights at a lawn party in a suburban villa.

One pack of hounds and their followers traced the freckled-faced, yellow-tinted negro to a bog in a forest of small deciduous and lambai growth, where the culprit, no doubt, thought himself secure, but where he was captured and firmly tied with ropes.

This part of the fast-approaching midnight performance having arrived at its fruition, the semi-paralyzed, yellow-tinted negro was brought forth from the dungeon-like jungle and made to answer questions.

Among other things he confessed and which no doubt was the chief incentive of his making the confession, was the declaration that he was to have taken the young lady, or girl, as he expressed it, and the other negro, the black one, George Monroe by name, was to take the other lady, but George Monroe took advantage of him.

He told the whole circumstances of the affair. How they were passing and talked with a young negro boy, who had been at work in the field, who told them of the fact that the ladies were at the house and would pass that way late in the afternoon as they were on their route returning to Mr. Badger's.

The yellow negro was then taken to the home of Mr. Sallust and brought before the victims.

Miss Cecelia was lying on a couch in the front and most open room in the house where she could get fresh air, and her mother was held at her bedside, held because she persisted in desiring to throw herself across the bosom and face of her daughter. Thus they were when the mulatto villain, who had not given his name, was brought before them for recognition. As the stalwart Glaucus Badger marched the negro before Mrs. Millyard she raised her head from beside that of her daughter, and, ceasing wailing, glanced her tear-dimmed eyes for a moment at the brute. Then she shrieked:

"The villain! Take him away! Take him away! He is the villainous wretch who fouled me!"

As the men who had hold of the yellow, freckled-faced fiend conducted him out at the front door some one grabbed a long-handled spade that was on the porch and dealt the brute a blow with the blade of the spade on the side of the face. This was the signal for a general onslaught upon the miserable wretch to take his life.

There was a sturdier man at the helm, however, than the ruthless but righteously indignant fellow who smote the brute with the spade. Glaucus Badger cried out to stay such action just in time to allay the frenzied men who were scrambling to seize the culprit and wrench his body to pieces.

"Wait, men, wait until we get the other villain. Do not lynch

him in the presence of ladies. Take them both to the scene of the crime." This timely admonition prevailed.

Meantime the negro was subjected to quite rough treatment. No person present had any sympathy for him. A sympathizer would have had the curse of those men on him.

Glaucus Badger and George Sallust, both, had often declared publicly to many persons together and apart, that lynching is a crime and that they would never be guilty of assisting at a lynching or countenance one. Glaucus Badger had even said emphatically that he would go before the grand jury and present any man or men whom he might know of assisting in a lynching. George Sallust had spoken in terms nearly as strong. The people seemed to coincide with them. It is doubtful if there was a man in all that section of country who believed in lynching. But on the contrary, every one of them was opposed to it. However, the scene before their eyes had wrought these men up to such a frenzy of feeling that reason was dethroned, blood boiled hot and all thought of former protestation or professions of opinion on the subject had taken flight, pinioned on the swift wings of anger, which demanded immediate retribution.

Sayest thou, why not be calm and permit the law to take its course? There is a deep-seated reason. A reason as calm and philosophic in its nature as that by which every one justifies himself in not obeying the Scriptural command that, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also."

Yet there is a reason still more deep and clear. It is this reason which takes the law unto itself. Are all men perfect? Are all men's imperfections known? In any State, anywhere, under the law and system of obtaining juries, can twelve perfect men, good and true, be had as jurymen on a trial for lynching? This was not all: *i. e.*, in explanation of the reasons: the culprits knew the punishment. Divine thou the balance and know then the balance of the reasons for lynchings.

The bloodhounds trailed the other negro, George Monroe, about six miles, when he was brought to bay in a stable-loft. He was soon brought out and securely bound, hands and feet, with rope plow-lines, his hands behind him. He was then placed across the pommel of a saddle on a swift horse in front of a stalwart rider and they galloped to the home of George Sallust. Other riders accompanied them, while those afoot took the near

cuts and ran as swiftly as they could to be in at the end of the chase, as it were.

The time-honored custom of confronting the two culprits before each other, when there are two or more and one has confessed, was duly complied with. The freckled-faced, copper-colored negro stated that George Monroe, the man before him, was the one who was with him and who assaulted Miss Cecelia, or, rather, "the girl," as he expressed it.

George Monroe flatly denied the accusation or assertion and affirmed that he did not know the mulatto who was thus implicating him in such a heinously serious crime. Monroe, not denying his name, said he happened to be passing along the road when the dogs came running in sight of him and he ran to keep them from catching him by mistake. He said the dogs turned from their course to take after him and then he ran the faster. He didn't know what they were after him for.

The repulsive-looking negro protested his innocence so vehemently the men decided to take him before his victims for identification. In the glare of an hundred and fifty or more large torchlights, made of rich pine, held high over the side of the heads of the bearers, and a half dozen or more oil lanterns, the men on foot and horseback surrounding the two doomed negroes, both being now tied together, one behind the other and each with two ropes, one on each side, tied around their necks and held by four men riding at their sides, with others in front and rear, the solemn procession thus formed marched from the place where they were, the scene of the crime, to the home of Mr. Sallust, where the victims were notified by a messenger swift on horse of their coming and the purpose.

As soon as her attention could be diverted from her daughter and she cast her eyes on the two negroes, Mrs. Millyard, pointing to George Monroe and glaring at him fiercely, exclaimed:

"That is the fiend; you have them both. They two are the foul fiends!"

"That is sufficient, gentlemen," commanded Glaucus Badger. "Take them back to the scene of the crime."

The men in charge of the negroes marched them out of the house.

Mrs. Millyard moaned a fearfully dismal moan. Swaying her body to and fro while being held in restraint by kind friends to prevent her from falling on Miss Cecelia, she cried:

"God be merciful to my poor daughter and avenge, as vengeance is Thine, her terrible outrage! O, God, restore her to me again!"

The poor woman seemed not to think of herself. All her expressions were for her daughter.

Presently, for the first time, Miss Cecelia began to move voluntarily. With much anxiety and earnest feeling the physicians, ladies, old ladies, young ladies and girls, a large number being present, peered with joy at the evidence of returning sensibility.

Some of them spoke to her in endearing words and tones. Others soothed her brow with gentle smoothings of their hands, while one of the doctors placed camphor to her nostrils. Directly her eyes began to move, then the lids opened. Her beautiful, but now lustreless eyes peered about for a few seconds, when she asked:

"Where am I? Is buddie here?"

In the absence of a father or a husband a brother should protect his sister.

"You are at Mrs. Sallust's. Here is Jennie; don't you know her?" said a lady who made way for Miss Jennie Sallust at the bedside.

"Jennie?" feebly spoke Miss Cecelia. "O, yes, Jennie; where is that horrible black demon?"

"The men have him safe; they carried him away," quickly replied the doctor for fear answer might be made that would unduly excite her nerves. Then he soothingly spoke to her in continuation until he administered a lotion.

When her daughter spoke Mrs. Millyard wept with joy; albeit, scarce could she speak herself, though anon still raving.

Meantime the incident transpiring, as Mr. Badger said, "at the scene of the crime," was of a most lurid and thrilling character.

The scene was lighted by three hundred and more torches. The night was dark and calm. No moon shed a pallid lustre on the scene. Though not cold the air was crisp. The fearless, determined men proceeded with the lynching of the two negro men as calmly and methodically as if they were slaughtering a bullock.

Nooses were made and the ropes were placed around their necks in a manner exactly alike. The underbrush was cleared away from under the limb of a large white oak tree close beside the path. A table being provided, it was placed under the limb,

The two men, their legs tied and their hands bound behind them, were stood on the table and ordered to say one at a time all they desired to state in reference to the crimes.

The black one, George Monroe, refused to make any other statement only that the other "nigger" was "lyin' 'bout him."

The mulatto man said his name was Dennis Morris. He then went on and made about the same statement he made previously, declaring before God and those persons around him that the other negro, George Monroe, led him into committing the crime and that they were both guilty alike.

The two negroes were then told to say their prayers. It was then the hour of midnight. George Monroe sullenly refused to make any attempt at praying or to ask God to have mercy on his soul. The mulatto, Dennis Morris, began mumbling a prayer, at which instant every head in the vast assemblage was bowed and nearly all were bared. The scene was impressive, profound. A child could have swayed the mob to do anything but to desist from its self-imposed task. Torture was not allowed.

When Dennis had finished his prayer the two negroes were made to stand with their backs to each other on the table. The two ends of the ropes that were noosed round their necks were thrown over the big limb of the tree and drawn up taut, then wound round two saplings near-by at each side. The table was supported by four or more stalwart men, who held it by the legs and raised it, with the negroes on it, as high, from the ground as they could reach. The table was suddenly and dexterously tossed upward a little and jerked from under the culprits at the word of command.

The bodies of the doomed men fell at least five feet, their feet nearly reaching to the ground. The two negroes gurgled and their bodies writhed as much as the ropes that were tied around their legs and over their arms around their bodies would admit. The dangling bodies wriggled and squirmed during several minutes. At length the writhings began to cease; finally only spasmodic jerks and twitchings were observable.

In half an hour the black one was pronounced dead. In a few minutes more the mulatto was also declared to be dead, both a surgeon and a physician so pronouncing. But they were dead long before.

The tragedy was over, finished, so far as those men were able to atone by their lives. But their victims, what of them?

The bodies were left swinging by the ropes to the limb of the old oak tree.

Satisfied, frenzied desire appeased, relaxation of nerves taking place, the men, after agreeing to meet there next morning to bury the dead, heeded the request of Glaucus Badger to disperse in peace and quietly go to their homes with a consciousness of having done no wrong in the sight of God, whose agents they were more than is the soldier in a battle or a sheriff at a hanging.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## THE CURSE OF THE REPUBLIC.

As Miss Cecelia revived her mother grew worse. The former took some light nourishment and began to converse with those persons whom she knew who were around her bed. Mrs. Millyard became feverish and delirious. It grew apace with advancing dawn. It was with great difficulty that she was restrained from doing violence to herself and to those around her.

Just as the bright sun, which the evening before had left her and her daughter so radiantly happy in its glorious setting, gleamed its first rays into the silent chamber soon after Miss Cecelia had been quieted to slumber, and while the doctors and the ladies dozed in chairs and on the sides of the two beds, for another bed had been brought in the room for Miss Cecelia, Mrs. Millyard, suddenly awakening, with a terrific scream, sprang from the bed, exclaiming:

"You brute! Fiend! You shall not! Turn me loose! Turn me loose, I say! You villain! Hold him, daughter! Choke him! Allie, run to 'Celia!"

Ladies grasped the unfortunate woman as quickly as possible. Her shrieks aroused the whole household. Twenty or more men, besides the large number of ladies, had remained at Mr. Sallust's and were taking a final nap after daylight.

Mrs. Millyard in her frenzy and loss of reason attempted to seize a chair, piteously screaming:

"How dare you, brute? O, spare my child, my daughter! Spare her, spare her, please spare her." As the farmer ladies were placing her on the bed again, weak and almost completely exhausted, she continued:

"Choke him, daughter, choke him! Allie is coming."

"My God, gentlemen! I can't stand this," exclaimed the tall, broad-shouldered, handsome, manly Glaucus Badger, as he stood

in the center of the room and slammed his big felt hat in his left hand with a crushing blow. "I feel like I could exterminate the nigger in this country!"

Continuous flash after flash of lightning and peal after peal of roaring thunder rolling low over an assemblage of people in the open air, while the earth quaked and trembled, could not have produced a more profoundly thrilling, livid, quickening sensation among them than did these few electrifying words of Glaucus Badger have on those people there that morning. Perfect silence prevailed in an instant. Faces were blanched to the pallid whiteness of cotton. No one spoke or moved for near two minutes. The awful stillness was painful. At length George Sallust broke the spell by shouting:

"By the eternals! I am with you!" The last words were spoken in thundering tones.

The doctors said Mrs. Millyard was a raving maniac and that she was seriously ill, besides it was doubtful whether she would live to be carried home.

Mr. Alpha Millyard was telegraphed for. But he was in Europe. The telegram to him at New Orleans was answered by Mr. Mike Delarue, so stating.

The condition of Mrs. Millyard remained unchanged and precarious during several days. The good people were very kind in administering in every needful way to all her wants and also those of Miss Cecelia. The latter improved rapidly.

During a lucid spell Mrs. Millyard requested to be taken back to Atlanta, her dear old home.

Consequently near the end of the second week from the time of their dire misfortune, Mrs. Millyard and Miss Cecelia were returned to Atlanta; but, oh, how sadly different in their condition from what they were in happiness on the day when they departed!

Neither of them could bestow any of their thoughts on their new home. Mrs. Millyard was unable to do so because she had no mind to bestow upon it. Miss Cecelia was unable to do so for the reason that her mind was altogether centered upon her mother. Her spirit and animation were only buoyed and supported by anxiety and hope about her mother. Betwixt hope and fear the trembling scale the balance felt as up and down it went.

For four days and nights longer did Mrs. Millyard rave and

wail, confined in her room, where they were boarding across the street from their new home, which was now fast approaching completion. Strong women were employed to guard Mrs. Milliard to prevent her from doing violence to herself or to others. She pined in great agony and distress.

At last her angel came. But how shockingly sad her sweet life ended.

Mrs. Millyard had relaxed from a paroxysm of rage and madness and was peacefully resting on the bed, while the attendants, worn out, exhausted by their labors during the last spell, just before three in the morning by the clock, were momentarily resting and diverted in their attention from her, she suddenly plunged on the floor from the bed and, quickly recovering herself, rushed in a run to the rear window. Dashing through the sash headforemost, breaking the sash and the glass and gashing great rents in her skin and flesh on the face, arms and hands, bleeding profusely and shrieking as loud as she could scream: "Choke him, daughter! Choke him! Allie will come!" she ran to the head of the stairway leading down stairs to the back yard and, apparently without noticing the steps, plunged down them face foremost, then tumbling over and over she went to the bottom.

When taken up it was found her neck was broken.

Appalling? The curse of God is upon the one or the other, the negro or the white race with whom they are. Be it which they are not destined to dwell together. Even if they do continue to have their habitations in the same country they will never again dwell together in unity of peace and concord. The bane, the curse of the South? Yea!

Their being in it, like the fumes from a burning sulphuretted morass, will spread over the whole broad land. Will that be to the South a source of resurgation?

No people with manhood, intelligence and civilization, wealth and refinement, like the people of the South, and with their ancestry, can be kept under the ban, and neither can they live and prosper with a bar-sinister of race.

It were well for those who have an interest in the matter to take heed and consider this aspect of the future while it were yet not over-ripe for the wine-press.

Mrs. Millyard was laid away in Oakland Cemetery. The funeral cortege was immense. Nearly all the old inhabitants and hundreds of those good people who have, since the civil war,

flocked to Atlanta from all sections of the United States and from all over the world, attended the funeral.

It was a day of sadness and mourning for the whole city. The awful circumstances of her sudden taking away elicited profound sorrow among all classes of citizens.

Miss Cecelia was again prostrated. Her nervous system showed symptoms of collapse and there was great uneasiness about her condition and its final outcome during several days.

Finally, however, she rallied and was again improving under the constant watchful care of her physician, Dr. Hood, and kind friends.

## CHAPTER XLV

## GRAND BONANZA SOLD.

WHEN Mr. Millyard returned from Europe three expert geologists, a mineralogist and a confidential man of the house of Rothschilds were with him. They went immediately from New York to the mines. During four days these men were given the freedom of the place, the confidential man having full access to the books and the vault.

On the third night after their arrival, Mr. Millyard, Professor Wortman and the gentlemen were seated on the broad veranda in huge rustic rocking-chairs smoking North Carolina-made Havana cigars.

The confidential man of the Rothschilds became also somewhat so to Mr. Millyard. He remarked, partly in French:

"This is the most gigantic business I have ever known. You are getting out a score of fortunes every day. I think I shall have to cable my report at once so that if those people intend to purchase they can do so immediately and by that means reap the results which will in the meantime be yours. I wish to say this, however, I am satisfied, Professor Wortman, if these parties whom we represent should purchase these mines and take your interest as well as that of Monsieur Millyard, they will do so only provided you will remain and conduct the business."

"I could do so," replied Professor Wortman, emphasizing could. "But you will observe that I will have sufficient money for me to retire and be at ease the remainder of my life."

"Baron de Rothschild thinks a man should not get at ease," said the confidential man. "He is the hardest worked man in Europe. He would soon die of *ennui* were he to retire from business."

"I recognize that fact," said Professor Wortman. "I am somewhat philosophical in matters of life myself. I was a poor

man a very short time ago. I had labored hard all my life and spent much of my time in deep study. I had no established business running smoothly like clockwork, and have had to do all my work myself. I did not have trained men, each in his sphere of duty, to perform my work for me and make my life easy. So I am overworked. When I can retire with grace and ease it is my desire and duty to myself to do so."

"We will have all the men of the necessary ability to aid you," replied the confidential man. "All we would want is that you give the business your personal direction. Our people would be more agreeable and better satisfied. We believe where a man makes a success for himself in this line there also is the place for us to keep him. We have no pets to reward."

"I can remain with you on a salary until I can instruct your man," said the Professor. "If he be competent I can impart to him sufficient information within a few months, probably two or three months."

"That possibly would be satisfactory if you make it twelve months," suggested the agent. "If you will agree to that I will cable to-night; that is, if you can send it to the telegraph office for me."

"Certainly; we have messengers for that purpose," quickly replied the Professor. He saw the man meant to close the deal. "I guess I will agree and remain a year as you request."

The cablegram was sent. Late in the day following a reply was received.

It requested that Mr. Millyard and Professor Wortman accompany the gentlemen to Europe at once.

"This business will not permit of my leaving here," said Professor Wortman. "I can, however, give my proxy, my power of attorney, to Mr. Millyard. He can act for me."

"That will answer all purposes," he said, "except as to making a contract to run the business for them. What are you willing to do in that respect? How much salary do you want to remain a year?"

"I will remain the twelve months for five thousand dollars per month," replied the Professor. "I can clear more than thirty times a whole year's salary on the first day."

"I will recommend that they give it," said the man.

All the preliminaries being arranged, Mr. Millyard agreed to sail from New Orleans as soon as possible inside of two weeks,

and the confidential man and the experts took their departure for New York to return to Europe.

"Now, Professor, what we must do," said Millyard, "is to rush everything as rapidly as possible before we make the transfer. It occurs to me that five hundred million dollars for me and fifty million dollars for you is a cash transaction that just only few men ever, if ever, received for their own behoof before. They are more anxious to purchase than we are to sell. They want to close the deal as quickly as possible. I am to take a large portion of my pay in securities. I would have to invest any way. But they are to pay yours in cash."

"I am entirely satisfied with your trade, as I cabled you," said Professor Wortman. "I leave the whole transaction entirely in your hands. It is you who have made it for me. I worked for you and myself, with my brains and your money. If you had not let me have the money to commence the business, and I an entire stranger to you, I could not have made this property what it is and could not have developed one-thousandth part of what I have. So you may rest perfectly easy as to how I feel about it. You get me fifty million dollars, even if it be in securities, I shall be a happy man."

"I shall be sorry if they do not get their money back out of it," said Millyard. "There is this thing certain, however, if they do get their money back they will not be long about it. Probably no longer than we have been getting out not quite two hundred million."

As they were walking back to the office Millyard said he was sorry about one thing, and that was, he was loth to give up the log castle. When the Professor said one could be built just like it, Millyard directed him to get a good architect and have him examine the house and make the plans and specifications for one, even superior, so that he could have it built somewhere near or on Grandfather Mountain.

"Since our business affairs are amicably arranged," said the Professor sadly, when they were in the office, "I am sorry to say I have sad news for you. There are a couple of telegrams from your banker in New Orleans and two from Atlanta. I knew you were on the ocean so I took the liberty of opening and reading them."

Mr. Millyard eagerly grasped the telegrams and read them.

They announced the assault upon his mother and his sister,

and the last one received told of the shocking death of his mother.

"Great heavens! That is awful!" exclaimed Mr. Millyard, sinking back into a chair in a passion of weeping.

Eventually recovering himself somewhat he requested to be sent over to Hickory at once.

He boarded the first passenger train bound for Atlanta, where he stopped over and went to see his sister.

Their meeting was so sad and sacred it is not material to describe it, or record what they said.

Mr. Millyard, sad and gloomy, returned to New Orleans. His wife was greatly pleased and sanctioned all that he had done and what he proposed to do. So also did Mr. Mike Delarue. Mrs. Millyard declined his request for her to make this trip to Europe with him, as he would be pressed for time. Had she known she would have complied.

For reasons to himself he refrained from acquainting his devoted wife with the circumstances of his mother's death, only relating the bare fact that she had died during his absence.

When Mr. Millyard again arrived at the log castle at the green diamond mines amid the mountains of Western North Carolina representatives and employes of a little syndicate that had purchased these wonderful spodumene mines which were producing tons of gold and yielding thousands upon thousands of the rarest, most precious gem ever found in all the world, accompanied him from Europe. They were ready and eager for the property to be turned over the next day.

Professor Wortman, conforming to a cablegram from Mr. Millyard, had already made an inventory of the property in duplicate ready for signature. Mr. Dalgat had the deeds to the land ready for Mr. Millyard's signature.

The checks, exchange, bonds, stocks and other securities for Mr. Millyard and the cash for Professor Wortman had been transferred from Europe and placed in New York. The financial representative of the syndicate had in his possession written orders for them, which orders were to be turned over to Messrs. Millyard and Wortman on receipt of the deeds to the land and a receipted inventory of the plant and upon turning over to him as agent of the purchasers the property itself. A New York lawyer had come with them to see for the syndicate that everything was done all right and legally.

The deeds to the land and bill of sale for the personal property were duly signed next morning and the transfer legally consummated.

Alpha Millyard and Alfred Wortman received their stipulated price and the representatives of the foreign syndicate took possession of the gigantic business. Professor Wortman was appointed general manager and one of the men who came over was installed as assistant cashier. The other foreigners were also assigned to positions, where they were expected to learn their respective duties as quickly as possible.

Thus closed the most gigantic, colossal financial transaction that ever took place between individuals since the time when man was planted on this earth.

Reality? The thing is there to show for itself. Hundreds of people, even in the United States, are wearing, or have stored away, one or more of these most brilliant of all sparkling gems. In fact, many of the gems were given away in this country. These gems are now sold for more than they brought in the great hey-day of the mines.

Two million dollars every working day during two months and more!

Then a sale of the mines for five hundred and fifty million dollars!

Five hundred million dollars of which belonged to one man! Zounds! It is stupendously colossal!

Still, America is that kind of country. Genius and enterprise with daring pluck redound in colossal fortunes very quickly. It is the only country in the world where, as a rule, such colossal fortunes are acquired by individuals in such brief period.

Professor Alfred Wortman continued his labors at the mines. Mr. Alpha Millyard departed immediately for New York to acquire his securities, checks, exchange and cash. It was also necessary for him to stop over at Washington and Philadelphia to arrange about his share of the gold and its coinage.

In New York Millyard secured a number of safety-vaults in a trust company, as no one vault was large enough, and deposited many of his securities. He arranged with different banks about the deposit of some of his cash in each, but carried the bulk of the foreign exchange and some of the checks on New York and Boston banks with him to New Orleans.

Alpha Millyard now desired to take breath, ascertain where he stood and see what he could do, so he went home.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

ALPHA MILLYARD received part of his enormous payment in bonds and stocks of the most prominent corporations in America, including some Southern railways, the future possibilities of which, if properly managed, he was fully aware. Of the stocks he took none but those in which he acquired large blocks and at valuations shading under the quoted market price. This he maintained in making the deal or required the cash. This was all arranged while he was in Europe. He already had an inventory of what he was to receive.

Madame Millyard was delighted with her husband's transactions. Her dear old mother, seated in the plush-cushioned chair shaking her pointing finger, said:

"Rittea, you have the smartest man in the world for a husband."

"Thanks, my dear mother-in-law," he interposed. "I am glad, proud, to have such good opinion expressed of me by you. I have some friends who have led me into the way of all this good fortune, one especially, Mr. Galen Dalgat. I desire to have him and his family make us a visit."

"When will they come, dear Alpha?" asked Mrs. Millyard, who had just come in the room.

"I do not know, my dear Rittea, but some time soon, I hope," he replied. "I want us both to show them that we appreciate the good turn. Though, I must admit, it was by no desire on his part, but just happened so. He is a great dreamer, a dreamomaniac, as they call him. He dreams a thing has happened and eventually it turns out that way. He dreamed I was going to sell the mines, give the names of the parties, else I may not have thought of them, probably, or seriously considered the matter of selling.

"He is a splendid lawyer and will attend to my legal business. I must needs have a lawyer so I will not get caught in subsequent legal complications. You understand, of course, I will have to investigate the legal aspects in every case before I make an investment. It will not be good policy for me to be taking lawyers here and there and any kind and letting them know about my private affairs."

"O, yes, I am quite sure that will be the best plan. Then you pay him by the year and have his services whenever necessary," said Mrs. Millyard. "But could you not get a suitable lawyer here in New Orleans?"

He had argued toward this very question. He had an intuition it was coming. He replied:

"They practise under a different system in this State from that of the other States, my dear. Besides, I already had Mr. Dalgat at the mines and he had become somewhat familiar with my affairs. In view of that I thought it would be best to keep him." He evidently discerned something sinister in her question.

The treasure Millyard had must be taken to the bank; the securities were contained in a strong, well-locked leather valise and of great weight. Millyard had arrived early in the morning long before the hour for opening the bank for business. Louis was requisitioned to attend him and the carriage was ordered out. Singular as it may seem, Millyard had sent it by express a day in advance of himself and inadvertently had addressed it to his residence instead of to the bank.

Mr. Millyard was at his bank by ten o'clock and was warmly greeted by President Delarue and all the gentlemen connected with it.

"So you have sold your bonanza?" pleasantly remarked Delarue.

"Sold? Yes, Mike, sold; and got the wherewith, which was my price, and a bonanza it is, too. Louis has it in the trunk, at least part of it—the balance is in New York and the U. S. treasury. I want to make a deposit on the same conditions as before."

Delarue called the cashier and individual bookkeeper and they came to his room. The trunk, as Millyard called it, was opened and the men set to work on the task of calling off the amounts, placing them on paper and then adding them with a will and vim.

Two hours later Alpha Millyard's bank account was credited with one hundred and thirteen million eight hundred and seventy-four thousand and nine hundred and sixty-five dollars and forty-four cents. This was to be augmented by the amount received as premium on the domestic as well as foreign exchange.

Mr. Millyard had twenty million dollars in French securities, which he placed in his private vault. He was quite as familiar with the actual value of French securities as he was at that time with the bonds and stocks of United States corporations.

Visiting the steamship company's offices and going the rounds of the offices of those corporations in which he was interested Millyard returned to the bank, and at lunchtime the semi-billionaire and his bank president repaired to Johnnie's *café*.

"Mike," said Millyard, when they were seated at a table in Johnnie's, "did you ever note that as a rule only about one-half the men start out in life with ambition, an aim? And that of this class nine-tenths of them miss the mark of their ambition? And of these, one-tenth, drifting into other channels by accident or sometimes by design, achieve success?"

Mr. Delarue twisted himself round sideways to the table and, pulling the doily through his hands and looking thoughtfully, replied:

"I cannot say that I have. But I do not quite understand your proposition."

"Well, for instance," began Millyard in explanation, "I had ambition, and I have it yet, but in another direction. I started out in life with the idea that I would be a big lawyer and become a great statesman, probably President. I can remember trudging along the streets looking at the big houses, the clear blue sky, the passing people, then furtively glancing across the street at a big bill-board I would see the flaming poster announcing some grand theatrical performance by some renowned tragedian. Then the thought struck me that I ought to run for Congress and take that as a sort of stepping-stone to becoming a statesman and probably President. Day by day, month after month, that great ambition had possession of my soul. I thought by it I could become a man of renown, a great man. It haunted me, was a mania. I could not escape the illusion. I did not care for any office inferior to congressman. That idea never entered my head. I was above it. I could not stoop to less than being a congressman."

"I drifted about practising law, but did not seem to succeed as I wished. Then I come to New Orleans. I see now that drifting, though involuntarily, into literature interfered with my law and also brought about my troubles. But they brought about my marriage and achievements in business and extraordinary success in acquiring wealth. Now, I would no more be a congressman than I would be a boot-black. I had rather be the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' Congressmen are worth only just whatever price the lobbyists place upon them, and they encourage the lobbyist in his business. As for being President, I have no time to divert my mind from other things to it. I would not be President if I could."

"I catch your idea now," said Mr. Delarue. "Who would ever thought about my being a bank president while I was yet a detective? 'And especially, as I was when you first met me? There is no key to success until after success is achieved."

"If you are educated you are not satisfied," continued Millard. "It strikes me that the more educated a man the more responsibility there is upon him. I mean by that not only his responsibility to his fellow man, but to his God. I am about to acknowledge that I have received and am now responsible for more than I can bear or stand up under. Look at old man Solomon, said to have been the wisest and richest man in the world, excelling in travail the lamentations of good old Jeremiah; whining and whimpering about every folly in the catalogue of follies instead of doing good among his present fellow men. And I, in his footsteps as far as riches are concerned, am already weary of riches. Are not you?"

"Well, Alpha, to tell you the truth, I do not fully understand why I am trying to pile up riches," Mike earnestly replied. "Suppose I die and leave it all to my wife and son and little daughter? That is all I can do. Then what comes about? The legacy that would be left to me and my name would be compassed; only a brief epitaph on a polished piece of marble. All that I care for is that my children shall not be left clouded by the icicled atmosphere of uncertain charity and beggarly penury."

"Mike, my dear boy, you impress me seriously," said Millard when Mike had concluded his dissertation. "I am but human. The bouquet of your argument has an aromatic odor that twinges the intellectual olfactories. It is upasistic. But I am sure you do not mean to be wholly so much that way."

Therefore I suggest that you mollify your views. Phrase your remarks in line with your idea."

Later Millyard arranged by telegraph with Mr. Dalgai and Prof. Wortman to meet him in New York city.

While in New York Mr. Millyard, having a majority of the bonds of several leading railways in the United States, was easily led into the idea of consolidating some of them.

The three gentlemen seated in Mr. Millyard's room in the Fifth Avenue hotel one night after a day's tedious business operations down town, Millyard said:

"Galen, I have arranged with two of the leading brokerage firms in New York to do some trading for me. It is my intention to own out-right one trunk line railway to the South. I want to double-track the line and reduce the passenger fare to one cent a mile. This rate would be in keeping with a five-cent fare on street railways. The net cost for hauling with reasonable travel is not more than one-fourth of a mill per mile. That rate would induce increased travel, thus increasing the money receipts and encouraging the building up of the waste places. People will ride who never rode before. It will populate the country so vastly that in twenty-five years where stations are today will be cities. In this country a man cannot do a better piece of business where he has a seeming or actual monopoly than to set up a shop in opposition to himself and place some other man in charge, then see which can do the best business. Competition will draw trade and people will be induced to buy who never bought before."

In a few days Millyard bought all the stocks he desired of certain railways. Meantime Prof. Wortman had arranged about his money affairs. Then they went to Boston and remained nearly a week.

Becoming weary, and showing signs of it, Millyard decided to return home.

When they got back to New York from Boston, Millyard purchased a second-hand buffet sleeping coach and had it fully stocked with all necessities; at the same time announcing to his friends that he proposed to have Pullman build him a luxurious sleeping coach according to his own plans.

At length homeward the party started in Mr. Millyard's own private coach. After an absence of three weeks he arrived back in New Orleans,

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## BLOWING ROCK ON GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN.

MR. MILLYARD was now a very busy man. Business cares were increasing every day. Being a man of broad ideas he was a skillful executive, quick and shrewd; discerning at a glance the capabilities of a man he could immediately locate him in his sphere of usefulness.

Thus from the very beginning he planned his every enterprise in such manner and way that it was systematized at once. Orders and reports were given and received only through one man beside himself, and that man was Mr. Mike Delarue, whom he drew into his confidential management as far as bank duties would admit.

By appointment Dalgat met Millyard in Chicago, whither he went to attend a meeting of railway directors. Besides making several large investments in Chicago Millyard arranged with the Pullman Palace Car Company to build him a palace traveling and sleeping coach.

"I am of the opinion that you would build a log castle on Grandfather Mountain," said Dalgat in a moment of abstraction when they had left Chicago on their way South, "of which I was speaking to you the other day, if you will only go with me and take a trip across there."

"Galen, I do not remember your speaking to me about it, but I want to keep from business awhile anyway, so when I return to New Orleans, if the Madame will go with me, I will go and bring her and the children. Then your wife and children can go and the trip will be more agreeable and pleasant all round; we can then take our time. Your dreaming about it suggests it may be a good idea."

Two weeks later at two in the afternoon by the clock Millyard and Dalgat, with their families, were in surries rolling west

out from Lenoir bound for Blowing Rock, twenty miles distant up the mountain, four thousand and ninety feet above the sea level.

From Hickory, twenty miles east, they had gone to Lenoir at noon on the narrow gauge railroad. The coachmen and other drivers had driven the teams through from Hickory the evening before.

Blowing Rock, which is on the mountain ten or twelve miles from Grandfather Mountain proper, is a sort of summer resort. During the hot summer months hundreds of visitors from all portions of the United States visit there, especially people from New Orleans. Blowing Rock and Hickory are New Orleans summer resorts. Hickory is also somewhat of a winter resort for people of the North, particularly of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Michigan.

The party stopped over at Blowing Rock a couple of days, during which time Mr. Millyard made himself quite assiduous in his attentions to Mrs. Dalgat. But Mr. Dalgat was equally so towards Mrs. Millyard, or as much so as was his nature to be.

In the afternoon after their arrival the party walked out on the brow of the almost perpendicular rock-walled mountain where, toward the south, they could look down nearly twelve hundred feet. The meandering Johns River, seeming to suddenly emerge from the rock cliff directly underneath them, wanders off zig-zagging southeast between the lower mountains toward the charming Catawba River.

A cooling mist of rain or heavy rainlike fog came sweeping over the mountain from the north-northwest. Soon thereafter a terrific storm, with thunder roaring and lightning flashing, spread itself below them over the broad expanse of mountains and valleys. Over it all they could see South mountains and the clear horizon beyond.

The storm swept on and soon passed from view in the distance to the southeast. The atmosphere became clear and cool. Night came on. The party were still contemplating the beautiful. With field-glasses they saw the lights as they twinkled into view at Morganton, twenty odd miles away, slightly to the southwest. They also saw the lights of Hickory, nearly forty miles to the east-southeast.

"This is wonderful, Madame Dalgat," exclaimed Millyard. "But I suppose you have seen it many times before?"

"No," she replied, "this is the first time I was ever at Blowing Rock, although I have lived so near it."

"I suppose you have not availed yourself of the opportunity because being so near you consoled yourself with the reflection that you could visit here at any time you desired?" remarked Millyard.

"I have frequently thought of coming here and several times have had the opportunity of coming with friends, but something would transpire to prevent me. My anxiety to come would be consoled, as you say, by the reflection that I could go the next time. In this way the real opportunity did not present itself until now. I suppose I would not have come this time only you and the others were coming." Quickly she added, "and the others."

"That is very nicely said," retorted Millyard, archly. "I am very glad I,—and the others,—have been instrumental in causing you to visit this charming place where nature is so lavishly grand and weird. I had not reflected that you could be influenced by me."

Pointing to her breast-pin of Hiddenite gems, Mrs. Dalgat replied:

"You do not think I have forgotten who presented me this?"

"Why, did not Mr. Dalgat present you one?" asked Millyard, curiously.

"He never thought about it, I suppose," she replied. "Mr. Dalgat can give me one at any time, but I feel sure it would not be so costly. However, coming from you, it is appreciated on account of old times."

"You have a remembrance of old times, then? That is very charming for me to hear you say. Not with any regrets, I hope?" The latter remark was quite peculiar in its nature.

"Yes, sometimes it seems to me that the past is a dream," she said. "It is a teaching of our Christian religion that we are to work out our salvation and that our lives here as well as hereafter are what we make them, but I do not see how I could have altered mine." She bowed her head.

"I am sorry if you ever have grief——"

"I must go to the hotel, Alpha; the air is too cool," interrupted Mrs. Millyard, as she with Mr. Dalgat and the children, with their nurses, quickly advanced to where Mrs. Dalgat and Mr. Millyard were standing.

"Yes, we had better return to the hotel," said Mr. Millyard. "Madame Dalgat is fatigued and chilled."

It should have been stated that the party were traveling with three surries and two ambulance wagons. The latter were in charge of Louis. Mrs. Millyard's maid and servant-girl, with De Ampbert, the little boy, occupied the third surrey. Mittie, their little girl, had been left at home with her grandmother.

Mr. Millyard purchased three hundred acres of land about five miles from the village on the mountain with the name so unique, which included one of the most beautiful sites for a log castle in that whole section.

When preparing to leave Blowing Rock it so happened that Mr. Dalgat escorted Mrs. Millyard to her vehicle and assisted her to get inside. Mr. Millyard thereupon, no doubt thinking Mr. Dalgat intended to ride with her, got in the surrey with Mrs. Dalgat. Thus they rode the remainder of the day.

After leaving Blowing Rock one word brought on another, as the witnesses say in the police courts. Desultory discussion brought about a digression in their journey, for it so happened that a gentleman whom they met on being accosted by Mr. Millyard, so far enthused him with a unique description of a picturesque section of country called Rock Creek, which, the man explained, was only a short distance out of their route, that Mr. Millyard decided and the others acquiesced in the proposal to visit this wonderful Rock Creek section. Only Mr. Dalgat objected without objecting. He seemed to be a phonetic imbibor and decipherer of future events, which he translated at his leisure for his own special behoof. He never told his companions what was coming.

Turning into the road designated by the passing stranger our party arrived at a place which they gruesomely learned to be "the dead line."

It was demonstrated to them in a manner very peculiar that there is or was such a place as "the dead line," especially a "dead line" over which a negro cannot pass without a practical demonstration of the fact, a section of country in this glorious land of liberty from which a negro is effectually barred, shut out, on which he cannot enter, law or no law to the contrary.

Immersed, as it were, even to a surfeit, in the sublime scenery, our party were almost oblivious to all things else save enchantment over the wide, the unbounded prospect mapped out before their eyes.

Suddenly they were confronted on the highway by three ordinary-looking mountaineer farmers and were ordered to halt. One of the three stalwart mountain men propounded the question as to whether it was intentional and premeditated that they were attempting to take negroes across the dead-line—take them into the forbidden land?—the land where no negro, male or female, or any person with a trace of negro blood in their veins, were allowed to enter?

Mr. Millyard and Mr. Dalgat protested their ignorance of any such law, custom or regulation of society in that section or direction. They saw no line and knew of none dead or alive, so they remarked.

Meantime one of the three dead-line sentry ordered one of the negro drivers to dismount from the vehicle he was conducting. The negro, obeying, was then made to unbutton his coat and vest and pull up his shirt, thus exposing his abdomen. The amiable but very tantalizing six-foot dead-line guard produced a large keen-edged knife, which he tested upon a hair from his own shock, to show that it was sharp. Then with the back, which the negro thought was the edge of the blade, he dexterously and quickly diabolically described two symmetrical Hogarthian curves in reverse order, the one above the other, upon the shivering negro's bare stomach, which was evidently intended to be symbolic of disemboweling him.

That negro and the other negroes of the party were then commanded to leave there, and do it quick, and to never return and try to pass across the dead-line again; if they did the edge of the knife blade would be turned.

The negro took it well as long as it lasted, but now he was simply frightened out of his wits; so were the others; also the white persons—nearly.

The summary proceeding dispelled all desire on the part of our party to proceed any further in that direction. They parleyed not nor dallied; they retreated. There was absence of ceremony in so doing.

This was in Mitchell County, a solid, substantial republican-party county. This is probably the only spot or section of territory in these United States where a negro or mulatto is prohibited and not privileged to enter under any conditions.

Mr. Millyard was indignant. But what did that amount to? Why waste life's vitality on indignity? A hundred or more sturdy

mountaineers stood ready, yea, willing, waiting and anxious, to enforce *vi et armis* the decrees and will of the people of their exclusive white man's territory.

It is a lesson as broad as the continent, of as much scope as the Stars and Stripes floating in its entire comprehension and range of possibilities.

Madame Millyard began evincing symptoms of weariness; vivaciousness had disappeared from her actions and speech. The two men, having put their heads together, decided to hurry through the trip. Although she made no complaint, Mr. Millyard had become apprehensive that his wife was ill and was trying to conceal the facts from him. There was no suspicion on his part, not the least, that his attentions to his former affianced was rankling in the heart of Madame Millyard.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## THE LADY OF NEW ORLEANS.

"My dear Rittea, I am afraid there is something serious the matter with you; what can it be? Please tell me; I am distressed about you."

Mr. and Mrs. Millyard had been at home several days when he addressed these remarks to her. Noticing the despondency of his wife, he was himself morose and languidly indifferent to passing events, save her. Man and wife who do have affinity for each other have the same moods and feelings co-existent. Mrs. Millyard kindly replied:

"I did not know there was anything the matter with me, Alpha dear. You are aware, however, that my poor old mother is very frail and fast giving way in all but her mind. I do not see how I could bear up under the loss were she to leave us. She has had extra care, for her, in the charge of our little daughter during our absence."

"I am sorry we did not take Mittie with us; your good mother insisted, as you know, and would have her. But your mother is good for many years yet, my dear. I am afraid there is something other than that which is disturbing your peace of mind. May I know what it is? If I can do anything to release you from grief I will surely do it."

"There is nothing, dear Alpha, you can do that will bring me surcease of sorrow. I have not had one moment's peace of mind from a whirl of dreadful apparitions since that fearful night in New York."

"Now, there, dear Rittea!" exclaimed Millyard, as he cast his left arm round her neck, chuckling her under the chin with his right hand and kissing her. "I have hoped that you would not ever again think of that incident. As I remember, you promised me you would not. I seldom think of it or anything in connection

with it. But if you continue to brood over it there is little chance left for me to keep it banished from my mind."

"Alpha, there is some strange, weird feeling continually stealing through my brain, tingling every nerve and arousing sensations that portend an adverse feeling on your part. For instance, in thinking last night of my dear mother I wondered to myself that should she die would you attend her funeral? You would not wish people to see you in attendance at her funeral?" She said this deprecatingly, almost sneeringly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Alpha. "Why not, dear? I have not thought of it, but I would not desire to attend her funeral for the good reason that I do not desire her to die. I prefer that she live, live for your sake, if for no other good reason. But, should that calamity befall us, that your sweet, gentle mother were to die, I would be deeply grieved and, sorrowing, I would attend her remains to their final resting place; I would grieve to see you grieve.

"I will be pleased if you will kindly frankly inform me why you have such strange, gloomy thoughts?"

"You do not seem to be as partial to me since that affair in New York as you were previous to that time," she said.

"Sweetie, that is all your own imagination. You are conjuring those visions. You think upon them so intensely that you really begin to believe them. Banish them from your mind. There is not a scintilla of foundation for them. I love you more than I ever did. No husband adores his wife more than I do you, Sweetie."

"That is the way I like so much to hear you talk. It gives me courage, assurance. But, dear Alpha, you know you were very attentive to Mrs. Dalgal?"

"Well, now, dear Rittea, that was for your sake and to conform to the social amenities of the occasion. I did not know Mr. Dalgal would be dull, uninteresting and not a brilliant gallant for a lady, for he is a brilliant lawyer, if he is a country lawyer. If you think that way about it, dear, I wish I had not sent our Pullman after them to come down here. I can telegraph and have it returned."

"O, no, no! Not now! You have explained it satisfactorily. Of course it was your duty to be pleasant to Mrs. Dalgal and not because she was your old lover."

"No, indeed," laughed Alpha. "I never thought of that. It

would have been my duty to have been the same towards any other lady under similar circumstances. Unlike some other men, my dear," he continued, pressing his wife to his breast, "I am glad to see and know that you are somewhat jealous. It shows your love and devotion for me, and will make me more careful in the future. Now when they visit us it will be your social duty to look after the pleasure of Mrs. Dalgat and mine to look after Mr. Dalgat. But he and I will be engaged in business. They will remain only three or four days. I must go to New York in a few days and Mr. Dalgat must accompany me."

Next morning as Alpha started out in town he remarked to his wife:

"My dear, I am to take lunch with Mr. Delarue to-day. I trust our mother will be better when I return. By the way, is the doctor coming this morning?" A doctor had been attending Madame de Ampbert during several days past.

"I think so," she replied. "If he does not I shall send for him."

"That is right," returned Alpha. "If she becomes any worse send for me up to the bank at once."

"Mike," said Alpha, while they were at lunch, "I never knew until yesterday that my wife is jealous of me. I discovered that she was grieving about something, has been since we were in the North Carolina mountains, so I questioned her closely concerning it, and at first she tried to throw me off the track by claiming to be brooding about her mother's illness. Then she said she had been thinking were her mother to die would I attend her funeral, whether I would wish people to see me in attendance at her mother's funeral. She even asserted that she had not passed one moment's peace of mind since that episode in New York. And at last she charged me with being attentive to Mrs. Dalgat during our mountain trip. I assured her that was my social duty and no more and her cheerfulness returned. But, I will tell you, Mike, that dark spot will forever be a horrible torture to the mind of that dear, sweet woman. Just think of it! Had she remained in ignorance of any knowledge on my part that her mother is an octroon she would never have experienced any grief about it. She has brooded over the thought that possibly I do not love her or care so much for her ever since the public revelation about her maternity. This has caused her to be suspicious and watchful, therefore quick to detect even slight attentions of mine to other ladies.

I see this now. Hence, I am very greatly embarrassed. But I must abstain, absolutely refrain, from giving her the least foundation for any pangs whatsoever.

"It knocks me completely out of society. My lawyer, Mr. Dalgat, accompanied by his wife, my old sweetheart, will be here on a visit to us to-morrow or next day. It will be necessary for me to refrain from any other attentions than bare civility to Mrs. Dalgat. As my wife's mother is sick and not expected to live, she is with her constantly. So I wish you would do me the favor to get your wife to call as soon as they arrive and during her stay show Mrs. Dalgat all the courtesies possible."

"I will arrange that, Alpha," replied Mike. "I did not know that your mother-in-law is sick."

"Rittea has been very reticent in letting me know about it," said Alpha. "She has always been very diffident in speaking to me about her mother. It seems that she is apprehensive about something and does not want me to know much about her mother, or, rather, as little as possible. I have arrived at the conclusion that she is pining and fretting herself to death at a very rapid gait, and all because of the taint in her mother's blood. She has presentiments of what people say about it. I have endeavored every way to allay her erroneous, or at least, absolutely unnecessary suspicions about what is unalterable. I care nothing for society, only as far as fashion goes, but my wife is ambitious and high-minded. This taint has made her more so and I want her to be so. She is anxious for the future of her children. So am I. Her chief aim is that they shall not be objects of slur in social caste. I agree with her. She has several times called my attention to their finger nails and to the base of their hair on the nape of their necks. She has asked me if I could detect any kinks in their hair at those places. That is not pleasant to me. But it shows the trend of her mind. I told her last night, when I insisted on going into the room to see her mother, that now, since we are so wealthy, society will force demands upon us for its own gratification, whether we want to be of society or not, but that I want our daughter to be so reared that she can marry a practical, broad-minded, business man; one who can and will take care of the riches I intend to give her, and not a society man.

"Now, Mike," continued Alpha, "I do not fully recognize my justification in telling you all about this family affair, but the fact remains every man must have some confidential friend, and

you are the nearest man to me. Besides, you are conversant with the main points in the case, that is, about my mother-in-law being an octoroon. So it is not like telling a friend who does not know of this. Hence I feel safe in telling you."

"Indeed you are, Alpha," asserted Mike, earnestly. "I think more of your wife than I do of any woman in the world except my own wife. Your wife is a perfect angel here on earth."

"Yes, and by thunder, I do not like for her to be brooding over such a matter when I have fully condoned it, even when I married her. She does me an injustice as well as herself and her children. I wish there was some way your wife could talk to her about it."

"My wife knows all about her mother and her mother before her. She knows of them from the time their foremother was landed at Charleston, South Carolina, by a Northern ship commanded by a New England master."

"Of course, then she can intercede," quickly proclaimed Alpha. "Mike, you suggest that she condole with Mrs. Millyard and try to cheer her."

"I can easily arrange that," he said quietly. "My wife, as you know, is her most intimate friend. I can, without divulging anything of what you have said, enlist Mrs. Delarue's good offices in bringing about a restoration, if possible, of Mrs. Millyard's cheerfulness and former frame of mind. I know how to do it, but Mrs. Delarue knows better how to handle the case than either you or I."

"All right. Just leave it to her," said Millyard.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalgat arrived in New Orleans early next morning on Mr. Millyard's private car. Mrs. Delarue called in the middle forenoon. In the afternoon she took Mrs. Dalgat out driving and showed her New Orleans from a carriage point of view.

Meantime Mrs. Millyard's mother was growing worse. The dear old lady was gradually sinking. The best physicians of the city were in continuous attendance. Mrs. Millyard would not leave her mother's chamber, even for her own welfare.

A couple of mornings after their arrival Mr. Dalgat was up and out in the hallway at an early hour. It so happened that Mr. Millyard had also risen early. Mr. Dalgat, meeting him with great solemnity, inquired:

"When will you have the funeral, Alpha?"

"What funeral?" asked Millyard, astounded.

"Why, you told me last night your wife was dead!"

"Great heavens, man, have you dreamed that my wife is dead?" He instantly became in a passion of excitement.

"Dreamed? No; you told me so!" exclaimed Dalgal.

"My gracious! We never talked about her last night. She is not sick; it is her mother who is sick; but even she is not so seriously ill. If you have dreamed in that manner, Galen, I am afraid it refers to her instead of to my wife, your dreams always come so true. Do not say a word about it to my wife; she knows all about your dreaming qualities, and it would alarm her seriously."

"I told my wife about it as soon as I awoke and I expect she has gone in the room to see your wife. That is the reason we got up so soon." Dalgal said this in quick speech.

"For goodness sake! hurry and see her before she sees my wife and tells her," cried Millyard.

Mr. Dalgal rushed to the partially open door screaming, "Lucilla," followed closely by Millyard. They were too late. Mrs. Dalgal had already seen Mrs. Millyard and told her.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## THE STING THAT STINGS.

MADAME MILLYARD and Mrs. Dalgai appeared much amused at Mr. Dalgai's absurd dream. Mr. Millyard was not so easily amused. He took it seriously; very seriously.

Two days later the Dalgais departed for their home. They saw the situation, that Mrs. Millyard had to attend to her sick mother, and so abbreviated their visit.

Mr. Millyard was greatly distressed; more on account of his wife because of Dalgai's dream than any other cause.

Two days later the physicians were called suddenly from Madame de Ampbert's chamber into that of her daughter. Mrs. Millyard had been suddenly prostrated by a fearful attack of sickness. The doctors were unable to immediately diagnose her case.

Mrs. Millyard was now the sick person in the house. She lingered in dreadful agony during several days, continually asking about her mother, and requiring Mr. Millyard and the two children to be with her all the time. Later being told that her mother was better, she revived considerably.

Late one night while the physicians were temporarily absent and the children were asleep, Mr. Millyard seated by her bed, she said:

"Alpha, dear, I feel that I am about to pass away. That man's, Mr. Dalgai's, dream is dreadful."

"Oh, now dear, please do not let that disturb you," pleaded Alpha.

"It does not, Alpha; but I know my time is short. I feel it. I want to say this to you before I go. If you marry some other woman and have children by her they will treat my children coldly and perhaps cruelly when they become old enough and know the bar-sinister, the ineffable and ineffaceable barrier, the deep gulf which society in its tyranny would place and does place

between my children and those whom society would acknowledge to have no taint of blood. But there are those who are tainted in blood other than my poor dear mother and myself. There are men, thousands of men, who have made themselves tainted and their children very much worse by concubinage with negroes. The odor, that awful odor, from the armpits of such men reveals a tale that for which the very heavens and angels cry out against. Let not such men mock the misery they have created. It is true I have had more pleasure at my command on account of the wealth left me by my father than I could ever expected or experienced had my mother and my grandmother and her mother never been the mistresses of white men. But on the other hand, I have experienced more inward horror and suppressed sorrow than most any other woman in the world.

"Especially has this been so," she said, turning her head and continuing, "since that sad, dreadfully sad, night in New York. There were women there that night whose husbands, and some whose sons, were no whit better than my dear father. That course of itself will that surely mix the blood of a white man's legitimate children."

"My maid has told me all about them; she knew them. She knew the women who had private lovers other than their husbands. It was a common gossip among the maids. Had not Sarah known me so well and sympathized with me she would not have told me. It is the bar-sinister,—the bar-sinister of miscegenation revealed to the world, to society, that shuts me out, and makes society pure.

"I had never thought of this matter seriously in the glare of the cold, calculating world until after that night. It penetrated to the quick when subsequently my maid told me what she knew about the men and some of the women.

"But you know, Alpha, I am not to blame for my helpless condition. Neither is my mother to be blamed. She, the daughter of an octoroon by a white man! could she be expected to marry a black negro, or even a mulatto? Could she, educated in Paris, refined and cultured, hope to marry a white man equal in attainments and refinements in life? No, not at all. Therefore, when a bachelor, a cultured French gentleman of large wealth, requested her to become his mistress it was natural, yea, even the only course under the rigid and frigid rules of society strictly complied with that she should accept him.

They were man and wife in all respects except in having a license from the Parish clerk and a minister of the gospel to tell them they were man and wife. For that reason, and being so thinly tainted in my blood; being educated and having wealth bestowed upon me by my father for the promotion of my happiness, I made bold to seek and wed the man of my choice. I saw no harm in it. My father had desired such, and had me educated to it. He gave me wealth to aid me, and said I ought to marry some fine gentleman. But now a new light has dawned upon me. I see what harm it will be to my darling children. For that reason it would please me, on to my dying moment, and I could die easy and satisfied, were I to hear you say that you will not marry again until my children are stationed in life, or can be isolated from any other issue of yours."

"My dear, sweet Rittea, I have listened to your profound remarks with deep emotion and conviction. You have impressed me to the quick, and I promise you most solemnly that I will do as you request. I am as deeply anxious about our dear children as you can possibly be." Saying which he bent over and kissed her.

"That is so sweet," said she, rolling her glorious eyes toward his and tossing her head on the pillow with her face facing him.

"Rittea, my dear, I do hope you will not die. You have given me to melancholia. If you die and your good mother dies, I shall have to live for the children, if I can live. But I am afraid I would not live much longer. Grief has already crowded itself unduly on me. Yea, more than I could bear, only but for your sake. You are so sweet and lovely; so amiable in your disposition and temperament; so trusting, gentle, confiding——" Mr. Millyard broke down. He was weeping.

"There, dear Alpha; don't cry. Kiss me." Placing his hands against her cheeks he kissed her several times.

One of the physicians suddenly entered the room.

"O, ho! I am glad to see you so much better. That is right, Mr. Millyard, you remain right in here all the time. Your cheerful presence is good medicine for our patient. But you are up rather late."

"I fear, doctor," said Mrs. Millyard feebly, "this is only the prelude to the worse that is coming."

"No, Madame, do not let your mind think any such thing!" exclaimed the doctor, quickly and abruptly.

Another doctor came in the room; it was the hour for their coming, the fateful hour of three. The first doctor asked of the last one:

"Don't you think she is better?"

"She appears to be better; I have no doubt really is better," replied the one interrogated, after he felt of her pulse.

"I am glad you both agree," said Millyard. "When doctors disagree it is time to become alarmed."

"She is unquestionably better." They both agreed to that.

"Your mother is also much improved," said the first doctor.

"Yes, that is quite correct," added the other.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Millyard.

The trained nurse, who had been secured from a hospital, and Mrs. Millyard's maid were called in the room by one of the doctors. Mr. Millyard was excused. The doctors gave directions what should be done, then retired.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Millyard became worse. The doctors were quickly called. Her condition they admitted was critical. Mr. Millyard sent Louis, with the coachman and landau, after Mr. and Mrs. Delarue, who came.

Mrs. Millyard, the sweet, gentle 'lady of New Orleans,' lingered until five in the morning, when she quietly and peacefully went to sleep—forever.

"Think of me kindly," were the last words she uttered.

Mr. Alpha Millyard, his two children, De Ampbert Millyard, the boy, and Mittie Millyard, the little girl, all the servants, the three doctors and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Delarue were gathered around the bed of Madame Rittea Millyard when she expired.

The good old mother pleaded ever so much to be taken up and carried into the room. But her wish could not be granted; the doctors agreed that it would be fatal. The poor old lady was sorely grieved at not being able to give her idol, her darling daughter, a parting glance or salutation.

Alpha Millyard, prostrated, was carried in his room adjoining and gently placed in bed. None of the other people, not one, not even Mike Delarue, knew of the grief he bore, the weight of his woe.

Mr. and Mrs. Delarue took matters in charge. The valet-steward, Louis, the faithful old soul, was sent for the undertaker.

Hundreds of people called at the Millyard mansion during the day. When her death became more generally known

through the two o'clock edition of the newspapers the number of callers were increased to a continuous file of people. None gazed more sadly on the beautiful features of the dead than those who had been aided by her bountiful charity. She had always sought at their homes those on whom she bestowed her bounty.

In New Orleans interments must take place in vaults on top of the ground. Underneath the surface the soil is moist and soft, marshy.

Before removing the remains from the house the casket containing them was borne to the bedside of the grief-stricken, sick and feeble old mother that she might look upon her dearly-beloved daughter one more time, the last time, although cold and pallid in death. It made a fervid impression; she was overcome with grief.

The magnificent metallic casket containing the mortal remains of Mrs. Rittea de Ampbert Millyard, the lady of New Orleans, as the beneficiaries of her bounty had lovingly called her, were deposited in the family vault beside those of her grandmother, temporarily, until Mr. Millyard could have a more elaborate mausoleum built.

Thus passed away the "lady of New Orleans."

Mr. Millyard was again prostrated while at the tomb. He was conveyed home as quickly as possible and placed in bed. The doctors came at once. Serious apprehensions for his life were entertained.

"Prepare chambers for Mrs. Delarue and myself; we will remain here all night." Thus spoke Mr. Delarue to Sarah, the maid.

The doctors did all they could to revive Mr. Millyard, but their efforts seemed in vain.

Shortly after one o'clock that night, while the people there were at lunch in the dining-hall, Mr. Millyard showed symptoms of revival. While Louis was absent, gone to notify the people of the change, Mr. Millyard quietly went into the adjoining chamber, which had been occupied by his wife. Delarue and the others watched him. He knelt beside the bed; in mournful tones he said:

"Please, Rittea, do not die. I do not understand why Galen Dalgat had to make such a dream. He should have known better than to tell it. Cast it from your mind; do not think of it; it is a delusion. What will we do without you? O, darling Rittea! think of the little children! Please do not die!"

The steward finally went to him and at length prevailed on him

to sip a little champagne, then to partake of a little lunch with a cup of hot coffee.

Next day Mr. Millyard was very much better. But it was apparent to Mr. Delarue and the doctors, even to the servants, that his mind was wandering.

During several days following, Mr. Millyard listlessly moped about the house, not venturing out, seldom talking to any one, save occasionally with his children and Delarue or with his mother-in-law when he went into her chambers.

Madame de Ampbert was gradually but surely giving way to the ravage of her disease, age, infirmity and grief.

Mr. Millyard conversed with Delarue when he came about his business affairs rationally several minutes at a time.

The doctors came and went.

The old lady continued to get worse and worse. It became evident that her time in life was near its close. Everything was done and being done for her that was possible, but all to no avail.

Ten days after Madame Millyard's funeral the old mother died.

Her remains were quietly put away in a handsome metallic casket in the vault beside her mother and her daughter.

## CHAPTER L.

## LAWYERS ENTERING THEIR WEDGES.

"ALPHA, come to the bank in the morning; it will benefit you to come out and get some fresh air, talk business and otherwise occupy your mind." Thus spoke Delarue one evening several weeks after the funeral of Madame de Ampert. Mr. Millyard seemed to be averse to presenting himself to company in public; he had secluded himself at home and refused to be seen except by his special friends, and they were few. The fact was, he knew his own condition. He replied absent-mindedly:

"I will see how I feel in the morning."

"I have given your business close attention," returned Mike, "but there are some matters requiring your personal direction. I may not be able to attend to them as you would wish."

"Anything you do for me, Mike, is all right," retorted Alpha. "However, I will come to the bank in the morning if I feel well enough. Louis can bring me and the children in the victoria." He desired the children to be with him all the time.

"There is a letter from your man at the mines."

"What does he write about?"

"Something about another good thing he has found for you; I think it is copper and iron."

"Shucks," ejaculated Alpha. "I would not pull out of gold and Hiddenite diamonds then go into iron and copper. Telegraph him I am sick; come and see me here. Also telegraph Galen Dalgat to come immediately and bring his wife, children and servant; that I want them to take a trip with me on the Pacific coast. Ask for answers when they can come."

Next morning Millyard, with his children, was conveyed to the bank in his carriage. He was not feeble, physically, only mentally on certain lines. No one is wholly insane except an idiot.

"Mike," said Millyard, when they were at ease in the back

room of the bank, "I want to get someone to administer upon the estates of my wife and her mother."

"You must do that yourself," replied Delarue. "Do not trust that to anyone else. You can get our lawyer, Goeticheus, and your secretary to attend to all the business for you. Did they have much? though of course I know they did."

"My wife had about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of property in this State besides what she owned in France. Her mother had at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth here besides what she had in France."

"Did they leave wills?" asked Delarue.

"No; it was only a short time ago that my wife told me neither of them had made wills, but issue inherits."

"Of course," said Delarue. "You apply for letters of administration on both estates at once, this very morning."

This was agreed to and arranged that Delarue and the local agent of Mr. Millyard's steamship company should be his bondsmen. Goeticheus, the lawyer of the bank, prepared the papers and took the matter in charge. He was a specialist in that branch of Louisiana law.

"Goeticheus, come to the bank directly," remarked Delarue, as the three were leaving the court building after the transaction.

"Could you come by Judge Caldwell's office and say that I request him to please come with you?" added Millyard. "I wish to consult you and him together. He is a pretty fair lawyer, eh? Mike?"

"Yes; he can size up with any of them," Mike replied, dryly.

"Since lawyers must be had I suppose I must have them and have the best the market affords and employ them by the year," added Millyard. "They are one of the necessary evils."

Ex-Judge Theophilus T. Caldwell was one of the leading lawyers of Louisiana. He and Goeticheus met Millyard and Delarue in the directors' room of the bank about half-past twelve.

"Judge Caldwell, I want to employ you by the year as one of my attorneys; you will be associated with Mr. Goeticheus and my other attorney, who is in North Carolina. I have telegraphed for him to come here. Can you accept the position?"

"I can accept the position and do my best to fill it to satisfaction; but will it prevent me from attending to my regular legal business?"

"It will do this," said Millyard, earnestly: "when I want you,

I will want you; otherwise it will not interfere any more than any other business. I wish to say, however, I would desire that you, both of you, keep up with the practice and all the decisions of the Federal Judiciary. My business will be largely interstate; therefore my legal business largely in the United States courts. You may have observed that we are rapidly drifting into adjudications without trial by jury. Forcing rights by injunctions. In other words, equity has the docket. I must have lawyers who can keep themselves up to date. In fact, who can go ahead of date."

"Mr. Millyard was once a practitioner at our bar," interposed Mr. Goetichous.

"Yes, I first met Mr. Millyard in the Eighth District Court, where he defeated me in a very important case. That was nearly ten years ago," Judge Caldwell replied. "I have respect for his legal acumen."

"Gentlemen, it is our lunch time," said Delarue, suddenly entering the directors' room where the gentlemen were. "I wish you to join Mr. Millyard and myself in a lunch at Victor's."

The cashier called Delarue a moment and he went out. While Delarue was absent Millyard went on:

"Thinking over the matter, and in order that each of you may be a witness as to the other," said Millyard, "I propose to give each of you twenty thousand dollars per annum and your expenses when away from here on my business. This will be in the Southern States, also in the Western States, until my business in those States justifies me in employing resident attorneys in that section. What say you?"

"That is satisfactory to me," responded Judge Caldwell.

"I am entirely satisfied," added Mr. Goetichous.

"There is then no need of written contracts," said Millyard, "only that we inform Mr. Delarue and each of us enter the memorandum of date and amount and duty in our books."

"Will your business, though it is none of my business, justify you in this expenditure, Mr. Millyard? How long may we hope that it will last? You see, we ought to know in order that we may govern our other engagements accordingly." These were questions and reasons by Judge Caldwell, the eminent jurist.

"With your permission, Mr. Millyard, I am the attorney for this bank," Goetichous quickly spoke. "I do not know how much else Mr. Millyard has, but his balance in this bank right now is over one hundred million dollars."

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed Judge Caldwell. "I had no idea the capital and deposits of all the banks in town amounted to one-twentieth of that sum. Mr. Millyard, your legal business shall be attended to so far as I am concerned the same as if it were my own."

"I can say the same for myself," added Goetichæus.

With a twinkle in his eye, Millyard remarked:

"It is my understanding that lawyers and doctors have axioms in their ethics. However, I waive that in favor of your good intentions. My deposit and what I am worth was and is private and confidential and must be kept so. Please keep that in mind. Mr. Dalgat, with his family, will be here in a few days. I shall leave for California as soon as they come and take them with me. The doctors say the trip is necessary for my health. I know I am mentally broken down if not also physically."

Mr. Delarue returned to the room accompanied by three of the bank's directors. He said:

"Mr. Millyard, we will not have a directors' meeting to-day, but these directors have come to pay you their respects."

"I am glad to meet you, gentlemen," said Millyard, rising. "I appreciate your kindness and courtesy."

The directors remained only a few moments.

"Mike, these two gentlemen and I have come to terms and contracted at twenty thousand dollars a year each and their expenses when off on my business, said Millyard. "Just consult with them, please, on any business of mine for their attention. Give Mr. Pollard whatever work of mine there is in his line. Mr. Pollard, you will please remain about the bank at Mr. Delarue's disposal at all times he desires." Mr. Pollard was one of Millyard's stenographic secretaries, who had just come to the door.

"It is time we were going to lunch," suggested Delarue.

They repaired to Victor's. Mr. Goetichæus and Judge Caldwell were exceedingly jovial. They became more so after they had two or three glasses of champagne, feed and wine working in unison. Their joviality was the very thing for Mr. Millyard. It took his mind from his great sorrows. Mr. Delarue drew him into the zest of it as much as possible. The lawyers branched out into telling anecdotes. The salary in sight may have added pepper to their wits.

"It seems to be my turn again," Goetichæus remarked. "I'll tell you, an old one, probably, but in a new way. I knew the

parties up in Georgia who were the principals, so to me it appears to be a good one. Red-headed Bill Carroll, now of Montana, the best lawyer in the West, and the wittiest man in the United States, had a case several years ago before Judge Greene in Georgia. A witness was on the stand named Browne, with the extra e at the end of his name. Red-headed Bill Carroll persisted in calling the witness Mr. Brown-ee, although asked not to do so. 'Now, Mr. Brown-ee,' said Bill. Judge Greene, with an extra e at the end of his name, interrupted Bill, saying: 'The witness has told you his name is not Brown-ee, but is B-r-o-w-n-e, Brown. Now, sir, my name is G-r-e-e-n-e; would you call me Green-ee?' Bill scratched his red tufts a moment and replied: 'That depends altogether, your honor, how this case goes.'"

The day's exercise and social companionship revived Millyard very much.

Galen Dalgat with his wife, two children and their servant arrived in New Orleans and were met at the train by Louis.

In a few days the party departed in Millyard's private car bound for the Pacific Coast to be absent two months or more.

As Prof. Alfred Wortman could not come to New Orleans at that time, Millyard telegraphed him that he was off for California and would return via Hickory.

## CHAPTER LI.

## A WAIF IN THE WORLD.

HAVING made the tour of the Pacific Coast, Millyard and his party stopped over on their return at Denver. Mrs. Dalgai was not well. She was languid and morose. Dalgai and Millyard both thought her indisposition resulted from fatigue and too much travel.

"I am sorry you are becoming so much fatigued, Madame Dalgai," remarked Millyard when they were alone. "Had you not better go to the ranch I bought in California and rest awhile?"

"No," she replied. "I prefer to return home. It continues to grieve me to know that your wife grieved herself to death over such unfounded suspicions."

"You should not think of that," retorted Millyard. "You seem to have a wrong impression about her grief. It was not as you imagine. It was a cause altogether different; a matter entirely personal to herself. So you need not give yourself any concern whatsoever on that score."

"She did so much to the contribution of your happiness," retorted Mrs. Dalgai, "and enabled you to be the instrument for the happiness of Mr. Dalgai and his family, that I revere her memory, and dwell with sorrow on her untimely death. She was such a lovely, sweet woman. I shall never forget her."

"You bring her memory back to me with sorrow."

"I have made a mistake; I beg your pardon. I will not do so again," she said. "Is your coach to be finished by the time we get to Chicago?"

"I hope so. But I shall have little use for it now. Though I am anxious to see it."

At Chicago they went to Pullman and inspected the new coach. It was promised to be forwarded to New Orleans in a few

weeks. Their stay in Chicago was brief, only two days. Their departure for Hickory was hastened on account of Mrs. Dalgals increasing illness. Her condition was becoming a source of much anxiety.

Arriving in Hickory, Mr. Millyard remained a couple of days in order to see Professor Wortman, who came there.

The mines, Professor said, were holding out fairly well, but not altogether as well as formerly.

Mrs. Dalgals became very sick was confined to bed and physicians were called. This had a very depressing effect on Mr. Millyard. So he hurriedly departed for Atlanta, where he intended to stop over to see his sister.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her life was sad; her heart was deadened; blighted by the incidents of the past nine months. In her new home, Miss Cecelia had surrounded herself with those pleasures and comforts that most conduced to her happiness, including two maiden cousins, Miss Martha and Miss Jennie Aubryberry and a dear old man, a life-long friend of the family, who had been bereft of all his family and left alone in the world without much of its comforts—Mr. Daniel S. Landon. The old man attended to the business affairs of Miss Cecelia and acted as head of the family. He was allowed to supply his wants which were few, out of her funds. In fact he was situated in every respect as if he were her father, for he was much older than her father would have been.

Miss Cecelia's friends and acquaintances visited her as ever before and were always made welcome and as happy as possible at her home; though she never went out from home.

Long ago her condition had become such that she shut herself out from the world, only to those of her coterie whom she chose to visit her.

Rounding out the law of nature, no difference what theorists may say to the contrary, in due course of time Miss Cecelia Millyard was delivered of a female child. It was nearly black. Only a tinge of yellow tint shaded the child's skin.

Martyrdom forcefully sealing itself upon a helpless young woman, as remorseless in its clutch as the great anaconda encircling itself around the fragile form of a babe, crushed the poor woman's heart still more and more, deeper and deeper, over

and beyond the deadly sting of the outrage itself, when she was informed and shown that her child, one to which she had given birth, her first-born, was a negress in part, the full fruit of a coal black, foully odorous negro.

Convulsing herself between heaven and earth; despairing and wailing; wishing that she were dead and hoping yet to live; sick and in agony though she was, when the child was shown her, in bitter anguish she wept, crying out in accents appalling in pathos:

“Take it away! Take it away! I know it not!”

It was the acme of the actions that roughly rip and tear the tender chords by the roots from the heart. Mother! infant child just born into the world, separate them then and there forever and not by death? That were a theme that thickens and sickens the more and more it is revolved in the mind.

Not one drop of milk for nourishment from her breast should the child ever have. Nor should it lay in the same bed with her.

“Take it away! Take it away! I know it not!” she appealingly repeated, with a slight gesture of her feeble hand.

Some sickly sentimental, sorrow-mocking persons might have condemned the poor unfortunate girl. Her education, training and environment were such that she would not under any circumstances claim condonement.

Ah, but think, are the words the purport of those that some souls will hear in the great Judgment Day?

Under such extraordinary conditions what must have been poor Cecelia's feelings? Try to put yourself in her place and try to decide it for yourself by analysis? It cannot be done. It is therefore invidious to proceed with a description of a tortured soul under such extraordinary circumstances. The innate yearnings of a mother for her offspring; blood of her blood, flesh of her flesh, soul of her origin; casting it out forever; because it came not of her choice, was not of her seeking, but was a mongrel breed forced upon her by brutish, fiendish force; a child, a charge, that would forever harrow her life in society, in the world, in her home, were a parting of the ways that aroused every sensibility in human heart. The agonizing mother no doubt felt all of the inward and outward horrors of the situation.

The physicians in attendance gave it as their opinion that in

order to save the life of the mother, the child must not be brought into her presence again. This decision was acted upon accordingly.

Fortunately a mulatto woman in the neighborhood was furnishing milk at the time, and she was easily prevailed upon for a slight pecuniary consideration to take the child and nurse it. This was arranged by Miss Cecelia's kind friends and neighbors.

Miss Cecelia was in a serious condition.

When Mr. Alpha Millyard arrived from Hickory on his way back to New Orleans and found the situation thus, he was distressed beyond measure. Whatever else were his thoughts there were some that would not down, try never so hard as he did to force them down.

"Buddie, I am astounded! That is awful! My nephew and niece part negro! That is terrible! Do the people all know it, buddie? Is it generally known?" And then again:

"Buddie, why did she not inform you of the taint in her blood before you were married? In that event, and you condoned her, there could have been no fault to find by anyone."

These were the bitter words that preyed on Alpha Millyard's mind. They gnawed at the vitals of his already over-wrought heart and brain.

Miss Cecelia, lying in bed, had swooned, and anon was agitated almost into convulsions at any mere suggestion or reference to her child.

So without consulting her in the matter and without her knowledge Mr. Millyard decided to send the child to a foundling hospital in Boston, of which he had a friend at the head. He thereupon telegraphed and arranged to that end.

The mulatto woman who had the child in charge and her husband were provided with ample funds and despatched to Boston with the baby girl, who was given the name of Lizette.

Some day when she becomes a grown woman there may be a nice law suit, with one fine point at least, about her right to her mother's name, if not to inherit her mother's property.

Alpha Millyard remained at his sister's only two days, then went on to New Orleans, sad, more despondent and heartbroken than ever.

Euripides says: "The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing; that of to-day is bearable; but that of to-morrow is gigantic, because

indistinct." The sorrows we have are not so bad as they might have been. Still, after a little reflection, it will no doubt be perceived that the sorrow of Alpha Millyard could never be exceeded in that line of cause. There is no case a counterpart or parallel.

Miss Cecelia Millyard was now doomed to remain unmarried. But why? Still, such was the case. Probably more because she herself decreed it.

She settled down at home in seclusion for a sad, weary life; a life of misery and sorrow; a life in which the mind eats as its prey the body and itself.

A week after Millyard's return to New Orleans he received a telegram from Mr. Dalgat announcing the death of Mrs. Dalgat.

This was another sorrow-bringing blow to Millyard. His Pacific trip had not produced evidences of any improvement in his condition, and his physicians had already instructed him to remain at home as much as possible. Still, no one there, not even Delarue, knew of his great whelming griefs.

## CHAPTER LII.

## A BRILLIANT MIND'S VAGARIES.

"THE leaves are turning over," philosophised Millyard while seated at his desk in his library late one afternoon, when it was about Mr. Delarue's time for calling. "We know what the next page will reveal only as we can guess. But we have arrived at the stage in the evolution and progress of the world where scientists, those who are mathematicians, can calculate with certainty, barring war, famine and pestilence, and even making allowances for all these, when the world will be fully populated, the Bible tells us what this will bring about. The Scriptures and prophecies will have been fulfilled. Space in heaven is not illimitable. Only the allotted portion there can go. Who are they? Aye, there's the rub. None but the pure in heart, the sins of those that are sinful, and they are all, are forgiven. There is no further procreation, no crowding there."

Not knowing anyone was present or hearing him, and even unmindful of it, Alpha arose from his desk and continued as he paced the floor:

"Has not Saint John,  
With pat, prophetic sportiveness, forestalled  
That heaven offered Understanding's prize,  
In having told the number of the beast  
To be six hundred and three score and six?  
But, since thyself, though once, canst never more  
Be one of those odd hundred thousand saints,  
Who were, on earth, with woman undefiled,  
And shalt not mumble that new song, nor be  
A hardy harper harping on thy harp,  
But rather deemst, that if thy kind were made,  
To trust for their eternity such thus,  
As there revealed, it would be better far,

If man were such a saint, and, in his quit  
Of procreation, made an end of man,  
We shall reverse its parting bid, and say :  
' Let him, who's filthy, purge his filthiness.'

" O, thou unpractical  
Canst neither speculate, nor realize,  
And being unconverted, never canst  
Convert what thou do'st own into applause !  
Why be not by thy country's yeomen schooled ?  
They have, to fraction of a mill, upon  
The slate of speculation ciphered out  
The worth comparative of corn and pork  
And then alaciously converted their grain  
To living flesh and blood, when they perceive  
That the proportion's scale inclines to swine.  
If thou but heed, the counsel speaks itself ;  
It is, that, relatively, thou compute  
The market value of the books thou ownst,  
And then the worth's increase, thy brain will gain  
By being phosphorated with the food,  
The fish and mutton head, to which thou mayst  
Convert thy books.

" I now own life, yet if I were endowed  
With length of years, to be earth's oldest Man,  
There comes the time when I must give it up,  
And in exchange shall get, what Death may yield.  
It now is night, and how, were I to die—  
This very moment ? Then, what in the next ?  
There lies the line, as narrow as a breath,  
And yet as wide, as that Eternity !  
I now am here, and in the body thus :  
But where, and what, when ousted of this hold ?  
Naught reck's that nice incline, by which a soul  
Is tossed to heaven, or slid down to hell ;  
The Resurrection of the body, and  
That Judgment Day ? What comfort do they give ?  
What to ease do they answer make ?  
" Where and what, the gap unknown, between  
This certain present, and that doubtful Then ?  
My soul, I cannot palter with thy quest ? "

Walking the while up and down his chamber, at length along  
the corridors of his spacious house, then halting in his library,  
Millyard again meditated thus, aloud :

" O, God ! from that time when Man on Earth Thy Image was—  
That time before his fabled Fall.—  
O, Man ? from speculation turn thy spandring mind,  
Let it not wreak nor wreck its own,

'Till of life's lore it has its fill.  
 O, Soul, palter not, yearn on, list not  
 Whether that Divinity fell with the Fall of Man  
 If thou art bodied still in that Image of thy God.

"I perceive I cannot trust myself. My mind is not its own. It wanders in queer pastures where the graze for it is not the best. I must quell it. Control it. Here I am in this house with my dear boy and darling girl; I must get a tutor for them at once. Their mother gone, their loving grandmother gone, and, O my God! how she went. Well, Mike, by Jove! I am glad you've come. My mind has been running wild, wild, yes, wild, rioting with me. I need someone to read it the great English riot act. Poetry, blank verse, everything! of all sorts, and, some that's not so blank, have been waging war in my aching head." Delarue did not intend to disturb him, but Alpha chanced to get in view where he was hiding.

"I am glad I arrived at such opportune time," returned Mike. "Gellius would have pronounced you a classic. Bang loose and quote some more."

"That is the very thing I desire not to do" retorted Alpha. "Gellius lived when classics were yet a name. I wish to keep my mind unimpaired, as they say of the right of trial by jury. Here I am one of the wealthy men of the world; with enormous investments and hundreds of millions of dollars in cash in banks ready to invest and just as I have acquired it, and thought I was ready to be happy, afflictions, Mike, yea, afflictions, I will not raise Job's standard by comparing, have come upon me so ponderous that their abode upon me bodes the dethronement of my reason, and the leaving of my mind blanker than the verse. Mind the only source of happiness. Dethrone it. Scour it in the air and waft it on the winds. Leave of me a scuttled wreck, a wreck of misery. Have I sense enough to evolve an idea if I had a confrontation with one of the iron-bound, iconoclastic, ideal-shattering things in the middle of a cyclone in a sand desert? The evolution of a thought is a signboard to knowledge. The evolution of an idea is the selection of the right road at the parting of the roads on the way to the Parish seat of learning; and the evolution of the two at the confluent leads out on the placid basin of Science, where Knowledge, Wisdom, Understanding, Intuition, yea, Intuition, Discernment, Comprehension and

Judgment form a circle, a coterie, a monopoly, a band of companions whose combined capacity and practical philosophy discerns the dim but golden colored spot that flickers in the grand panorama of Truth. Alive, some men are absolutely, or very near, ridiculous, and, dead, are quite or completely disremembered. Ah, me! The sooner we die the sooner we get to Paradise, Mike. But, I was just saying: I want a tutor for my children; do you know of anyone? Get me a good man for the place as soon as you can. He must come and live here. He will help to keep my mind occupied; cheer me up from despondency, the glumps, the darling slumps. I prefer an elderly man; some bachelor college professor."

"I know the very man," responded Delarue, who had been very quiet. "Professor Dimmetry. I will see him in the morning."

"Cosmos?" cried Alpha. "The very man! A very Hercules of a learned man. And a great friend of my wife and her mother. Mike," began Millyard, confidently, "if it should become necessary that I take a little course in a private institution for those afflicted such as myself I want you to manage my business affairs for me. To that end I am coming to the bank in the morning and make my power of attorney to you. Have Goetchieus or Caldwell there to draw up the papers for me."

"Where do you get the poetry you were reciting a while ago?" asked Mike, smiling

"Get it? In the air. The air breeds it, if you inhale it aright."

It was after eleven o'clock when Delarue departed, leaving Millyard much improved in spirits. The presence of Mr. Delarue seemed ever to enliven him, and on this occasion it was very perceptible.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## DELARUE HUMORING MILLYARD.

NEXT morning shortly after nine o'clock, Mr. Millyard arrived at the bank, accompanied by De Ampbert and Mittie, with Sarah, the maid.

"I am glad to see you down so soon, Alpha, and that you have the children," said Delarue meeting them at the carriage. "Let Louis take them up to the house to see my wife and the children."

Millyard was met by the cashier, Mr. Varnelle, and subsequently by all the clerks of the bank and the lawyers in cordial greeting.

"Is it advisable for you to make your power of attorney at present?" asked Judge Caldwell. "We have just been discussing the matter, and about come to the conclusion that you are fully competent to attend to your own business; even more so than all of us put together."

"There, there, I am glad to hear you say that," exclaimed Millyard, quickly. "I know then that I am competent to make my power of attorney. Unsoundness of mind cannot be alleged without being met with competent evidence to the contrary. I will not submit to a guardianship only by Mike."

"We had concluded," said Delarue, "that it would be best to wait awhile, because your business is so vast and in such embryotic condition, just commenced consolidating railroads and so forth, that you alone know what you want."

"Yes, that is it; I know what I want," replied Alpha. "And I know you can do it, after I tell you how. I shall make my power of attorney now while I am competent to make it; also my will. Then I will leave the power of attorney in the keeping of these two lawyers to be handed by them to you if I do become incapable of conducting my business."

"That will do," said Goetichous, "that covers the case."

"Sensible to the last," added Judge Caldwell.

The instrument under seal attested by a notary public giving the full power of attorney of Alpha Millyard to Mike Delarue without revocation until recovery of health and vigor, to manage all of his business affairs the same as himself, was handed to the lawyers. The will was also duly executed and deposited by Millyard in one of his private vaults in the bank.

"Here is a telegram for you, Alpha," said Mike.

"Sign for me, Mike, and see who it is from," he replied.

"Mr. Alpha Millyard: Your private coach shipped to-day. Letter by mail. (Signed) Pullman Palace Car Co."

"It will be here in three days," said Millyard. "Then, as soon as I can have it stocked with provisions and everything necessary, and pack my trunks, Mike, you must go with me to New York. I will take my children. Why do people persist in saying shipped, when it is railed? Shipped is a misnomer."

"Here is another telegram for you," said Mike, "it is from New York. 'Wire when you can be here. Important. (Signed) Ferdenard Wolfe.'"

"He is one of my brokers," said Millyard. "Telegraph him I cannot leave here until Monday. Wire me skeleton nature of business."

The doctors advised Delarue not to let Mr. Millyard know anything about business matters, but to humor his whims in all things.

Mr. Millyard's combination sleeping coach and buffet arrived in due time. His valet-butler and his French chef were put in charge. They had everything necessary provided in all departments by Monday morning, at which time the party, including Mr. Delarue, left for New York.

Either grief and melancholia, or the maze of business in which he engaged in New York, began to affect Millyard quickly and seriously. Mr. Delarue discovered it at once and began arranging for a speedy return to New Orleans.

"I am arranging for us to leave here in the morning, Alpha," said Mike when they sat down for dinner at their hotel.

"Mike, I am about to buy a couple of pieces of property in Broadway," Millyard responded after he had given his order for

dinner. "I am to examine the property in the morning and you must go with me."

"I thought you had all your business attended to?"

"Well, I would remain here longer were I not wearied," said Alpha absentmindedly. "I have a good use for this property. We can leave here in the afternoon; if the lawyers report the titles good I can attend to the matter from New Orleans."

"Why not go into a private sanitarium here, Alpha?" asked Mike timidly. "I believe you would soon come round all right."

"No," replied Alpha; "if I do not remain in New Orleans I shall go to Paris."

Louis and Sarah, having finished their dinner, sent for the children. Millyard and Delarue remained at the table to sip champagne or coffee.

"Alpha, I like your railroad scheme."

"I think I got those gentlemen to understand it," returned Alpha. "If I did they need not again require me here; at least for several months. What do you think about that?"

"That is my judgment," responded Delarue. "You told them just exactly what you require to be done, and that if they do it that way, and make Smith president and put me and one other man from New Orleans on the board of directors, you would take sixty-five millions of the bonds and twenty millions of the preferred stock at the prices named. Also, that possibly you would take a large block of the common stock. There is nothing else now for you to do or say in the matter. Let them work it. They are only too glad to do it in order to save themselves."

"I am of opinion they would have been willing to pledge me a majority of the common at fifteen," said Alpha. "But I upset that scheme by requiring that the bondholders should be allowed to elect five directors and the preferred three and the common stock one director, who shall hold the offices for only five years. After which time the common shall have control and elect five and the preferred four directors; their term to be only one year thenceforward. I think common will eventually go to thirty-five, probably forty, but it will open on the market at about nine or ten. It will be three or four years before common gets a dividend. That is my reason for giving them control after five years; so the holders of common can work up to a dividend after

the others get it in physical condition. I would not submit to a voting trust. They are *ultra vires*. Nor would I own stock in a company that is controlled by a voting trust. It is un-American in principle, and places a man in the plight of being without a voice in the control of his property."

"Alpha, you are all right; especially as long as you are talking business," said Delarue. "It is only when you get off of business matters that you are flighty, wandering and dejected."

"I know it, Mike; these things are apparent to me as well as to you. I feel them. But I hate business, it reacts on me. I must look up something else to do when I get back to New Orleans. I have in my mind the undertaking of writing a drama or tragedy for the stage. The subject is founded upon, not adapted from, the life of Aaron Burr."

"A famous subject. The greatest in American history. By all means do it!" exclaimed Delarue, enthusiastically; not alone to encourage Millyard, but because he believed it to be true.

"In the morning I will buy a copy of every book I can find that has anything about Burr," said Alpha, "and read fully everything about him the first thing; then I can go ahead and write. Burr is the most maligned man in American history. Thomas Jefferson's hand in it is not creditable, any more than is Hamilton's."

After a stay of nearly two weeks the party left New York the next afternoon bound for New Orleans. Delarue occasionally enlivened Millyard by talking about his railroad schemes; real estate purchase in Broadway; what would be the best to do with it, and other matters.

Next morning Delarue had Louis get out the books about Aaron Burr. Fortunately there was an alcove for books in the coach; in this the books were placed. Then Millyard began reading as they journeyed homeward. He seemed completely absorbed in his new task.

Next day after arriving in New Orleans, Millyard repaired to the bank and transacted an enormous amount of business. The next day he did not appear outside of his residence. A week hence and he had not been out. In fact he had seen no one outside of his household, except Delarue, who called every evening. His secretary, Emmett Erwin, was kept busy taking notes and making extracts. Alpha's entire attention was devoted to

absorbing all he read about whom he called: "The great hounded American man of Destiny, who missed by falsehood and overpowering official weight being the greatest of them all."

During weeks and weeks Millyard continued thus. Melancholia, the demon of unrest; the father of sleepless nights and dreaming days, morbidly held him as its own. Late one evening in sheer despair he was pacing about his library room reciting:

"Peace! I had more when I had none. Aye, nothing else; only ten cents. I can do but good or evil with all my wealth; but do good I will, it does me none. I need only enough for my children; just sufficient to make them happy without being dependent. Ah, Plato! I say with Cato, you reasoned well. Else whence this disappointing hope and effervescing, boiling-woe?"

Mr. Erwin, his secretary, pretended to be writing, but he was watching and listening to Mr. Millyard, who, continuing to pace, went on:

"Evolved from Thought of God,  
So near in make, His image is,  
Man flush ush'd into this Earth,  
The nursery of his biding hence,  
And studying here in uncertain term,  
Aware or heedless of his furthering in,  
Urged or lured, the charm of life  
In either cast, stalks boldly forth  
And reasons 'bout the plans of God  
As if he were Maker too."

At that juncture Delarue, who had come in the house unannounced, as usual, entered the library door and exclaimed:

"Heigh-ho! more poetry. I am glad to see you enjoying yourself."

"Well, it is some relief, I admit," quickly retorted Millyard. "But it is that which produces the seeming enjoyment which I dislike. I must get over it, under it, or out of it. I will tell you, Mike, what I want: I want to be up at Johnnie's with you; have ten dollars in my pocket, say, inside, and not know where I could get another cent, unless from some man who owed me a forty-dollar-fee and would not pay. Then I could banish dull care and all else beside from my mind for a rare old time discussing the poets and repeating them word for word, and page

by page, for weeks at a time. I have plenty of everything to drink, here in the house, Mike, but let's go up to Johnnie's and enjoy ourselves once more? I think it will take a weight off my mind and cause my brain cells to link again, then I would feel better, if I were not in fact."

"I will have to send my wife word," replied Mike.

Stepping into the hallway Millyard called Louis and told him to tell the coachman to bring out one of the carriages immediately. Then turning to Delarue he continued:

"Mike, sit down there and write your wife a note stating that you will dine with me this evening. I will send it to her by the coachman while we are at Johnnie's."

"How is Colonel Aaron Burr?" asked Delarue as he proceeded to write the note.

"I leave off the colonel," politely bowing, said Alpha. "Aaron Burr, if you please, is getting along famously. Mike, he was the most extraordinary man of America. The only other man who can figure alongside of him in brains is Thomas Paine, whose writings bearing for Independence I intend to have bound de luxe in gold embossed with Hiddenite gems. I am now ready to commence my Burr tragedy. It ought to be in five acts, but I shall crowd it into four. I will have Mr. Erwin come and live here in the house so he will be on hand that I may dictate whenever the inspiration, or, as Byron called it, 'the estro strikes me.'"

"Of course, that is the very idea. I am glad you will do that," said Delarue, desiring to be as cheerful as possible, and sincerely believing the scheme to be sufficient to soon restore Millyard to his wonted self.

"Mike, I was reading a semi-sipid article in the magazine there, by a Professor in a University, slurring at Ben Franklin. The self-opinionated Professor of some sort of ology (Louis calls the blacksmith who shoes my horses Professor), says Franklin perverted the minds of the people of this country, and that it will require several more generations, probably some more Professors, like him, foreign educated, to eradicate the great evil done by Franklin. Every man has a right to his opinion, and has the right to express it, provided it is not in Kentucky or Texas, sometimes Georgia, if it is unorthodox, but I am Kentuckian enough, if not a Texan, to say: that fellow, he is a fellow,

if not of the Academy and only a Professor, I say, his relatives and friends should take care of him tenderly, and feed him a few seasons on fried mutton, boiled oysters, stewed fish and rare. very rarely, broiled eels. The diet is said to be good for many brain diseases."

## CHAPTER LIV.

## END TO WHICH WE COME.

THE two physically disproportioned gentlemen, Alpha Millyard and Mike Delarue, one now portly, the other tall and slender, the former recently having become thin and pallid, were not long in arriving at Johnnie's cafe. The coachman was despatched with Delarue's note to his wife.

The original "Johnnie" being dead, his business was now conducted by his son Johnnie, who was a medium sized young gentleman; fat, florid-faced and jolly; married about two years; wife handsome, with rosy Irish-American cheeks; proving her Irish blood by her vivacity. Little Johnnie was invited to join them; which he did. They were seated at a table to themselves.

"I say, Johnnie Number Two, does this sort of shop suit your taste and conserve to the tastes of your best and most valuable patrons?" inquired Millyard.

"No; it really does not," he answered. "For instance; such gentlemen as you and Mr. Delarue are not afforded that kind of privacy and liberty that you should enjoy."

"Would you change it?" demanded Millyard.

"Yes, I would have it much more elegant."

"Mike, buy this property for me to-morrow; I will see that it is not changed. I want this rendezvous of ours, wherein we supped the sack in quietude, if in distressing, turbulent days, and had our most joyous moments, continued in *statue quo*. I mean this for sure. And Johnnie, as for you, what will you take for yourself? I want to keep this shop just as it is for Mike and myself."

"Mr. Millyard, I will do anything you say; or anything I imagine you want me to do, if Mr. Delarue will sanction it." Even Johnnie knew his condition.

"My sanction and say so then is not sufficient?" vehemently said Millyard.

"O, I mean by that," quickly responded little Johnnie, "you and Mr. Delarue are so much jointly interested in this matter, and he has so much your welfare at heart that I suppose it would be necessary to have the approval of you both." This was neatly said.

"Mike, he is a solid Muldoon. Suppose I buy the property and give it to him, as a present? Provided, he will give us lunches and champagne and 'af 'n 'af, as long as we live?"

"If you do that you shall never regret it," responded the honest son of Erin and the original Johnnie.

"Mike, make the trade; I will pay the money and sign the papers."

"I shall be the proudest man in New Orleans," proclaimed Johnnie; "and Kate and my mother will come and kiss you."

Two days later Millyard paid the money for the property in question, and then signed a deed conveying it to John McCrystal in fee simple for one dollar in hand paid.

Mr. Millyard had not been out of his mansion since the evening he was at Johnnie's with Delarue a week previous, when just after dinner, while seated in his library, without being announced, a number of persons suddenly rushed in the room. They were Mike Delarue, his wife, Johnnie McCrystal with his handsome wife, Kate and Johnnie's mother.

Mr. Millyard was reclining in his easy chair, his two children playing near; Mr. Erwin at his desk, writing; Louis, the valet, sitting in a corner, while Sarah, the maid, and the two nurses, were collecting an indiscriminate lot of playthings for children in the adjoining room, as plainly could be seen through the open folding door when they entered.

Mrs. Kate "Johnnie" McCrystal sprang upon Mr. Millyard and commenced kissing him, saying:

"There, count that one a thousand and this one two thousand, and this one three thousand. May the Lord bless you! You are such a good man!"

"Gracious, Johnnie, is this your wife?" blurted Millyard, during a lull. "By Jove! she's a kisser. And handsome? Yea, very."

"Kate, kiss him again for saying that," Johnnie exclaimed, as he proceeded to hold Mr. Millyard in position for the performance.

Kate then administered several additional kisses.

"Johnnie," said Millyard, "her argument is good sound logic. It is calculated to cure ills."

Meantime Mrs. Arrebelle Delarue was demonstrating considerable hilarity. In the environs Mr. Mike Delarue apparently endeavored to manipulate a jig with his body and arms without the responsive proceedings on the part of his legs and feet. The good old grey-haired, grey-whiskered doctor who was attending Millyard, came in and stood stiff as a granite statue of George Washington looking at what the politicians call the wreck of his country. With arms akimbo, and gloriously inflated eyes, he at length gently smiled. It was a picture.

The two little children of Mr. Millyard chattered French in great glee. It seemed to be the general desire of those kind-hearted people to make Mr. Millyard cheerful; resurrect him from the thrall of despondency which they knew was besieging and about to engulf his mind.

"Mike," said Millyard, standing erect and looking Mike in the eye, "and you ladies and gentlemen, my friends, which is attested by your presence and this approved demonstration, have arrived at the most opportune time for me. You have, seemingly to me, precluded my last chance, as it were, to become the inmate of an institution for persons who have over-much absorbed dull care, and who have thereby somewhat lost control of the equilibrium of their ambition, faculties——"

"Now, Mr. Millyard," interjected Mrs. Delarue, "you are——" She was in turn interrupted by Millyard:

"My dear Madame Delarue, I see that you are misconstruing the idea intended to be conveyed. You know ideas have sense in them as well as grown folks. I do not claim to be able to attend to my business affairs without the assistance of the sound, solid, sensible advice of my wife. But you see, my wife is not any further with me in this life; she is gone. Yes, gone. And she is not coming back. She caused me to promise that I would not marry again——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Mrs. Delarue; "but it was under limitations. You must not brood over that."

"Brood?" he smiled sardonically, then went on: "Philosophically, as well as phil-osophically, speaking both ways, that may be true. But, do you not also know that there are links in life and hitching posts, as well as chas-ams and can-yons? Turn but a fibrous space and the whole future course is changed. You may plunge into a rock-bottom gulf. Look at it for yourself. My marital relations were far different from those of other people. This fact has been forced on me not of my own seeking. Bereft, so distressingly, peculiarly bereft, the manner and method is what stings; bereft, I say, of those two persons of all other persons who afforded me comfort in life, I am left in such condition that, although possessed of vast wealth, I have not that solace so essential to happiness. In fact, I am tortured in mind. Upon my soul, I believe I am an instrument of example to illustrate an evil that exists. If you ladies and gentlemen, my friends, take upon yourselves to make it pleasant for me, strew flowers in my path, my appreciation shall not be wanting in substantial manifestation."

"Mr. Millyard," said Kate, the lovely and beautiful wife of Johnnie, "you shall from this time forth have all the care and attention that I can render. I want you to make Johnnie and myself your servants, to do just anything you want done."

"Eh? You hear that?" asked Johnnie. "Egad, that's the law in our family. I told you she was boss."

"Do you perceive a method for me to extricate myself from these dumps, these dumpling dumps, these darling dumps? You do not know how I feel? I feel like—not how he feels, but how he looks, who is riding backwards on a substitute horse, a ship of the desert, with a hump and a sliding rump, and who himself has a hump on his back, the nature and feasibility of which is to counterpoise or balance the hump-backed animal and its load."

"What have we done? Run for the gun!" exclaimed Mike, jumping behind the desk, adding: "Alpha, this is sort of a storm party. You have heard of these cake festivals where a dollar and a half lets you in and not a cent to go out?"

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed Millyard. "You have inverted the ratio. You mean nothing to go in and all you have to go out. Sarah, tell the butler to bring in the wine room. As I was going to say—what was I going to say? Shucks! Am I that bad

off? Or on? Or in? Or out? Excuse haste and a bad pen. I might, would, or should have said:

Truth is old and meekly reverent ;  
Novel error through all ages blooms ;  
Man, for fabled hell ignores the real.

"Think of it," he went on. "Still—but let that pass, like the procession. As you all know, I am no sycophantic or abusive person. I say, as said Wolsey, so alleged: 'Be just'—no, I will not quote Wolsey. He was an old reprobate. Meanwhile I may as well also submit and admit that it depends altogether whether one's estimate and analysis of a reprobate be the correct one. There is a squad of men on every corner. Some person over there on the other corner may dispute the proposition, and add that you are crazy. I would like to know what he knows about it, and who is to decide his sanity. They say it takes a thief to catch a thief. The chap turns round and makes the same assertion about the other. Where is the jury? Are they peers? It requires a peer to decide. Who is a peer to decide whether a man has lost his mind or found another? Ah, Mike, if your peer ever lived he undoubtedly took his record to the earthly mixing of his corporeal remains and obliterated the entire phosphorated anatomical leavings from the ken of hazy succeeding men. I have never been a ranchman, or cow-boy, but in the round up of the people of the world I am wondering whether I will be branded as a sheep or a goat and be passed to the right or to the left."

During the few minutes in which it required Mr. Millyard to deliver these desultory sentiments his guests were attentive listeners. It can as well be imagined, as stated, that they were amazed at the brilliant emanations, though vagaries, of his exceedingly brilliant brain. They "humored" him, if that word conveys the idea in full. His mind by thoughts expressed seemed to take a range that was wide.

Alpha Millyard was one of those peculiar individuals, the type more easily and readily conceived than described. He was just the same kind of man as the owner of several hundred million dollars that he was when he loaned or gave the last ten cents he possessed to a gentleman whom he had never met before, and whose name he did not know. He was an American. It was in-

deed lamentable that the brilliant mind of such wide scope, philanthropic, with the ability now to give full swing to his philanthropy, should be wandering and seemingly fading into incoherency and intangibility, if even broader terms cannot be used.

There was, however, no madness, no absolute insanity, nor any belligerent or destructive tendencies. But in such cases such is often feared. However, did you ever note how easy it is to trace weakmindedness in any person when special attention is directed to him to that end? It is easy to prove a person to be demented. The other persons are such excellent judges.

The great reason for regret about Mr. Millyard was because at the prime of life, even before his prime, and possessed of such gigantic fortune, he should be disabled from pursuing to full fruition the enormous schemes he had in mind which would have been of such grand value to human kind. Schools, universities, hospitals, abodes for the poor and infirm, railroads and steamship lines, all were on the brink of being left only as a dream. No executors or trustees could carry out his plans on the same grand scale that he would. This seemed to be the opinion of even Mike Delarue, who was no doubt made his sole executor.

One day, earlier than usual, Delarue called to see Millyard. It was another sad mission. He had a letter. It informed Mr. Millyard of the demise of Mr. Galen Dalgat. The letter of information contained the following as part of its contents:

"Only a short while before poor Mr. Dalgat died he made these remarks: 'I had a talk with Alpha Millyard last night. He told me they had just finished his big hospital, with which he was delighted. He said the female university would be done next year. He was having it hurried. Since he had the big railroads consolidated and working nicely he was giving nearly all his time to public institutions; that they were giving him much comfort.' Among the last words he said were: 'Alpha is a great man, a genius, and is a blessing to the people of the world.' We all knew that Mr. Dalgat had not seen you, as you were not here. It was only one of his dreams."

"Mike, to me that is a glorious letter," said Alpha. "Only one of his dreams? Well, coming from Dalgat, it is a very comforting dream to me. For this reason: although it announces the death of my dear friend Dalgat, he was a semi-supernatural man, his dream about me indicates what I and my

friends may hope for with certainty, my restoration to health and reason. Dalgat's dreams always came true."

"May the good Lord grant its proving true in your case, Alpha," said the noble-hearted Mike. "Judging from his dreams in the past, and the statements in this letter, your complete rehabilitation is only a question of time and proper attention. I think myself you will get well in a few months, if you aid nature by trying."

"I shall certainly do my best at trying. You and your good wife and little Johnnie and his charming wife are making it very pleasant for me. Besides, Louis and all the servants are helping me wonderfully. I will make it. My children will do it. I live for them."

Days were doubling into weeks. Instead of showing any signs of improvement, Mr. Millyard was weakening, becoming thin and gradually growing worse. At length he was a pitiable looking man. Emaciated, with lusterless eyes and wandering mind, he was apparently becoming a wreck.

Delarue was alarmed about him. His physicians held frequent and lengthy consultations. Experts were called in to their aid.

Finally the condition of Alpha Millyard became such that the physicians determined he could be better provided for and nursed were he placed in the private sanitarium in the upper part of the city. Arrangements were made to that end.

"Mike, I was afraid it would come to this. Have those lawyers come here and let me have that power of attorney turned over to you."

"I will have them here some time to-day," replied Delarue. "You will remain here until to-morrow morning. I will stay here to-night. I must now return to the bank. Here comes Kate." Delarue departed.

"Ah, Kate, you are like a beam of sunshine after a hard spell of rain. Just as punctual and fresh as a morning lark."

"I could not attend to my domestic affairs for thinking about you, my good friend, Mr. Millyard," exclaimed Kate. "So I just had to come right here at once and see how you are getting on, and if you want anything."

"Well, Kate, little angel, somehow I always loved angels, but you are not so little—the doctors have consulted. When they consult you know something's up. And they decided that I must

go up town to the sanitarium, where I can get fresh air, expert nursing and medical skill; where they make a business of it and are prepared to treat persons of my disabilities and infirmities. Though, I must confess I do not see how there can be any improvement on you and Mrs. Delarue and my other friends and my servants. But perhaps the methodical attention of the doctors and trained nurses, the change, with fresh, pure air from over the river, will bring me round all right."

"We can come to see you just the same at the sanitarium. I will, and so will Johnnie. He told me to tell you to please come up there and have a lunch. He has one preparing for you and Mr. Delarue. Oh, some of the nicest oyster patties you ever saw! And quail on toast, broiled pompano, lobster and shrimps and pompano salad, and a lot of things. I told him what to get. And a beautiful slice of cold goose. I made the dressing for the salads."

"Kate, if I must say it, you are sweet. Sarah, tell Louis to have the carriage brought out immediately. Kate, you are to go with me."

"Of course," replied Kate, "I am going with you. I am doing everything I can to make life pleasant for you."

"And I like you for it, Kate. We will go by the bank and get Mr. Delarue. A good round at Johnnie's and I will be so much better that the doctors may, like General Von Zinken, change their minds about sending me to the sanitarium. You see, I do not like to leave my children."

"That is bad. Can't you take them?"

"They tell me not. But if I have to remain any length of time and cannot have my children with me, I shall rebel, raise Cain from the dead, and build a sanitarium of my own."

Kate agreed with one of the doctors, who had just come, that Mr. Millyard did not seem to be much hazy in mind, if any, though the doctors said the attacks were sporadic.

They drove to the bank. The two lawyers were present. The power of attorney was turned over to Mr. Delarue. Then Kate and Delarue accompanied Millyard to Johnnie's *café* up-stairs.

Next morning Mr. Millyard was in excellent condition. His friends began to arrive before ten o'clock. First Mrs. Delarue and her daughter. Then Kate and Johnnie, the doctors and the lawyers. Mr. Delarue was there all night, but went to the bank

and returned. The carriages were ready. De Ampbert and Mittie were taken in the victoria with their father and Mr Delarue. The others were in carriages provided for them. Adieux were exchanged with his servants, except Louis, who went with him. The procession moved forward on its singularly sad mission.

In due time the party arrived at the private asylum and entered the office.

As Mr. Millyard clasped his children in his arms to kiss them good-by tears came to his eyes. Then there was a symposium of boo-hoos and mild-mannered sobs. Kate broke the sad scene by exclaiming:

"Well, I am going to see if things are fixed comfortably for him. Show me his apartments."

"Yes, I wish to see them also," added Mrs. Delarue.

Then they were all shown, with Mr. Millyard, to his apartments—five rooms on the south-east corner, overlooking the great Mississippi river, over the tops of the houses, a quarter of a mile distant.

He was to be placed on a diet of goat milk, goat meat, oat meal, rye bread and fish. He was also to be restricted to a systematic course of conversation on certain subjects to be ascertained as he progressed; that is, to train his mind, as it were, *de novo*. This the management regarded as the most essential feature of treatment.

"Before we part, Mr. Millyard," said Mrs. Delarue, "if I am not asking you a question that is improper, or one you care not to answer, please tell me the nature of the other bereavement you have. You spoke of being so distressingly peculiarly bereft of those two persons of all others who afforded you comfort."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, at the same time raging in a passion. "Take it away! Take it away! I know it not! Ah, dear Cecilia was a lovely sister; but, oh, my mother, my mother, how she went! Would to God the black fiend had been turned to a pillar of salt before he saw her! And the other brute, too. My dear mother dead and my sweet sister ruined for life. Oh, take it away! take it away! I know it not!" Millyard sank down in a large plush chair in distressing agitation.

Mrs. Delarue whispered to the others. She said:

"There must something terrible have happened to his mother

and his sister, the grief for which, added to the grief for his wife, has stunned his mind."

At this their faces were blanched. They could not divine the other cause for his grief.

As the hand of each in turn were shaken, his friends gradually withdrew, while Alpha Millyard turned his head and gazed out through the corner bay window facing up and down the crescent in the great river.

Slowly turning his face toward his departing friends and children, he beheld Mr. Delarue's head poking slyly round the open door at him. Mr. Millyard waved his hand gently and cried:

"Mike, Bertah vos too smart fur dot."

























